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THE SEA AND ITS LIVING WONDERS.*

To us haughty islanders the sea is so much of a home that when foreigners write books upon it, and think it worth their while to publish them in our sea-girt England, our first emotion is one of astonishment at their audacity. On finding, however, that one of them is of that stalwart young nation which inherits our own maritime predilections, and even contests our own maritime supremacy, we are not disinclined to listen to his discoursing ;

but what can a German tell us about thalassine affairs that we did not know before? Truth to say, nothing: nothing but what he has gathered from other authorities, that were as patent to us as to him.

Lieutenant Maury's book, on the other hand, is the production of a master. The grand field of oceanic physics is one in which he has no rival and no second; he is the Humboldt of the Sea. His observations come to us loaded with facts; grand facts of his own accumulating, and many of them of his own discovering; while his eminence and zeal in this research constitute him the acknowledged and legitimate center to which the ever-augmenting streams of new fact flow. As Linnæus from his chair at Upsal sent forth a host of young, ardent, and enterprising pupils

* *The Physical Geography of the Sea.* By M. F. MAURY, LL.D., Lieut. U.S.N., Superintendent of the National Observatory, Washington. 8vo. London: T. Nelson & Sons, 1859.

The Sea and its Living Wonders. Translated from the Fourth German Edition, and partly rewritten by the author, Dr. G. HARTWIG. With numerous wood cuts and twelve chromoxylographic plates. By HENRY NOEL HUMPHREYS. 8vo. London: Longmans & Co. 1860.

to scour the world for specimens and facts, which he used as raw material for his *Systema Naturæ*, so Maury has his scholars in all the navies of the civilized world, who perpetually collect in every sea, and pour at his feet, the observations out of which he is continually weaving the great web of a *Systema Maris*.

Oh! it is a glorious subject, that mighty Sea! When we stand alone on some lofty cliff, some bold headland that juts out into the waste of water which roars and boils in hoarse rage far below, and gaze out to the vanishing horizon on three sides, with no land to break the continuity but the narrow strip beneath our feet, that fades to a blue line behind, an awful sense of its grandeur steals over the mind. But still more is this impression heightened to him who, in the midst of the Atlantic, climbs to the main-topmast cross-trees of some goodly ship at day-break, and watches the bursting of the sun from out of the sparkling waves. A sense of majestic loneliness in the vast unbroken waste is felt: the deck is so far below that it is reduced to a small area, and its sounds scarcely reach so high; the horizon is immensely expanded; perhaps the winds are hushed, and the boundless waste is sleeping in glittering stillness; not a speck interrupts the glorious circle: a solemn awe pervades the devout gazer's mind, as he recalls the words, "This great and wide sea!"

We have sometimes pleased our fancy as we have stood on the beach of one of our south-western bays, with the thought, that if we could send forth a little bird, with the power of unflagging flight, straight out to seaward, strictly forbidding the pinion to be closed until land was beneath her, we might welcome her again to England, without her course of twenty-five thousand miles having deviated sensibly from her original departure. Right away would she stretch, on something like a south quarter west course, keeping between the meridians of ten and thirty degrees west, across the line on twenty degrees, away through the South Atlantic, crossing the horrid pole, and then up, up, through the Pacific, leaving New-Zealand on the right and Australia on the left—over that coral sea, where the isles, though they look thickly studded on our maps, are widely enough separated by vast horizons—over the still more desert North Pacific, in the meridian of one

hundred and seventy degrees west—across the scattered Aleutian chain—through Behring's Strait, and over the Arctic pole, giving as wide a berth to Spitsbergen on the one hand as to Iceland on the other—till she folded her wings on our own fair land once more, having performed her weary stretch of ocean almost in a straight line.

But even this uninterrupted length, vast as it is, will give us but an inadequate notion of the world of waters, unless we consider its area also. By what comparisons shall we grasp an idea of this? It will take a diligent traveler several years of almost constant railway journeying to form a tolerably adequate notion of the extent of England. Then let him essay to cover the expanse of ocean with Englands, and he will have to lay down two thousand five hundred side by side, and end to end, before the watery plain is covered. Or let a vigorous pedestrian set out on a journey to follow the windings of the coast line, whithersoever its indentations may lead him; he may omit the shores of the smaller islands, and yet a quarter of a century will have elapsed before he have finished his task, allowing him fifteen miles every day.

But "the depths of the sea!" What is in that quiet bosom, that placid, unfathomable heart, far below the superficial rufflings of the storm? We have often looked down from the taffrail of a ship becalmed in the midst of the ocean—down, down, into the clear, pellucid blue—and wondered how far it was to the solid bottom, and what sort of a floor it was, and what was going on in those solitudes. The world beneath the waters has beauties of its own, and not a few observers have remarked the high gratification with which they have gazed into its recesses, when these have not been so profound as to be beyond the exploring power of the eye. In the quiet lagoons of the coral isles of the South Sea, as a canoe glides over the smooth surface, scarcely dimpling it with its progression, so transparent is the water that every feature of the bottom, though many fathoms deep, is distinctly traced. The groves of living coral, branching in fantastic imitations of the shrubs and trees of the land, and bearing in their thousands of expanded polypes, crimson, green, orange, and yellow, what seem to be brilliant composite

flowers in profusion, form a strange submarine shrubbery of the gayest colors. The gorgeous shells—those fine cones, and cowries, and olives, that form the pride of many an European cabinet—are crawling idly over the brainstones and madrepores, each partially covered with its fleshy mantle, and expanding its broad undulating foot, which are glittering in still richer painting than even the porcelain shells. Long ribbon fishes, that gleam like burnished silver, dart by; and parrot-fishes, colored with the bright hues of the birds whose names they bear, peacefully browse and nibble the young tips of the growing coral. Fantastically-formed little shrimp-like beings, almost as transparent as the water itself, and invisible but for the crimson and violet marks that bedeck their bodies, are sailing or shooting through the weedy groves; and tiny squadrons of pellucid jelly-fishes, and innumerable other strange creatures, now reflect the beam of the vertical sun, and flash into radiance, then relapse into invisibility and secrecy again. Then, like the demon of the paradise, comes stealing along the grim and hateful shark, turning up his little green eye of concentrated malignity, as he passes under your boat, and making your very soul shudder at that gaze.

So, again, in the Caribbean Sea, whose crystalline clearness attracted the admiring notice of Columbus, we have stood with delight on the bowsprit of a ship, as she thrived her perilous way through a channel of the coral reef, so narrow as scarcely to allow her sides to pass without rubbing, and marked the sea-life that studded those stony walls. Then, emerging upon a deep bay, where the distant bottom of yellow sand seemed only a few yards beneath the eye, we marked the dark-purple, long spined *Echini*, and vast, sluggish, red *Urasters*, and huge *Strombi* and *Cassides*, go straggling along; while here and there some enormous tree of coral, or shapeless mass of brown sponge, rose from the sandy waste, like solitary bushes in the desert, and flexible coral-lines waved their long arms to and fro, in the gentle swell of the ocean.

The Sicilian seas, according to Quatrefages, from their habitual stillness and transparency, afford peculiar facilities for exploring the submarine world. As he leans over the side of his boat, the philosopher glides over plains, dales, and hil-

locks, which—in some places naked, and in others carpeted with green or brownish shrubbery—remind him of the prospects of the shore. The eye distinguishes the smallest inequalities of the piled-up rocks, plunges a hundred feet deep into their cavernous recesses, and clearly discerns the undulations of the sand, the worm-holes of the rugged stone, and the feathery tufts of sea-weed, defining all with a sharpness that seems to reduce to nothing the intervening stratum of fluid, and makes the observer forget the unearthly character of his picture. He seems to be hanging in mid-space, or looking down, like a bird from the air, upon the landscape below. Strangely-formed animals people these submarine regions, and give animation to them. Fishes, sometimes singly, like the sparrows of our streets, or the warblers of our hedges, sometimes uniting in flocks like starlings or pigeons, roam among the crags, wander through the thickets of the *algæ*, or disperse and shoot away in all directions, as the shadow of the boat passes over them. *Caryophyllia*, *Gorgonia*, Sea-anemones, and thousands of other zoöphytes, with flower-like petals, blossom beneath the tempered rays of the sun, enjoying his undimmed brightness, without his raging heat. The long and feathery kinds stream out from the hollows of the rock, in a homely gray garb by day, but all lustrous with sparks of living flame by night. Enormous dark-blue *Holothuria* creep slowly along on the bottom, or mount the perpendicular rocks by means of their thousand vesicular feet; and crimson and purple star-fishes stretch out their long radiating arms, or curl them hither and thither, as they sit on the projecting angles.

The *Mollusca*, some encased in stony shells, others whose unprotected nakedness is compensated by their gorgeous colors or elegant forms, go gliding along; while awkward, long-legged sea-spiders run over them in their oblique courses, or pinch them with their far-reaching claws. Other shapes, resembling our lobsters and prawns, gambol among the weeds, seek for an instant the surface, to touch the thin air, and then, with one mighty stroke of their broad tail-plates, instantly disappear, with the rapidity of birds, under some friendly arch or overhanging tuft. And strange beings are there, unknown to our colder seas: the

Salpæ, curious mollusks, of glassy transparency, which, linked together, form long swimming chains; *Beroes*, like globes of pure crystal, marked with meridian lines; *Diphyes*, so transparent as only to be distinguished from the water in which they float when the eye catches the reflection of light from their sides; and *Stephanomia*, long wreaths or strings of glassy flowers, adorned with bright tints, but so evanescent that, when transferred to a vase, they presently wither away, and leave no trace, no cloud, no sediment behind, to tell that a living form had recently tenanted that vacuity of clear water.

Not as on the land, where the charm of variety is chiefly given to the landscape by the vegetation, the luxuriant apparel of the submarine prospect is mainly dependent on the profusion, the gayety, and the elegance of the animal life; and this particularly in the warmer seas. Characteristic as is the luxuriant development of vegetable life of the sea-floor in the temperate zones, the fullness and multiplicity of the marine *Fauna* is just as prominent in the intertropical and subtropical regions. Whatever is beautiful, wondrous, or strange in the great and populous tribes of fishes, molluscs, crustaceans, stars, jellies, and polypes, is crowded into the tepid and glowing seas of the tropics, rests on the smooth white sands, clothes the rough cliffs, clings, even when the space is before occupied, parasitically to the tenants already in occupation, or swims through the free depths and warm shallows—while the vegetation holds a very subordinate rank, both as to variety of form and species, and also as to abundance of individuals. It has been recognized as a law in the upper world, that animal life, being better adapted to accommodate itself to outward circumstances, is more universally diffused than vegetable life, or at least can survive the privation of conditions ordinarily essential to vitality, longer than vegetation; and hence we find the sub-polar seas swarming with Whales, seals, birds, fishes, and immense multitudes of invertebrate animals, when every trace of vegetation has disappeared in the rigorous climate, and the frosty sea nourishes no sea-weed in its bosom. The same law appears to prevail in the depths of the ocean; for, as we descend into its profound recesses, vegetable life ceases at a moderate depth; while from the recesses

to which no ray of light has ever struggled, *Foraminifera*, *Infusoria*, and other classes of animal existences, are brought up by the sounding-line in vast profusion.

Sir Arthur de Capell Broke has drawn an interesting picture of the singularly transparent sea on the coast of Norway. "As we passed slowly," he observes, "over the surface, the bottom, which here was in general a white sand, was clearly visible, with its minutest objects, where the depth was from twenty to twenty-five fathoms. During the whole course of the tour I made, nothing appeared to me so extraordinary as the inmost recesses of the deep, unveiled to the eye. The surface of the ocean was unruffled by the slightest breeze, and the gentle splashing of the oars scarcely disturbed it. Hanging over the gunwale of the boat, with wonder and delight I gazed on the slowly-moving scene below. Where the bottom was sandy, the different kinds of *Asterias*, *Echinus*, and even the smallest shells, appeared at that great depth conspicuous to the eye; and the water seemed, in some measure, to have the effect of a magnifier, by enlarging the objects like a telescope, and bringing them seemingly nearer. Now, creeping along, we saw, far beneath, the rugged sides of a mountain rising towards our boat, the base of which, perhaps, was hidden some miles in the great deep below. Though moving on a level surface, it seemed almost as if we were ascending the height under us; and, when we passed over its summit, which rose in appearance to within a few feet of our boat, and came again to the descent, which on this side was suddenly perpendicular, and overlooking a watery gulf, as we pushed ourselves gently over the last point of it, it seemed as if we had thrown ourselves down this precipice; the illusion, from the crystal clearness of the deep, actually producing a start. Now we came again to a plain, and passed slowly over the submarine forests and meadows, which appeared in the expanse below; inhabited, doubtless, by thousands of animals, to which they afford both food and shelter—animals unknown to man; and I could sometimes observe large fishes of singular shapes gliding softly through the watery thickets, unconscious of what was moving above them. As we proceeded, the bottom became no longer visible; its fairy scenes gradually faded to the view, and

were lost in the dark green depths of the ocean."

But none of these peeps beneath the surface give us the slightest idea of the depths of the ocean. Where and what is the ocean floor in "blue water?" Until within a very few years this question remained without an answer, and deep-sea soundings were only a delusion and a snare. Many enterprising officers in the navies of Europe had made essays to get bottom in the open ocean; some with the common "deep-sea line," some with spunyarn, and some with a slender thread of silk; but all had proceeded upon the assumption that, as soon as the weight touched the bottom, either the shock would be perceptible to the hand, or the line would instantly slacken, and cease to run off the reel.

These assumptions were, however, fallacious. It is found that the diminution of weight, caused by the resting of the lead, when vast lengths of line are out, is not perceptible to the human hand; and, moreover, that there are currents in the profundities of the sea which belly-out and carry away the line long after the plummet is at rest; and this even when, owing to the freedom from the current of the superficial strata, the line appears to be perpendicular. Thus immense lengths of line were run out, but no satisfactory soundings were obtained.

Then other devices were projected. One thought that a charge of powder, in a sort of shell, might be exploded by the shock of striking the bottom, and that the reverberation being heard at the surface, a judgment might be formed of the depth, from the rate at which sound is known to travel through water. But the experiment did not answer expectation. The shell exploded, but the surface gave no sign. Sounding-plummets were constructed, having a column of air within them, which would indicate the amount of pressure to which it had been subjected. In moderate depths these answered well; but in great deeps, just when their aid was wanted, they failed; for the instrument could not be constructed of sufficient strength to withstand the enormous pressure of a weight equal to some hundred atmospheres.

It was proposed by one mechanician to adapt the principle of the magnetic telegraph to deep-sea soundings. The wire, properly coated, was to be laid up in the

sounding line, and to the plummet was attached machinery, so contrived that at the increase of every hundred fathoms, and by means of the additional pressure, the circuit would be restored, and a message would come up to tell how many hundred fathoms the plummet had traveled down. This brilliant idea could not, however, be made sufficiently simple for practical avail.

Lieutenant Maury had a curious contrivance executed under his own direction. To the lead was attached, upon the principle of the screw-propeller, a small piece of clock-work for registering the number of revolutions made by the little screw during the descent; and it having been ascertained, by experiment in shallow water, that the apparatus in descending would cause the propeller to make one revolution for every fathom of perpendicular descent, hands, provided with the power of self-registration, were attached to a dial, and the instrument was complete. Mr. Maury says that it worked beautifully in moderate depths, but failed in blue water, from the difficulty of hauling it up if the line used were small, and of getting it down if it were large. But we do not see, from his description, how it was to be known when the plummet was at the bottom.

As in all such cases, difficulties and disappointments only stimulated invention. Somebody suggested that a quantity of common wrapping-twine, marked off into lengths of a hundred fathoms, and rolled on a reel in a definite quantity, would make a good deep-sea line, with a cannon-ball for a plummet. It was thought that as soon as the ball was on the bottom, the reel would stop; then the twine being cut away, and the remainder measured, the length run off would be known, and the depth obtained at the cost of a cannon-ball and a few pounds of shop-twine. The simple suggestion was presently adopted, and some very deep casts were reported; thirty-four thousand, thirty-nine thousand, forty-six thousand, and fifty thousand feet of line were run off, but no bottom found, except in the third of these cases, upon which circumstances afterward threw doubt. It was only now discovered that in great depths the line would never cease to run out of its own accord; so that there were no means of knowing whether the shot had reached the bottom.

These experiments were not, however, lost labor. For by invariably using a ball

of the same form and weight, and twine of the same make, it was found that the rate of descent was according to a regularly diminishing scale. This having been well ascertained, it could be determined with approximate accuracy when the shot ceased to carry out the twine, and when it began to run in obedience to the current alone; for this latter power was uniform, while the former was regularly retarding.

Though the depth of the profound sea was thus ascertainable, no tidings as yet had come up from it. The ball and twine were sacrificed, as it was impracticable to weigh the ball with so slight a thread, from so vast a depth. But a beautiful contrivance was now invented by Lieutenant Brooke, U.S.N., by which the long desired object was at length achieved, and specimens were brought up from the very floor of the ocean. It is a most simple affair. The ball (a 64 lb. shot) is perforated perpendicularly, to admit a rod, which is hollow at the end, and armed with grease, to slide freely through it. The rod at its upper end bears two arms working on hinges, to which the sounding-line is attached, and which, while the line is strained, are kept projecting obliquely upwards. A tape suspends the ball, fastened by two rings, which are slipped over the ends of the arms. The moment the end of the rod touches the bottom, the line slackens, the arms drop, the rings slip off, and the ball is loose. Then the rod alone is drawn up, with a specimen of the sand or mud, or whatever else may be at the bottom, adhering to the "arming," as the grease is called.

What, then, is the result? That in no case in which reliable soundings have been obtained, does the depth exceed twenty-five thousand feet, or something less than five miles. This is in the North Atlantic; but experiments are yet far too few to allow it to be predicated with certainty that much greater depressions do not exist in other oceans.

Across this ocean it is found that a remarkable causeway or elevated ridge of table-ground runs, connecting the shores of the British Isles with Newfoundland. The availability of this causeway for a submarine telegraph was instantly seen, and it has received the name of the Telegraphic Plateau. The bold attempt to connect the two sides of the ocean with an electric wire, its transient success, and its subsequent failure, are fresh in the minds of our

readers; and we need not further allude to these facts, except to say that, in the judgment of men best acquainted with the subject, there is no doubt of the practicability of the scheme, when certain elements of failure, already recognized, are eliminated.

According to Maury, the coating of iron wire coiled around the conductor should be omitted, as serving no good purpose, as immensely increasing the size and weight, and therefore the difficulty of manipulation, as well as the cost, and as throwing a needless strain upon the straight conducting line of copper wires. He would adopt the "Rogers cord," which consists of a conducting wire braided, whip-cord fashion, with bobbin or twine, after insulation, and then protected with a cement, which shields the gutta-percha from injury; the whole cord being so slender and easily handled that a single ship may carry the whole, and "pay" it out as she proceeds. The weight of the Rogers cord is so slight as to carry it down at the rate of a mile or two per hour; it is not stouter than the ordinary log-line, so that it can be readily paid out. The amount of "slack" required to feed the currents is not nearly so great as is generally supposed, because the set of the Gulf Stream lies so nearly parallel with the course of the wire, that for a great part of the way the current would scarcely throw the cable out of its proper line. Supposing, however, a current of two knots an hour, for the entire distance, and its course to be at right angles to the cable, the cord, being paid out with ten per cent. of slack, will sink at the rate of two miles an hour; the current may be granted to extend to the maximum depth of half a mile; any given part of the cord, therefore, as it goes out, occupies a quarter of an hour in sinking through this distance. During this interval alone is it subject to the current, which sweeps it half a mile to the left of the ship's course, going eastward; after which it sinks perpendicularly through the still water, till it reaches the bottom.

The result would be, not a sinuous but nearly a straight course, only running uniformly half a mile to the left of the track of the ship.

But what proof is there of the existence of such a stratum of still water at the bottom? A beautiful and convincing proof, derived from the organisms that have been brought up from this very

plateau by Brooke's sounding apparatus—its first trophies. The naval officer who made the casts removed from the cup of the rod a little column of what he judged to be a smooth unctuous clay. This, according to his instructions, he carefully labeled and preserved, and on his return to port transmitted the specimens to the proper board. They were immediately sent for examination to eminent microscopists in Europe and in the United States, and proved to be of great interest. The whole of the little packets of supposed clay were found to be actually composed of minute shells of microscopic animals, not a particle of sand or gravel or mud being discoverable among them. The great majority of these shells were of a calcareous nature, and belonged to that group of lowly animals known as *Foraminifera*. There were, however, among them a few silicious shells of those disputed organisms which are so keenly occupying the attention of microscopic savans—the *Diatomaceæ*. These exquisitely-formed shells consist of films of lime and flint, so delicate that a very little abrasion, a very slight degree of violence, is sufficient to break them up into minute fragments; yet the specimens were almost uniformly perfect. The inference is then irresistible, that on that quiet floor the countless generations of little shells lie as they fall, gently dropping, like the soft flakes of snow on a calm winter's day, through an atmosphere of water whose density no motion agitates, where there is not current enough to rub their tender forms one against the other, nor to sweep among their millions a grain of the finest sand, or the least atom of gravel from the steep sides of the Grand Bank, that rises like a vast mountain of rock from the very edge of the plateau.

Professor Bailey, who examined these deposits, assumes that these countless hosts of animalcules did not die, much less live, on the spot where they are found. It is probable that at that vast depth total darkness reigns perpetually, no ray of light from the sun having power to struggle through a layer of water two miles in thickness. Could they bear this privation? It is scarcely supposable that their tender tissues could sustain the pressure of so great a column of water, equal to the weight of four hundred atmospheres. In all probability they lived near the surface, perhaps finding their range of motion

and their support in the immense fields of floating weed—the *Sargassum*—that cover the area of the Gulf Stream—that wondrous mighty river of warm water that pursues its unerring track through the broad Atlantic, as steadily, and within as well-defined bounds, as the Thames through the plains of Middlesex, or the Amazon through the forests of Brazil. Here, on the countless stems and leaves and vesicles of the yellow weed, amidst a vast profusion of other animal life, they probably sported, enjoying the genial influences of tropical light and heat, and carrying with them, in the warm surface-waters of the Gulf, the same favorable conditions of existence, long after the swiftly-speeding stream had carried them beyond the tropical latitudes.

But, day by day, hour by hour, ten thousand times ten thousand of the tiny population—populous beyond all parallels drawn from the dense crowds of London or the teeming millions of China—were dying; and as they died, they slowly fell from the floating weed, and partially sustained awhile by the gases formed in their decomposing tissues, during which the superficial currents might softly waft them many a league, they at length reached the distant bottom. Then gently dropping, perhaps on some huge anchor, or water-logged hull, their never-ceasing accumulations would gradually hide the mass under a fleecy covering, “presenting the rounded appearance which is seen over the body of the traveler who has perished in the snow-storm.”*

Other specimens have since then been obtained from other seas. From the Gulf of Mexico, the Caribbean Sea, the vicinity of Kamtschatka, Behring's Straits, and the region south-east of Papua, the ocean-bottom has yielded samples. From this last locality, at a depth of thirteen thousand feet, the remains of abundant animalcules come; but they are of a different class from those which occupy the North Atlantic, the calcareous *Foraminifera* being almost wanting. Instead of these there occur the strange shells of *Polycystina*, and some *Diatomaceæ*, but principally the flinty spicula of sponges. Various forms of these occur, but mostly of the types which we are familiar with in our native species; long straight needles, fine-drawn spindles, glass-headed pins, and three-rayed stars.

* Maury.

This result is interesting. These seas are full of coral-reefs; they are the very metropolis of the corals and madrepores. To these is allotted the duty of separating the lime held in solution by the sea water, and to the mollusks, whose massive shells swarm on every bank, and form a broad white band or long high-water mark on every beach. These artisans almost monopolize the lime-works of the South Pacific, and leave comparatively little calcareous matter for the chambered and perforated dwellings of the tiny *Foraminifera*. On the other hand, the flint-glass workers find a fair field for their delicate chemistry, and spin their brilliant structures unimpeded. But there seems less of the silicious than of the calcareous element in the warmer seas, and these operations are there comparatively few.

Here, again, the microscope bears witness to the perfectly uninjured condition of the most part of these very fragile organisms. Some of the shells even retained their soft fleshy parts when subjected to examination. It does not follow as absolutely certain, however, that they were alive when collected at such vast depths. The enormous pressure of the superincumbent water may have a tendency to prevent, or at least to retard, decomposition; and the bodies, if they, in any cases, sink so rapidly as to reach the great profundities before the soft parts are dissipated, may possibly retain them for an indefinite period. However this may be, it is interesting to find the same testimony to the uninterrupted stillness of the depths of ocean in these antipodean regions, as was recorded in the northern half of the Atlantic; and especially when, as was the case, results exactly similar were yielded by the casts obtained from the icy seas of Kamtschatka and Behring's Straits. Here, too, the deposits are wholly silicious, and are principally rich in the remains of the *Diatomaceæ*.

While these results were being obtained with the newly-invented sounding apparatus of Brooke, H.M.S. *Herald* was engaged on a surveying cruise in the Pacific; and her surgeon, Mr. Macdonald, an accomplished naturalist, was pursuing similar investigations of the deep-sea bottom. He found the *Foraminifera* in very considerable abundance in the vicinity of the Fiji Islands, at a depth of upwards of six thousand feet; and, what is a fact of great interest in connection with these vast buri-

al grounds, he observed considerable numbers of the living animalcules adhering to the fronds of the smaller marine *Algae*, either floating on the surface of the ocean, or growing on the shores of the Pacific Islands; so that the abundant appearance of the dead shells of these tiny animals in the sand of every beach, and in every sea-bottom fathomed by the armed lead, was satisfactorily accounted for. How inconceivably numerous these remains of animal life really are in the sands of the shore, may be estimated from the fact, in addition to that already mentioned, that in some beach-sands upwards of half of the entire bulk is composed of the microscopic shells. Plancus counted six thousand in an ounce of sand from the Adriatic, and D'Orbigny estimated the number in a pound of sand from the Caribbean Sea at no less than three million eight hundred and forty-nine thousand—nearly four millions of individual animals!

Macdonald observes, that the spicula of Sponges and Asteroid Polypes, and the minute embryonic shells of *Gastropoda*, *Pteropoda*, and *Conchifera*, are usually found with the *Foraminifera* in the soundings which he has examined. The pelagic shells, or those which through life rove freely through the sea, descend into the profound recesses after death by their own gravitation; but the others are washed off from every coast and reef; millions of organic and almost indestructible forms thus combining every day and hour to enrich the dark and solitary bed of the ocean, and to smoothen its rugged surface. The muddy bottom of the sea outside the Capes of Port Jackson is nearly altogether composed of such materials, as is that which fringes a considerable portion of the coast of North America, and other vast regions.

A few particulars of the life-history of these atoms, which play a part so important in the physical economy of the earth, may not be unacceptable to our readers. The older conchologists were acquainted with a few shells of microscopic minuteness, some of which closely resembled in form that of the *Nautilus*, and, like it, were found to be divided into successive chambers. For a long time these tiny forms were considered as Mollusca, and belonging to that highest type of structure which includes the *Nautilus* and other Cuttles, instead of taking their rank, as they are now known to do, among the

very simplest developments of animal existence. The chambers communicating by several apertures, they were named *Foraminifera*; and that appellation is now found to have a further appropriateness, from the curious fact that their shells, which are exclusively formed of lime, are perforated with minute orifices, often so numerous and approximate as to impart a sieve-like character to the structure.

About a quarter of a century ago, however, M. Dujardin announced the true condition of these little creatures. Their soft parts consist of a homogeneous jelly or glaire, without any distinction of organs, which fills the chambers with its clear transparent colorless pulp, and is endowed with the power of pushing out irregular prolongations of its own substance in every direction, and from every part of its surface. These prolongations take the forms of expanded films of excessive tenuity, or lengthened threads of a viscid semi-fluid, which coalesce and unite with contact, or are separated and drawn out in so great an irregularity as to show that they are not inclosed in any skin or membrane. The extensions often reach to a length thrice or four times that of the shell, and may be seen and watched in an interesting manner, when the living *Foraminifer* is placed in a drop of water within the glasses of an animalcule-cell of the microscope, and allowed to remain a few hours perfectly undisturbed. We see the *pseudopodia*, as these projections are called, protruding their tips from various surface-apertures of the shell, and then gradually—so gradually that the eye can not recognize the process—stretching and expanding their threads and films of delicate *sarcode*, till in the course of a few hours these will be found to reach almost from side to side of the glass cell. The extension is generally in two opposite directions, corresponding to the long axis of the shell; though the branched and variously connected films often diverge considerably to either side of this line, giving to the whole a more or less fan-like figure. This array, so very deliberately put forth, is very rapidly withdrawn on any disturbance being given to the little operator; as when the water in the cell is agitated by a sudden jar on the table, and especially by slightly moving or turning the glass cell-cover.

It is manifest from distinct, though small,

changes of position in the shell, while these elongations are going on under observation, that it is by means of the adhesion to extraneous objects, and the consequent contraction of the *pseudopodia*, that the animal drags its shell along a fixed body. It is remarkable, however, that Mr. Macdonald finds the *Foraminifera* in the Pacific, in general, attached to seaweeds, and other foreign bodies, by a short, thick footstalk, somewhat resembling that of the *Lepas*, and so precluded from the possibility of locomotion. With his very extensive opportunities of observation on the living forms in the South Sea, he professes to have "never been able to discover their branched *pseudopodia*, or the slightest evidence of the crawling movement which they are reputed to exhibit." In those of the European seas, however, these powers have been seen by too many accurate observers to leave the slightest doubt of the facts. We have kept some of the more familiar British forms in aquaria for months, and have seen them crawling every day (especially by night) over all parts of the vessel and its contained sea-weeds. It may be that Mr. Macdonald, pursuing his researches on ship-board, was not able to afford his specimens the continuance of absolute stillness which is essentially indispensable to their activity.

The sustenance of these simple bodies is secured by the enveloping and adhering powers of the *sarcode*. The *pseudopodia* are food-gatherers as well as instruments of locomotion. They explore the vicinity of the animal, feeling about in all directions; any animalcule, or simple plant, more minute than themselves—any stray Diatom, or Desmid, or Alga, or Infusorium, or embryo Mollusk, or Sponge-gemmule, or any particle of decomposing organic matter, touched, is instantly entangled and laid hold of by these viscous hands: the *sarcode* envelops and covers it, and then, contracting, draws it into the interior, where it may sometimes be followed by the eye, through the transparency of the shell. There is no mouth, no stomach, no digestive canal; but the homogeneous jelly appears to have power of assimilating the nutrient juices of the food in any and every part alike; and hence it is of no consequence what part of the surface is brought into contact with the food—it is *there* embraced, and, as one may say, swallowed, and there digested;

so that any part of the simple glairy body may become a temporary mouth or an improvised stomach. Generally, the residuary portion of the food-pellet is slowly pushed out and rejected at the nearest point of the surface, but not always; for these exuviae sometimes accumulate in considerable numbers, so as even to choke up a large part of the cavity of the shell.

Nearly two thousand species of these little creatures have been distinguished, and they are doubtless much more numerous than this; all are not microscopic, some of the oceanic species being of the size of a shilling, and some even as large as a crown-piece. There is great diversity of form in the shells; some are straight or curved rods; some conical; some have the shape of elegant vases or bottles; some are orbicular, many discoid, and the majority spiral. The shell appears to be invariably simple in its first stage, being deposited around a primal nodule of sarcode; this is the first chamber: buds develop themselves in succession from this, each of which deposits its calcareous chamber: thus successive chambers are formed. If these buddings take place in a right line, the mature shell will be rod-like, or necklace-like; but if the axis of development incline slightly to one side, a curved rod, or row of beads, will result; if this inclination be in excess, a spiral growth will be formed, the character of which will be modified by the ratio of increase of the successive chambers, and by their ventricose or parallel-sided form. A very prevalent type in the Pacific is that of the *Orbitulites*, which very much resembles a coin in its circularity, flatness, and comparative thickness; and a species from the Australian coast equals a sixpence in size. This pretty shell is made up of a number of thin concentric circles, each of which is composed of many flattened chambers, communicating by minute

orifices with those of its own range, and also of the ranges within and without it. In this type, the central or primal cell is comparatively large, of pear-like form, and is almost surrounded by a secondary chamber, which is far larger than any of the rest.

Very closely allied to the *Foraminifera*, are the *Polycystina*—shell-bearing animals, of even more extreme minuteness—which have been only recently made known, but which are found to exist, in considerable abundance, in the oceanic deposits, and to be still more numerous in certain geological formations. They have been recognized by Ehrenberg in the chalks and marls of the Mediterranean coasts—as Sicily, Greece, and North Africa—and in the diatomaceous deposits of Bermuda and Virginia; and in the island of Barbadoes, the rock of a very extensive district has been found by the great Prussian microscopist to be almost entirely composed of Polycystine shells, with a slight admixture of *Foraminifera* and *Diatomacea*, and with calcareous earth, which seems to have been derived from the decomposition of corals—all oceanic organisms. Some three hundred species of *Polycystina* have been detected in the Barbadoes strata, chiefly by the investigations of Sir R. Schomburgk. The class differs from the *Foraminifera*, in the circumstance that the shells are silicious instead of calcareous; their forms are even more *bizarre*, and often possess remarkable elegance and beauty. A prevailing type of form is a sort of dome or cupola, with an apical prolongation of spine, and terminating in three equidistant spines below; their walls beautifully fenestrated with large angular or circular perforations, and, both externally and internally, exquisitely sculptured, so that they have been compared with “the finest specimens of the hollow ivory balls carved by the Chinese.”

From the National Review.

ROMANCE IN JAPAN.*

"MAN must live," and he lives even in Japan. The Japanese is cradled amid earthquakes and hurricanes. A conflagration of some of the slight wooden houses which he inhabits is of nightly occurrence. He feeds mainly on rice, and his only liquor is rice-beer of a very fiery and unwholesome quality. His highest sartorial effort has only achieved a dressing-gown without pockets, and he has no shoes for himself or his horses, except such as are made of straw! But as Pinto found that the Japanese, who had never seen a musket before his arrival, had made a considerable number of such fire-arms before his departure, so, in later times, they have fabricated first-rate horse-shoes of iron for Europeans. We are told that seven eighths of the entire surface of his native islands are naturally barren and mountainous. Until yesterday, and for the last two hundred years, to leave his country was a capital crime, and to prevent his escape all ships must be left open at the stern. Then he is subject to an omnipresent *espionage*. Nobody knows who may not be "wanted," and nobody is free. For example, the Nemesis of absolutism seems to have won its greatest success in the person of the Emperor of Japan. He is styled Mikaddo, or Sublime Porte. He is the fountain whence flow all Japanese honors and titles, both lay and ecclesiastical. He is the lineal descendant of a chief who founded the insular monarchy nearly seven centuries before Christ! Nay more, while all the Japanese claim kindred with the gods who once ruled in visible presence in Japonia, the "Great Door" is the direct representative and heir of the supreme sun-goddess herself. While he lives, all the prayers of the faithful are supposed to enter the unseen through the Sublime Door; and, at his

death, he receives honorable apotheosis. Nevertheless, so long as he occupies the mortal body, the Mikaddo dwells in a charmed circle, environed by inexorable ceremonials—as idle as a painted Jupiter in painted clouds, and launching only painted thunderbolts. In traversing his palace courtyard he is not allowed to touch the profane earth with his sacred foot, but is borne shoulder-high in a palanquin. To remind him continually of the sanctity of his person, every dish out of which he eats is broken immediately, lest any one less holy should make use of it; and the subtle spirit of control affects to be so reverent that it will not cut the august father's nails or shave his head unless he is asleep. Poor imperial Gulliver is pinned down through excess of worship, and may not stir hand or foot except as the worshipers please. When will Italy have done as much for the Roman Mikaddo?

Nor has the so-called secular emperor—the Taycoon—in reality any autocratic power. At highest he is the mere organ of the supreme council, and at the meetings of that council two super-vigilant spies, who are ready to swoop down upon any innovation, always "assist." For it appears that the decisions of even this privy council are not final. We have read that the ultimate authority in the country is lodged with a committee of three. This triumvirate—the heir-apparent being always one of the three—when a disputed case is handed up to it, can set aside even the finding of a majority; but woe to the councilor who mooted the proposal rejected by the committee! He is ordered immediately to become his own executioner; and should the unhappy Taycoon have expressed his approval of the reprobated measure, he too must die, or at least, forfeits his throne. The sixty-eight great feudal barons are no less strictly looked after. They must reside in Jedo every alternate six months. Their wives and families are never allowed to leave the metropolis, but are detained there as host-

**Sechs Wandschirme in Gestalten der Vergänglichen Welt.* Ein japanischer Roman im Originaltexte, sammt den Facsimiles von 57 japanischen Holzschnitten, übersetzt und herausgegeben von Dr. August Pfützmaier, Wien. Aus der kaiserl.-königl. Hof- und Staats-Druckerei, 1847.

ages for the good behavior of the lords when the latter have gone down to their provincial estates. Then, as we descend lower in the social scale, we find arrangements for carrying out the most thorough-going inquisition. Not only is registry made of the usual domesticities, but the movements of each humblest person are honored with the publicity which, in this country, is reserved for the migrations of Belgravia, or the frequenters of our watering-places. The agents of the demon of suspicion are every where, and assume all kinds of disguises. For aught that you can tell, that meek-looking gentleman who is presiding over the institution in which you can regale yourself on a slice of whale (*sic!*) is a functionary who is duly and daily sending his reports to head-quarters; and that stolid-looking palanquin-bearer, who is sitting on his heels opposite the whale cook-shop, is very possibly taking diligent notes as to how the mammal-fishmonger is managing his trust. In fact, there is around every man in Japan a thread of the one vast spider-web.

Poor flies! we exclaim, and certainly not without reason, for Japan is not quite the paradise, either physically or morally, which it was represented to be some two years ago in the newspapers. On the other hand, there are not a few contrasting and compensatory elements in Japanese existence. In the first place, in the matter of the *espionage* itself, the reader will have remarked that there reigns a grand equality—an impartiality of pressure, like that of the atmosphere. In the intervals of the earthquakes and deluging rains, there is a glorious sunlight shed over the majestic mountains—wooded most of them to their summits—over the deep blue lakes, the noble rivers, the green rice-fields or slopes of purple barley, and gardens exquisitely cultivated and replete with growths both rich and rare. And notwithstanding his “heavy laws,” the Japanese himself is wondrously gay and good-humored—jolly, we might say, if the expression be allowable. In industry he is surpassed by no member of the human family. There are some thirty millions to maintain in Japan, yet Japan is quite independent of the harvests of other countries. Nor in other respects is the empire less sufficient unto itself. Indeed, Japan is so rich in mineral and vegetable possessions, and so ingenious and

dextrous in working these up into both the useful and ornamental, as to stand in less need of foreign supplies than almost any other country with which we are acquainted.

Since the extirpation of Christianity, Buddhism has been increasingly leavening all Japanese thought and feeling. But side by side with the grossest superstition the highest science takes a place of its own. The more abstruse mathematics, astronomy, and geography, have their diligent and successful cultivators. It is, for example, to a Japanese geographer that we owe the discovery that Sagalin is an island, and not a peninsula. Again, every body in Japan is taught to read and write, and the literature of the country is at once abundant and various. There are encyclopedias, scientific treatises, translations of European works on science, histories, almanacs in thousands, poetry, and prose fiction.

What the Japanese really *thinks* concerning God, the universe, and the human soul, we can but vaguely guess. We suspect that not a few are haunted occasionally by a doubt as to whether Christianity and Japan have finally closed accounts with each other; and judging from the quality of the objections urged by the priesthood against the Christianity of Xavier, we can not but believe that a more comprehensive Gospel than that proclaimed by “the Apostle of the Indies” would be cordially embraced in Japan. But on this subject we need not enlarge here.

In the absence of information as to the deeper Japanese convictions or aspirations, there is lying beside us a Japanese romance by a native author, from which we seem to have gained a better acquaintance with every-day life in “the land of the rising sun” than from all the books of travelers—and these are not few—which we have read.

The romance in question bears the title, *Six Folding-Screens, with Figures of the passing World*, and the following is the quaint preface of the novelist:

“In this book the writer makes no mention of heroic services against the enemy, nor does he handle such matters as the arts of the magician, fairy-discourses, jackals, wolves, and toads. Family pedigrees, jewels, and other such lovable property, will not be found here. Here is no ‘Comedy of Errors,’ arising from the identity of the names of father and son, or of an elder and younger brother; nor will the reader dis-

cover any reference to sealed chests or hair-pins, to revelations granted by the gods or Buddha in dreams, or to the clash of death-doing swords—things which make the blood run cold. Persuaded of the falseness of the proverb, 'Men and folding-screens can not stand straight,' we have here put together, and adorned with new figures of this passing world, these six folding-screens, which will resent being bent—we mean these perishable paper pages, provided with illustrations. On the margin of each screen we have hastily written these few words of good counsel, and now publish them to the world.

"The manuscript was finished during harvest, in the seventh month of the seventeenth year of Monsei. In the spring of the eighteenth year, (1821,) and in the first month, the work appeared in the book-shop.—RIUTEI TANEFIKO."

From this preface it will have been gathered that the author is witty in the choice of his title, seeing that the story does not relate to the common folding-screen; and, in order to appreciate the point of Mr. Riutei's wit, the reader must be informed that the original work consists of *six* divisions, each division containing five double leaves,* or ten pages, while each page, excepting the two last, is illustrated with a very characteristic wood-cut. These illustrations, though by no means samples of the highest Japanese art, are very spirited and life-like; but if we are to derive due edification from what is represented on a given page, we must call in the help of the opposite one, and, ignoring the *inner* margin of each, lay the contents of the two closely together; otherwise we shall find a one-armed man on one side, and a solitary arm flying through space on the other. Mr. Riutei clearly makes out a very good case for his "screens." True, we can only see two compartments of one of his screens at one and the same time, but then these two, to be of any service, must be kept in a *straight line*; and this was our author's Q. E. D.

In the management of the story itself the writer shows a great deal of genuine human-heartedness, and very decided literary skill. He does not try to make "the blood run cold:" but his quiet prose idyl from the first awakens our interest, and sustains that interest to the close. A touching tale of faithful love and womanly

* The Japanese print only on *one* side of the paper, and the leaves of their books are not intended to be cut, as those of our Western books must be. Hence it is, that in a Japanese book a double leaf (or four pages) of paper contains only two pages of printed matter.

self-sacrifice, this romance has the further merit of being popular in the best sense of the word. We hear in it but little of the "upper ten thousand" in Japan; on the contrary, it reveals to us the affections and mutual helpfulness which are to be found in the humbler levels of society. We think that "the figures of the passing world," here introduced to our notice, do, on the whole, "stand straight;" and Mr. Riutei's "words of good advice" might be read aloud in our family circles with fewer omissions than a *pater-familias* would deem desirable in the majority of our English novels. We shall only add further, by way of preface, that Buddhism is the creed of the chief actors in the story, and that the scene lies mainly on the south coast of the largest of the Japanese islands, Nippon. We shall now give the reader an abridged version of the *Marginalia* of the "Six Screens"—availing ourselves of the German translation by the distinguished Japanese scholar, Dr. Pfitzmaier.

It fell on a day, that Abosi Tamontara Kadzujosi, a scion of the great house from which the eight provinces around the capital receive their hereditary lord, having resolved to undertake a shooting expedition, issued from his stately palace at Kamakura, which overlooks, from the west, the entrance of the glorious bay of Jedo, and led the way to one of his hunting-castles down by the great sea-shore. Contrary to his expectations, our chief had not reached his destination by the close of the day, but found himself, surrounded by his followers, in the most lonely and desolate of regions. As far as the eye could discern, in the twilight of a late harvest evening, no human dwelling was visible, save an old cross-road inn, which bore for its "sign," in Chinese characters, "*The Swamp of the Rising Snipe*." The distinguished poet Saigio had sung the wonders of this snipe-haunt; and, in apparent confirmation of the truth of its name, a veritable snipe was beheld by one of Tamontara's retainers, who immediately proclaimed his discovery. "Snipe!" exclaimed the chief, with a smile; "there are no such birds in this neighborhood. The sign-painter has made a great blunder. He has used the symbol for 'snipe,' (*sigi*), whereas he ought to have employed that which represents the death tree (*siki*)." Tamontara's words were not convincing; but at the same

time, whether the swamp was that of the snipe or the death-tree, it was not quite clear that the bird just seen was not a partridge. On this point a discussion arose between two of the attendants, which might have lasted till the famous horse came back again which ran a thousand miles a day, had not an audacious boy, who had barely attained his fourteenth year, presumed to put a stop to the controversy. The rash arbiter was the son of one of Tamontara's truest followers, and bore the name of Midzuma Simano Sake. Approaching the disputants, Simano begged them to suspend the debate until they should see what results might come from shooting an arrow across the fen. Silence having been obtained, our youthful hero fitted an arrow on the string, and off sped the shaft, grazing, ere it dropped among the reeds, the back of a wild fowl, which shrieked and flew away. Simano's lord grew wroth. It was unheard-of irreverence, that one who had not yet reached the years when a man is privileged to shave off his front-locks should dare to meddle in a matter about which he was not consulted, and that, too, in the presence of his chief! It mattered not, that when the arrow was fetched back by a swift henchman, it bore on its tip an unmistakable snipe-feather. There would be an end of order in Japan, and no end of reproach would be heaped on the head of Tamontara, if forwardness so flagrant were not visited with due chastisement. Poor Simano was dismissed—his chief, the while, looking unutterable sternness; and the sense of his disgrace burnt in him so deeply, that he fled from the presence of all friends and acquaintances. He went and dwelled among strangers; but whither he had gone, no man could tell.

Eight years pass away; we hear no more of the ill-starred expedition, and the reader is now carried to Utsino-Sima.* In Utsino-Sima lived a rice-merchant, by name Kadzijemon. Having no heirs of his own name, Kadzijemon, in his declining years, adopted as his son a certain man, called Sakitsi, whose character greatly pleased him. The old man died in his eightieth year. His widow became a nun;

took the "spiritual" name of Miosan; spent her days in the temple; meddled no more with secular affairs; and left the entire charge of the house to Sakitsi. Sakitsi, however, had not a very robust constitution, and his health broke down under his pains-taking and conscientious endeavors to order the business of the household in such ways as might best gratify the widow-nun, whom he honored as if she had been indeed his mother. Medicine and pleasant companionship were provided, but proved comparatively unavailing. The spring had already touched the cypress-hill, and had set free the ice-bound rivers; but Sakitsi still remained a prisoner at home. Ere long, the good mother urged him to try the effects of travel. Her counsel was listened to, and as Sakitsi had a commission to execute in the province of Yamato, he resolved to go thither, and visit its remarkable places, famed from of old. Accordingly, having secured a substitute to wait in the rice-shop, the adopted son "took his walks abroad"—and kept himself quite "straight" until his return? We shall see.

By the temple of Nanjen, in the city of Nara, stood a certain tea-house, wherein was daily to be found a beautiful and amiable young woman, some seventeen years of age. Attendant upon her was a little maiden only in her fifth year. The beautiful one, by name Misawo, played the guitar, and her little follower held out the "fan" to receive the contributions of the guests. As Misawo was possessed of great talent, not few were the listeners who gathered round her, charmed by the music of her voice and lute. Oh, world! what wondrous things were uttered by men who fell passionately in love with her; and Sakitsi, too, when he arrived in Nara, must needs be taken to hear the gifted musician. He saw, he heard, and was conquered. It was not, however, Misawo's beauty and music only which attracted him, and led him daily to the tea-house, to the neglect of the remarkable "sights" and antiquities of the place. He found out some particulars of the lady's history which showed him that she was fighting the battle of life right nobly, (*brachte sich auf diese edle Handlungsweise durch das bedrängte Leben,*) and that both by her birth and her behavior she was distinguished from the class of "gift-receivers" to which she apparently belonged. Mis-

* This place, called also Simano-Utsi, is a suburb or section of the town of Naniwa, and is situated on the coast south-west of O-saka—the last called the "Paris of Japan." Very recently O-saka was all but totally destroyed by an earthquake.

awo, on her part, "was not disinclined to an inner relationship;" but how could she dare to think of one in rank so raised above her present estate? She could not utter her feelings, nor did Sakitsi speak definitely; but, under the inspiration of their mutual love, the days rolled away for the happy pair. But in Japan, as elsewhere, a certain condition is not always granted to the "course of true love," for one evening, after the sunset-bell had scattered to their several homes the groups of men assembled here and there, and when all was still, the well-known host of the harbor-tavern, at Ut-sino-Sima, came to Misawo, and in the retirement of a leafy arbor whispered in her ear: "Did you fully understand the terms I proposed to you yesterday? and are you now prepared to become my bond-servant, on condition of your receiving an hundred taels?" "Yes, I perfectly understand. I part with my freedom, and no one can hinder me from doing so, while the gold with which you purchase my services will help to repair the fallen fortunes of my aunt—my mother's sister."

By a little artifice of her own, Misawo had obtained her aunt's signature for the "agreement" by which she sold herself into slavery. Saizo, her future master, was much impressed by her adroitness in the matter; and it was finally arranged that, early next morning, a palanquin should be waiting at her door to carry her thence to her new home. Good night, brave Misawo; but with thy heart so full of conflicting feelings, we may not dream of rest for thee.

The aunt alluded to, Fanajo by name, had her own share of troubles. She had made a runaway marriage with Tofei, a foot-soldier in the service of her brother-in-law; and Tofei, to make both ends meet, had become a palanquin-bearer in his native village, Nara. But the times were hard, and, with all his industry, Tofei could scarcely keep hunger from his door, for, besides Fanajo, he had a little daughter and a blind old mother to provide for.

To add to the household difficulties, Misawo came on a visit to her aunt. Since her flight, four years ago, the latter had secretly corresponded with her sister. She had, however, been careful to say nothing of her poverty, but had on the contrary reported a rather prosperous home exchequer. So little, indeed, was the real

state of the Tofei finances suspected, that, when Misawo's father forfeited his lord's favor, and with that the main portion of his income, it seemed as if the best thing that could be done for the comfort of our heroine was to send her to Aunt Fanajo. No murmur was uttered by either aunt or uncle on the arrival of the niece. Tofei bore up stoutly. He was daily, and all day, at his post; but the earnings did not suffice for the home-wants, and he had even to sell the house furniture. This was even more than Misawo could bear. She must try and help the struggling; and so, under the pretext of having made a vow to visit daily, for a hundred days, the Temple of Nanjen, and there read the Prayer-book of a hundred chapters, she became the musician at the tea-house, carrying with her, as collector and purse-bearer, her small cousin Kojosi. Kojosi was, of course, charged to keep silence. The small copper coins gathered in the garden were duly exchanged for gold pieces, and these, represented to be remittances which Misawo was receiving from home, were all handed over to Aunt Fanajo.

The morning came. It was the day specially devoted to the amusement of little girls—the Feast of Peaches; and Kojosi (qu. *small tub*?) was up betimes, busy, notwithstanding the home-poverty, with her small picture-book, and her little dolls, for whose benefit she read aloud, and "expounded." Tofei went early off to the cross-road, palanquin on shoulder; but he had no sooner gone than Misawo addressed to her aunt the following request: "As the unusually cold weather has made me feel rather unwell to-day, would you do me the kindness of going in my stead to the temple, where I have daily offered up prayers for you all, especially for your restoration to the home of your fathers, and for the removal of the grandmother's blindness?" Fanajo at once complied with the petition, and leaving instructions with her niece about the grandmother's medicine, set out in all simplicity for the temple. She had scarcely left the house when Saizo (Misawo's future master) arrived. Putting his head in at the door, he learned in answer to his dumb-show inquiries that all was right and ready. But he must devise such a story as will quiet any misgivings on the part of the blind grandmother. Accordingly he gave her to understand that Misawo was going

to be lady-in-waiting in a hall of great estate, while Misawo, to complete the fiction, drew across her knees an old-fashioned table-cover that was hanging before the domestic shrine of Buddha, and caused the grandmother to pass her hand over the texture in order that she might be fully assured that the daughter of Kadzumura would enter on her high office in fitting raiment. Kojosi, who happened to come in at this juncture, shouted out in her childish way, "Oh, mother, what a funny apron!" But her further comments were checked, and the grandmother was none the wiser.

At last Saizo intimated that it was time to begin their journey. Hiding her tears as best she could, Misawo said farewell. Kojosi accompanied her to the "four-handed" palanquin, and before finally taking leave of her cousin, the latter said to her: "When your parents return and miss me, tell them they will find out where I am if you read and explain that passage in the picture-book out of which I have given you your evening lesson. Remember!"

Tofei, utterly ignorant of what had happened, came home to look for his tobacco-pipe, which he had either lost or forgotten. He found his pipe; "but, alas! somebody, in lack of tobacco, had smoked away his green plant in his absence." So he exclaimed, "And the grandmother, too, was wide awake: how could it have come about?" The blind Kutsiwa repeated what had been said to her. But Tofei was incredulous. He had never given his consent. "And now," he added, "I understand why the curtain of that palanquin was so closely drawn." He was about to rush out of doors, when Kojosi stopped him and said: "I know where Misawo is." "Well, then, where is she?" Kojosi at once began to read: "Once upon a time—" "Nonsense, child," her father called out. "Tell me where is Misawo?" "The book, father, will tell you. Do let me read." Tofei at length consenting, his daughter read aloud these words: "There was a man who saved the life of a little puppy-dog, and brought it up very tenderly. When the dog was full grown, it said one day to its master, 'If you will go out with me to-morrow morning, and dig in the place where I shall fall down'—upon this the master awoke from his dream, followed the dog, and found a number of gold pieces." The father lis-

tened very patiently as Kojosi read, in a slow, sing-song way, the above passage. He vehemently protested against it as utterly without meaning for him, and was again in the act of dashing into the street to commence his search for Misawo, when he stumbled against the dog-chest,* and upset it. As the chest fell a pack of gold rolled out on the floor. Whereupon Tofei said: "I now understand the riddle of the dog and the money." Beside the gold lay a letter, which turned out to be written by Misawo. While Tofei was breaking the seal, the grandmother called out: "Did you say this is a letter left behind by Misawo? Do read it to me." Tofei, however, extemporized a version of his own, such as he thought would please his mother, and then, leading her to her sleeping apartment, drew out the folding-screen, lest the cold from the ante-room should prove hurtful.

When Fanajo returned from the temple, she overheard her husband making sad moan over the fate and flight of Misawo, "as he sat alone and wept," and called out in her amazement: "Has Misawo left us then?" "That question needs but a short answer," replied Tofei; "but here is her letter, which you can read." In the letter, Fanajo found simply stated what the reader already knows. Tofei listened while his wife read aloud; but, in the middle of a sentence, he snatched up the packet of gold, and was about to carry it straight to Misawo, when Fanajo held him back by his coat, and gradually convinced him that it was no good trying to break her engagement at present, adding that the far better course was to make the most of the money which had so unexpectedly come into their possession. Above all, they must not lose heart in the matter. By good management could they not save as much as would redeem their niece from bondage? The impulsive Tofei grew calm, and in course of time the bequest of Misawo had been applied to such good purpose that the grandmother's blindness was cured, and the entire household, with fairly ample funds at their disposal, removed to Naniwa.

In the Naniwa suburb of Simano-Utsi, Misawo became established as *virtuosin*;

* That is, a piece of furniture resembling a recumbent dog. Both in the illustrations and in the text the *Hundekästchen* occupies a very prominent place.

and, ere long, Sakitsi, unable to ascertain whither she had gone, returned in despair to Naniwa. After his home-coming, our rice-merchant found that his health necessitated his making sundry excursions into different parts of the country. But nowhere could he gain tidings of his lady-love, and fully five years passed away before he discovered that she was living in the same town with himself.

One evening, at the end of these five years, as Misawo, with many other worshippers, was returning from the temple of Aizen, she met her aunt, and accompanied her home to the "Flowery House." As they crossed the threshold, a little maid was singing the touching words of a school-song which called up the memory of by-gone days. On hearing the lines, Misawo sighed, and almost mechanically said to herself: "After the sorrow will come the joy." Scarcely had her hope been thus uttered, when Tofei and three guests were seen getting out of a river-boat. One of these was the far-famed physician Tsikusai, who lived in the hall of "Tongue-volubility," close by "the Teaspoon;" the second was the upsetting fine gentleman Fukazen, with bare feet and silk robe; and the third was none other than our rice-merchant Sakitsi. Little suspecting who was listening behind a screen, the guests exchanged a good deal of banter and small talk, while Sakitsi expressed a very decided opinion as to the character of the *virtuosin* in general, including in his estimate a certain Futatsugusi Komatsu, whose name was mentioned by the physician, and who happened just at that time to be in the "Flowery House." "For my part," said Sakitsi, "I will have nothing to do with such marketable commodities. Money is all they care about. Of that I am thoroughly persuaded." This persuasion, however, had very soon to undergo considerable modification, for this Futatsugusi proved to be Misawo herself; she, like every body else in Japan, having assumed a new name* on attaining her twentieth year. And, indeed, the words had scarcely been uttered by Sakitsi, when his eye fell suddenly on Misawo; while in

his confusion of astonishment and delight he spilt his cup of saki, and then dashed the vessel on the floor. Somewhat recovering his self-possession, Sakitsi thus soliloquized: "Hearts, like the heavens, change, and the flower that was lately blooming in the still retreat may be found dragged in the dust; but Misawo may still be true." On her part, Misawo fancied she could read Sakitsi's secret thought, and, rather abruptly, invited him to accompany her to her "lowly home."

Notwithstanding the invitation, one heart seemed to have "changed" in the lapse of days, for, on their arrival at the inn Misawo spoke no word of welcome, but sat down in silence on a resting-seat in the porch, and turned her back on the bewildered man. Sakitsi kept at a distance, and smoked his pipe; but at last he said: "I do not know whether you think it necessary I should recall the past to your remembrance. During my sojourn in Janato, I listened daily for a season to your music; but in the midst of my rapture you suddenly disappeared, and no one could inform me whither you had gone. I heard only a vague rumor that you had sold yourself; but it never occurred to me to seek for you in this my own immediate neighborhood. To-day, for the first time, we have met again; but I am too little skilled in such matters to be able to conjecture whether your former interest in me has quite died out. To free me from my uncertainty, would you do me the favor of exchanging a few words with me?" Having thus spoken, he gracefully handed her a paper containing ten taels, requesting her at the same time to pay a part of the money to her aunt, and purchase with the surplus some article of dress for herself. In reply, Misawo merely laid aside the tobacco-pipe, and, with averted face, made him a profound bow.*

"But why don't you speak to me?" Quite unexpectedly, she at last deigned to take Sakitsi's hand; but with true womanly pride, and in a very emphatic tone, she quoted some of the words she had overheard, and added: "Misawo scorns the imputation of such behavior as your language insinuated against her." "You can not believe I ever meant to

* A symbol of the new name is generally worn for some time after its assumption. *Ko Matsui* means, "small fir-trees," and in token thereof Misawo adorned herself with two combs, probably made of fir. The neighbors, however, called her in addition *Futatsugusi*, that is, "the two-combed."

* It seems that, unlike our court-etiquette, one of the highest forms of showing respect is that of knocking the ground with the forehead, and then turning the back upon the honored person.

apply such language to you?" Sakitsi made answer; "and, indeed, supposing that you were still the maiden Misawo, with name unchanged, I foreswore woman's society, and my one anxiety was to find out your new abode." Still affecting incredulity, Misawo adverted again to the unfortunate words, begged him to give her a few copper pieces, as, of course, "she only cared about money;" and then said, "If this is the height to which you would raise me, it were far better that you gave up all thought of converse with me. Little suspecting that your heart was so corrupted, I went to-day, as I had gone a hundred times before, to the temple of Aizen—but look at this." She hurriedly gave him as she spoke a piece of her own writing; and Sakitsi read as follows: "My prayer is that I may learn if there is one who loves me. Six-and-thirty times the response was, *Kitsi*, (that is, fortunate or propitious.) Is there one who will abide with me to my latest day?" etc. Whatever might be Sakitsi's private opinion of the value of the paper of questions and oracular answer, it occurred to him that Misawo had in her own heart the best testimony as to whether or not she was really dear to some one else, and under this conviction he tore the manuscript in pieces.

Misawo did not seem to heed, but, while the thunder was pealing loudly, she suddenly turned her face to Sakitsi, and looked at him thoughtfully. "If it is really thus now," said Sakitsi, "what am I to expect?" "I am wholly yours." "But tell me, will you share this life with me, and never part from me more?" "Yea," she answered softly. That answer was the dawn of an inner relationship, and, our author adds, when a bond is once knit between kindred souls, no power can ever sever it. The covenant exists *within*.

A dream-time of delight was all the following year—the beautiful spring had come back with Misawo. But with his palanquins and pic-nics, his endless goings hither and thither, hand in hand with Misawo, and he at times more like a demon than a mortal man, Sakitsi made himself the talk of the world. At last, however, the careful mother heard rumors of the doings of her adopted son, and, being sorely afflicted thereby, would not suffer him to go out of her sight, and "shut him up." Sakitsi's first comfort in

his imprisonment was the letters of Misawo, which the physician cleverly secreted in a flower-vase; but, in addition to the letters, he contrived to secure a visit from Misawo's aunt, who came to him in the character of a sorceress to lend her counsel, and specially to burn some bamboo-leaves in order to ascertain if he was not bewitched! While the widow-nun retired to her devotions before the domestic Buddha chapel, the feigned sorceress unfolded to Sakitsi the story of Misawo's life. She further informed him that Misawo's father had regained the favor of his chief, that prosperous days had returned, and that in consequence her foster-brother had just arrived in order to effect her emancipation, and carry her back with him to Kamakura. To his no small dismay, Sakitsi learned besides that Misawo had been betrothed—a circumstance which would quite suffice to free her from her present servitude on repayment of the sum for which she had sold herself. "But," added aunt Fanajo, "when I told her why her foster-brother had come, she threw herself into my arms, and amid falling tears exclaimed, 'I would fain go home and behold again the loved and long-unseen faces there; yet would I far sooner die than break my engagement with Sakitsi, and be wedded to another.'"

In spite of the maternal interdict, it was arranged that that evening the lovers twain were to meet; and this arrangement having been effected, Fanajo took her departure. Immediately after she left, the mother came into the room, and begged to know what the enchantress had said: "At the same time," she continued, "I do not need the information. I know all without being told. I have found out the secret of all your ailments. There *is* a faëry in the matter—one Komatsu (Misawo) by name. It is she who has caused you to forget yourself, to forego your former archery practice, and to dream away your time on a cushion formed of the two-branched bamboo—pleasure and wine. Your very name is a theme of laughter at the 'palanquin-stands.' You have given her gold and silver by the shovelful. I hoped that a short period of seclusion would be enough to take the thorn out of your eye; but, alas! I might as well believe that I could convert the shadow of my fan into sunshine. All is topsy-turvy, the wagon is in the sea, the ship is on the mountain. Amid a million

prayers and bodily mortifications, do think seriously of your position."

The above screen-lecture must, no doubt, have made a lasting impression, at least, on the nun herself, as she followed up the delivery of it by taking from her sleeve a packet containing one hundred taels,* and throwing it to Sakitsi. Sakitsi fancied he must be dreaming, and could scarcely trust his own ears when Miosan said: "For this one night I will allow you to go." "The motherly tree spared no pains in order to impart to the young plum-tree, with its opening buds, a color and fragrance such as might not be surpassed by any clusters of fairest flowers, or any swift-blooming shoot."

Without making any further inquiry of the aunt, Sakitsi, when nightfall came, went directly to the house where Misawo was that evening to be in attendance. For some time he walked up and down on the path between the house and the river, when, to his joy, he caught sight of Misawo, who was apparently in a restless mood. Straightway Sakitsi smote his hands together, to apprise her that some one had come to speak with her. Even in the darkness she knew the face of the beloved man, and gave him to understand that they could now meet without interruption. Her reviving spirit, as on self-created wings, seemed to fly through the sundering space, while Sakitsi, in his eager anxiety, called out to her to direct him, otherwise he should not be able to find his way into the house. But, at the sound of his voice, a dog began to bark angrily. Our hero threw a stone at him. He throw a second time; but now, alas! it was not a stone, but the very packet of money which had fallen from his dress while he was stooping. The packet missed the dog, but smashed the lantern of a boat that was moored by the river-bank. "He," (that is, hallo) "woman," called out a sleepy voice, "what are you throwing in here?" Whereupon the disturbed boatman withdrew to a safer position.

Without any further adventure, Sakitsi at last reached the apartment where Misawo was. The latter approached him, and said, while her tears fell fast: "The day of our companionship is over. Already, indeed, I am half dead. My fate is to be severed from you. I beseech

you to kill me outright and at once." Sakitsi prayed her to speak less distractedly. Their union could be speedily consummated; and why should she return to her parents in bitterness of soul? "Ah me!" the fair one replied; "you cause my tears to flow afresh when you remind me of my half-forgotten home. The very 'rod' I can now recall with pleasure, and ever must I cherish the memory of those parents who always showed so much compassion if their hand had to inflict chastisement.* Then my foster-brother, although he does not remember my features, will be sure to discover the sad-heartedness with which I discharge the duties of this position of servitude." That discovery would inevitably lead him to others quite fatal to their hopes. But here her strength failed her, and she sank down in the depth of despair. Sakitsi did what he could to comfort her—told her of his mother's liberality—and was about to produce the one hundred taels for her to carry to her aunt as an anonymous contribution, when to his utter confusion he found they were gone. Misawo, perceiving his consternation, exclaimed: "Our misfortunes do not come singly, and I can do no otherwise than die. If my freedom is procured by any one else than you, then, if I remain alive, I must go home; but, rather than that, will I die by your hand. I am the daughter of a soldier. I have a sword for the hour of need; and by that sword you can let me go to the gods of death: *there* our union will be perfected." On his part, too, Sakitsi resolves to die, that immediately their joy may be one.†

The arrival of an expected guest necessitated the breaking off of the conference at this crisis, and Sakitsi was led to a place of concealment. The guest proved to be none other than Misawo's foster-

* The "rod" is very sparingly used in Japan. All travelers speak in commendation of the kindly manner in which the Japanese treat their children.

† The suicidal mania crops up here, as in other parts of our tale, very unmistakably, and it might be inferred that human life is held very cheap in Japan. As far, however, as we have been able to ascertain, that inference is not justified by fact; and though, as we have seen, Buddhism has gradually been gaining the ascendant, still, thanks to the genius of the people, and to the virtue of the elder faith of the country, there is no such mocking indifference to be found as is met with in Buddhist Burmah, where a multitude will stand convulsed with laughter in presence of a falling edifice, which is about to bury hundreds beneath its ruins.

* The tael seems to be about equal in value to a dollar.

brother, Riusuke. Amid her confusion, consequent on learning who the visitor was, and on being found by him in her present position, she exclaimed: "Oh, I am dreadfully ashamed; but surely you will never let it be known that I have come to this!" Riusuke assured her that she need have no misgivings on that score. But, at any rate, her servitude was over now. He had paid her ransom to her master, and, in fact, had the "agreement" in his possession. Misawo was not to be moved from her determination. "The world," she said, "must know what the spirit is which belongs to a soldier's daughter. Full of longing all day to behold again the home of my youth, I must remain, in the body, *here*. You can say, 'I am sick; I am dead.' Only leave me in Naniwa." Wringing her hands, and sighing painfully, Misawo uttered these words. The foster-brother wept in return, and after other appeals to her heart, employed this one: "Listen to what your noble mother said to me: 'Being far advanced in years, I was minded to shave off my hair, and become a nun; but as Misawo is about to return it is fortunate I did not follow my inclination; she would have been so saddened by my changed appearance. Bring her quickly to me. I rely wholly on you, Riusuke Sama.' Your father spoke in similar terms. How, then, can I possibly return without you? The disappointment might tempt him to take his own life, especially as your non-appearance would thwart his purpose in the matter of your betrothal, and cause his statement as to that betrothal having been effected to appear a falsehood. Your father has arranged that his daughter shall be given to a wealthy rice-merchant, who possesses ten thousand taels; but your mother knows nothing of this transaction, and (only for other reasons) counts the days on her fingers, wondering if to-day, or to-morrow, you will come back. Thus she waits. But here is a letter from herself!"

Misawo took the letter from Riusuke, and looked wistfully at the address: "To the Maiden Misawo, from her mother." The sight of her mother's handwriting quite overcame her. She pressed the letter to her heart, and burst into tears. It seemed, too, as if her resolution not to return was shaken; for after apparent mature consideration, she said to her foster-

brother: "I shall go back to-morrow." Riusuke with joy heard the words. At daybreak the next morning the palanquin was to be ready, and, nothing doubting, he withdrew.

No sooner had the foster-brother left than Sakitsi came from his concealment, and without loss of time, he and Misawo betook themselves to flight. As they passed through the pines which border the river, from the balcony of a neighboring house were heard the following words of the monthly song:

"The world has departed,
To darkness departed,
Downwards to death.
What is our life in this body?
It fades like the hoar-frost
That melts from the field paths:
All is but dream upon dream,
Coming in sequence,
Swift as at dawn of the morning,
When the clock is striking 'seven,'
The seventh stroke falls on the ear,
Drowning the ring of the sixth."

Without comment on the words, which seemed to echo their own feelings, the faithful pair journeyed onwards. But, by the timely appearance of a lantern, they were saved from fruitless wandering, and discovered that they were still close to the "Flowery House" of Aunt Fanajo. Here there was no one at home, save our old small friend, Kojosi, her father and mother having gone out to search for the fugitives. Retiring to an inner apartment, and drawing out a folding-screen after them, Sakitsi and Misawo began to prepare for departure from this world. Nevertheless, Misawo wept over the inevitable destiny before her; while Sakitsi, on seeing the "dog-chest" in the room, was reminded of his recent misfortune, and, in a paroxysm of despair, exclaimed: "With my fist I shall hurl this dog-chest into the realm of Buddha!" Suiting the action to the word, he overthrew the chest, when, behold, out rolled the packet containing the one hundred taels! "Ei, ei," cried the astonished man, "here is my lost money; and having found it again, I do not now so much fear that your betrothal will involve our death. But read your mother's letter, and see what it says." "I lay it on my heart now, and shall read it in the next world," she replied. "There, should I find that it contains any reproach, the eye will be closed, and the syllables will melt into

mist. I shall read, as though I read not, (*vergebens*), and this world will have gone for ever."

However, she at last broke the seal, as if severing the bond between the daughter and her parents, and unfolded the letter. It was an unusually long one for her mother to write, and this was one of its more urgent sentences: "In the hope that you will have safely arrived, I mean to celebrate the 'festival of the dead.' Your father is now sixty years of age, and all his associates are invited. As soon as I have finished these lines, I shall begin to prepare the cakes."*

"If I am present at this feast," said Misawo, "it will be as a spirit. O my loving father, O my never-to-be-forgotten mother!" Again she utterly broke down. Sakitsi, however, took the letter from her hand, and read as follows: "Further, Simanosuke, the son of Ugenda, to whom I betrothed you in your third year, has obtained the forgiveness of his offense—'shooting the arrow,' as our readers will remember—and if he should return, I shall certainly bring about his union with you. Meanwhile—"

"What!" abruptly exclaimed Sakitsi, "are you the daughter of Kadzumura Teidafu, and have never told me your name?" "But how do you know who my father is?" And while she was looking inquiringly at him, her uncle Tosei drew aside the screen and walked in! Tosei had followed them in their flight, had come home after them, had overheard their talk, and was in a very bad way indeed. Sakitsi, however, begged him not to take matters so much to heart, for, in fact, *all had ended well*—Sakitsi himself, the adopted son of the rice-merchant, having been the youth who incurred his lord's displeasure by firing the arrow, and being in very truth now the betrothed of Misawo!

On hearing this wonderful disclosure Misawo leapt for joy, and Tosei became quite another man. He, in his turn, had to tell how the hundred taels thrown

at the dog fell into *his* boat; * and while he was, with delighted heart, recounting his share in the events of the evening, his wife and the foster-brother returned from their vain search, but only to be overjoyed on learning how the crooked had been made straight. The betrothal song from the neighboring balcony proclaimed the hope that happiness might reign through the lapse of ages; and ere long, Sakitsi, Misawo, and the foster-brother reached Misawo's home, in which the rapture of the long-sundered was more than could be measured. Nay more, the great feudal lord shared in the gladness. He himself took care to give all possible *prestige* to the nuptials of the pair so true and so tried. Tosei and Wofana (another form of Fanajo) undertook the rice business in the place of Sakitsi; while all, distinguished by their filial piety, were blessed with both sons and daughters, and henceforward knew only happy days. Joyful! joyful!

Our readers can now judge for themselves as to the uprightness of the "figures" on the screens. By some of them it may be urged that the Japanese author does not reckon a tolerable amount of equivocation inconsistent with integrity. Others may think that appearances, at times, tell against the hero, and heroine too. But all may note, for we have omitted only complementary sentences, and nothing that can fairly be called a "scene" or "situation," that there is no falsehood uttered with a sting in it, and that Misawo herself, the high-hearted daughter of a soldier, emerges from her servitude, in which she was surrounded by manifold temptations, with unsullied name and spotless honor. And here we may add that, in ascribing to an attendant in a house of public resort the self-respect and propriety of conduct which are exhibited in Misawo, the writer was not merely drawing a fancy picture. In Japan it is, we believe, wholly exceptional, if one finds an instance of departure *in wife or young woman* from the highest standard of womanly pure-mindedness. The "fallen" class among the Japanese

* The remarkable festival in honor of the dead, at which, indeed, the departed are held to be present, is celebrated on the fifteenth day of the seventh month. The lanterns used on this occasion are meant to direct the invisible guests, while, at the close of the ceremonial, the rooms devoted to the entertainment are beaten with rods, and stones are promiscuously thrown about in order to drive away any spirit who may have lagged behind.

* The reader will note that by means of this incident the passage in the *Picture Book* about the dog and the treasure had its complete fulfillment—concerning which passage Tosei in his narrative remarked: "The 'flowery house,' which was once so saddened by that bit of the story, will now bloom again!"

may be called "unfortunate" with more truth than when the term is employed in England, inasmuch as they do not degrade themselves, but, while yet quite children, are actually sold for a given period to the landlords of the infamous tea-houses.* It would, consequently, have been a wholly unwarranted aspersion of the characters of the quiet, respectable young women who are to be found in the capacity of domestic servants in these taverns, had the author represented one of their number as being indeed *sans peur*, but not *sans reproche*. Moreover, it is greatly to the credit of Riutei Tanefiko that, in the household, struggling with hunger, there is no whisper of making devil's money by means of Misawo's juvenile attendant; and it might almost seem that it was to ward off the very possibility of temptation coming through that channel that the niece sacrificed herself.

To ourselves, the most amusing characteristic of the tale is its silence: for the writer would, apparently, have us believe that a game of "hide and seek"—and his romance is very much such a game—may be played for years, but that, in the land of ubiquitous *espionage*, the chief hider can not be found, and has to make himself known after hope of his discovery had quite died out. We trust the inquisitor-in-chief did not visit Mr. Riutei with very severe penalties for thus ignoring the function of his provincial subordinates.

After all, they are but "figures of this passing world," and not individual men and women, that are introduced to us here. In this assertion, we intend no special depreciation of the writer of this story. As yet, there are only classes of society in Japan. Individualism, with its endless shades of development, has yet to come. No doubt, as indicated above, we have the evidence of distinct personal endowment in men who betake themselves to different intellectual pursuits. But on the whole, in Japan, as elsewhere, despot-

ism has effected a dead level of uniformity. When liberty comes, equality ceases; the dull formality of winter passes away into the freshness, beauty, and variousness of spring.

Where man is so "cribbed and cabined," that there is no scope left for the revelation of individual character, you will have instead the manifestation of strange caprice, as the translator, Dr. Pfitzmaier, found to his cost when preparing this volume for the public. Only a first-rate student would have undertaken the task. The editor must first of all be master of the Japanese Syllabarium, consisting of forty-seven distinct symbols. He must also be acquainted with the ideographic signs of the Chinese,* for these occur frequently in the tale. Then he must be prepared to find his way through Chinese words and expressions, written in the Japanese character, but changed in sound according to the peculiar Japanese pronunciation. Further, he must often be content to guess the meaning of a given word from the surrounding sense, instead of discovering additional sense from the word—pronouns standing indiscriminately for "I," "thou," or "he"—there being no distinction of gender, number, or person amid the endless forms of the language. These qualifications Dr. Pfitzmaier possessed. To these conditions he submitted with the characteristic "Sitz-fleiss" (student-industry) of his country. But what perplexed him most of all was the caprice of the author's mode of writing Japanese—the simple forms of the Syllabarium being so varied as to necessitate the casting of upwards of four hundred separate types, in order to produce *fac-similes* of the cursive characters in the original. Dr. Pfitzmaier, with true modesty, makes mention of several of the foregoing difficulties in his preface.† He adds, ingenuously, that in some places he is still doubtful of the author's meaning, and has not quite succeeded in imitating,

* The existence of these tea-houses is the great moral blot in Japanese life. It would seem, moreover, that Government derives a revenue from the scandalous "institution." On the other hand, so curiously does the sense of justice operate, no stain attaches in after-life to the unhappy victims; but the landlords, who made merchandise by their degradation, are treated as the very offscourings of society. We have read that even tanners—the lowest class in the social scale—will refuse to bury their dead bodies!

* These signs are familiar to all the literary Japanese, and moreover are used indifferently to represent either a Chinese or a Japanese vocable, just as the Arabic numerals serve equally well for "zwei" or "zehn," as for "two" or "ten."

† There are, we hope, at least a few English students who are looking forward with interest to the appearance of the long promised second part of the Japanese *Chrestomathie*, as also to the publication of the Japanese Dictionary, on which Dr. Pfitzmaier has been engaged for years.

in particular instances, the characters of the block-printing—for the Japanese as yet have no movable types; but as the volume stands, it at once is a testimony to the munificence of the Viennese government and to the indomitable perseverance and profound scholarship of the translator.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE KING OF ITALY.

BY MRS. NEWTON CROSLAND.

"Il bel paese ch' Apennin parte
Il mar circonda e l'Alpe."

PETRARCH.

THE King of countless Palaces! He yet must have two more
Ere he can hold the war-horse in, and rule from shore to shore!
What matter that his fair Turin has pleasant regal state,
Where freemen with their mien erect round throne and altar wait;
Or that white Florence smiling sues, and opens wide her doors,
Where "Pitti" asks a monarch's tread upon its marble floors;
Or that at red Vesuvius' foot, and by the sapphire bay,
The brightest city Europe boasts her beauty yields to-day?
A nation bids to Bourbon halls its king—"the honest man"—
But he must keep his saddle-seat with soldiers in the van;
What matter Genoa the Superb has merchant homes so wide,
They'd hive his royalest retinue in all its martial pride?
What matters that a score of towns have palaces to spare,
And crownèd kings might be enthroned in pomp and splendor there?
The King of countless Palaces demandeth just two more
Ere he can lay his sword aside, and rule from shore to shore!

We know that loud Te Deums rise in Milan's beauteous fane
From grateful hearts surcharged with joy, and tried by recent pain—
But prayer is mingled with the praise, and there's an ear can hear,
And in St. Mark's such strains must rise in accents loud and clear.
King Victor claims, and he must have, those princely ducal halls,
Where portraits of the Doges dead are hanging on the walls!
Ah! how they seem to watch and wait for brothers brave to come,
Italia's sons, with masters' mien, to hold their ancient home—
For glad bright eyes to break the gloom, and quick free steps to sound
Where now the sullen stranger treads, and scatters victims round!
'Twould be a pleasant sight to see that poor white-coated thing
March out the while from every tower the clanging joy-bells ring—
To see the three pure colors placed by hands unstained with gore
Upon those ancient masts that rise before St. Mark's great door—
To see some summer holiday King Victor, true and bold,
Ascend the giant-guarded stairs, his ceded rights to hold:
New ritual then for 'spousals with the Adriatic Sea,
But oh, what ring were rich enough to wed fair Venice free?
Only the gem of Truth, set into self-adjusting law,
Could be the fit espousal ring, without a speck or flaw,
To girdle all the jutting isles that rise from out the wave,
And point like fingers to the sky from which they justice crave.

What pleasant sights! Well they may be, for close beside the throne
 A statesman holds the mystic reins, whose one great mind alone
 Is match for all the shallower brains he readeth o'er and o'er—
 And walls may fall by wisdom's words as well as cannon's roar
 But if the foe can not be taught what is a nation's right,
 He'll have to learn—some happy day—what is a nation's might:
 If belching guns must rake and tear, and shake the still lagoon,
 And make a midnight of the air in bright and sunny noon—
 If foes must starve, and soldiers die, and women weep and wail,
 And war's red horrors measure out their very utmost tale,
 So be it—in God's chosen time—much rather than the peace—
 Which is not peace, but only wrong's extended shameful lease.
 If Venice, "emerald-paved," must see her waves half-ruby dyed,
 Thus dashed against her marble white, the foe would be defied;
 Death-blent her colors thus she'd flaunt—and better this should be
 Than that the black and yellow flag she should triumphant see!

Somehow the Bridge of Sighs must wake an echo of the note
 Which only cleaves the lightened air from out a freeman's throat;
 Somehow the quaint Rialto mart must throng with happy faces;
 And childhood grow to youth and see but dimly sorrow's traces;
 Somehow with white, green, red at prow the gondolas must dart
 On busy errands 'mong the homes of commerce and of art;
 Somehow the captive State must have her fair limbs all set free
 To join her hands with sister States beside the ancient sea!

And then—or first?—another spot must own King Victor lord
 Ere he can mount a steadfast throne and lay aside the sword!
 Believe, O Nations of the North, that 'neath its modern masks,
 The Roman nature still bounds high, and sighs for noble tasks;
 Its wrongs have all been double-edged to slay both flesh and spirit,
 And yet it still has strength to be, and the great name inherit.
 O Rome! the heart, the aching heart, until its pulse beats true,
 The nation is not hale and strong its earnest work to do!—
 O Rome! all Italy declares among its seven hills
 Must rise the throne for him who well the kingly office fills!

The Cæsars' ruined palace-walls are bared to every eye,
 And bats and owls keep lonely rule beneath the midnight sky;
 But there are fouler things than these that rule in pride of place,
 And need the scourge of right and law their being to efface.
 Between St. Peter's priestly chair and capitol of old,
 The yellow Tiber's parting stream by God's own hand is rolled;
 Let this be type of what shall be when dawn has grown to day,
 When foreign swords no longer gleam, and freedom's progress stay:
 Let thunders of the Vatican still hurl from Papal seat,
 To pierce the hearts which deem that there great powers and mysteries meet;
 But let the other shore behold a simple human king,
 To rule by law, and shower the good that must from justice spring:
 As haughty flowers that bow their heads to where the sun is shining,
 Would rival cities bow content without a moment's pining—
 Content that Rome, their queen of old, should have chief honor still,
 Without the blast of envy's breath her bounding heart to chill.
 Not till within the capitol he signs himself a king—
 Not till Venetian voices shall their loud *Te Deums* sing—
 Will Victor doff the warrior's helm, and wield his sword no more,
 The King of countless Palaces must rule from shore to shore!

From the Westminster Review.

MOTLEY'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED NETHERLANDS.

[In addition to previous articles on Dr. Motley's work we print the following from the *Westminster Review*.]

WE give a cordial and admiring welcome to an eminent American author, the successful historian of the *Rise of the Dutch Republic*, whose work on the United Netherlands, of which two volumes are now issued, is destined, we think, to acquire a perennial reputation.* The subject of Dr. Motley's new publication is the deep-laid conspiracy of Spain and Rome against human rights, and its frustration by the united resistance of the Kingdom of England and the Republic of Holland, whose history and fortunes, by the intimate connection formed between those two commonwealths, immediately after the death of William the Silent, became for a season almost identical. The period comprised in the present installment of this historical epic extends over less than six years, beginning with the middle of 1584, and ending with the commencement of 1590. Two additional volumes, carrying the history of the Republic down to the Synod of Dort, will hereafter complete Dr. Motley's projected work.

The subject which our author has selected for his new history is one of deep and, we may say, world-wide interest. The Papal supremacy had become "an antiquated delusion" in the judgment of a considerable part of Europe. Freedom of conscience, instead of ecclesiastical dictation, was ere long to be the presiding principle in the moral and intellectual world of emancipated Europe. Each principle, with its practical consequences, had its champions and its antagonists. On the one hand were Rome and Spain; on the other, England and Holland. "Philip," in Dr. Motley's forcible summary, "stood enfeoffed, by divine decree, of all Amer-

ica, the East Indies, the whole Spanish Peninsula, the better portion of Italy, the seventeen Netherlands, and many other possessions, far and near; and he contemplated annexing to this extensive property the kingdoms of France, of England, and Ireland. The Holy League, maintained by the sword of Guise, the Pope's ban, Spanish ducats, Italian condottieri, and German mercenaries, was to exterminate heresy, and establish the Spanish dominion in France. The same machinery, aided by the pistol or poniard of the assassin, was to substitute for English Protestantism and England's queen the Roman Catholic religion and a foreign sovereign." To oppose this formidable array against the liberties of Europe, says Dr. Motley, in another part of his first volume, stood Elizabeth Tudor and the Dutch Republic. This impending contest is rightly described by our author as a death-grapple; the belligerents did show and could show no quarter. The first part of this great epic begins with the murder of the Prince of Orange, and ends with the siege of Antwerp, "one of the most brilliant military operations of the age, and one of the most memorable in its results."

In the five chapters which relate the events falling within this period, Dr. Motley sketches the position and attitude of the combatant Powers and their principal representatives with a masterly hand. He describes the colossal sovereignty of Spain; the religious origin of the revolt of the Netherlands; the relations of the Republic to France, and of France to England; the apathy of Protestant Germany; the court and character of Henry III.; the affection of Holland for England; England's policy, and Elizabeth's treatment of both Catholics and Calvinists; the diplomatic negotiations; the projects of the League; and, finally, the stirring transactions of that memorable siege.

Woven into the tissue of this spirited and luminous narrative are glowing delineations of the personal and moral charac-

* *History of the United Netherlands, from the Death of William the Silent to the Synod of Dort, etc.* By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, D.C.L., etc. Vols. I., II. London: John Murray. 1860.

teristics of the prominent actors in these events. These historical portraits are executed with consummate art, and with a Rubens-like splendor of color and presentment, that make the figures take shape, and breathe and move before us. Among them are Henry III., attired like a woman and a harlot with silken flounces, jeweled stomacher, and painted face, with pearls of great price adorning his bared neck and breast, and satin-slipped feet, "darting viperous epigrams at court-ladies, whom he was only capable of dishonoring by calumny;" Henry with the Scar, Duke of Guise, tall and stately, with dark martial face and dangerous eyes, and cheek damaged with the arquebuss shot at Château-Thierry, defender of the good old religion under which Paris had thriven, the idol of grocers and god of fish-women; Henry of Navarre, the chieftain of the Gascon chivalry, the king-errant, the hope and darling of oppressed Protestants, "a figure that leaps forth from the mist of three centuries, instinct with ruddy, vigorous life," with brown face, commanding blue eyes, and hawk's nose, with mien of frank authority and magnificent good-humor, setting all hearts around him on fire when the trumpet sounds to battle; Philip de Marnix, lord of Sainte Aldegonde, with crisp, curly hair surmounting a tall, expansive forehead; broad, brown, melancholy eyes, overflowing with tenderness; a scholar, theologian, diplomatist, swordsman, poet, pamphleteer; the bosom friend of William the Silent; an illustrious rebel for twenty years, and then, whether from treachery or political mistake, the sudden negotiator of an unpatriotic capitulation.

The second division of Dr. Motley's history, not as laid down by him, but as conceived by us, includes the direct action of England on the common enemy, the triumphal entrance of Leicester into the Netherlands, and his administration and its results. In the twelve chapters of which it is made up are comprised many passages of peculiar interest. We have among them contemporary notices of the English people; a sketch of London; portraits of Elizabeth, Burleigh, Leicester, Sir Philip Sidney, admirably done. Parma, Barneveld, Walsingham, Davison, young Prince Maurice, Martin Schenk, Hohenlo, all in greater or less degree take part in the splendid procession which moves across the historical canvas. Lame

diplomacy, fruitless negotiation, alternate with heroic action and glorious daring. There are battles, sieges, victories, and defeats; there are intrigues, quarrels, squalid wretchedness, and glittering prodigality, all paralleled or contrasted in Dr. Motley's pictorial yet reflective pages.

In estimating the policy of England towards Holland, our historian describes it as from the first hesitating, but not disloyal. Elizabeth was in favor of combined action by the French and English governments—a joint *provisional* protectorate of the Netherlands. Holland had rebelled, and there was no help for her but to fight her way out of her rebellion into success, or return to slavery. But England, then perhaps but a third-rate power, might well pause before she plunged "into the peril and expense of a war with the strongest power in the world." Elizabeth, too, had her own reasons for hesitation. She was loth to encourage the spirit of insurrection against kings; she was vulnerable in Scotland, vulnerable in Ireland; and a war with Spain would give opportunities to rebellion and conspiracy. Hence the seemingly coquettish policy of the *imperious and parsimonious* queen. Holland was willing to become a subject province of England; but Elizabeth wanted money, not sovereignty; and some time elapsed before she had the courage to emancipate herself from the delusions of diplomacy and the seductions of thrift. The Queen, however, "embodied much of the nobler elements of the expanding English character," and while refusing the sovereignty, promised the States to protect, and never to forsake them. The expedition under Leicester; his administration; Elizabeth's explosions of anger consequent on his acceptance of the Governor-Generalship of the States—in fact, the characteristic incidents of the period during which the Netherlands "acquired consistency and permanent form," are reviewed and illustrated in the twelve chapters which we have specified. We must refer to Dr. Motley's own eloquent pages for his characterization of the brave and magnificent grandee, and, on the whole, true-hearted but capricious Queen. We can not forbear, however, to invite attention to the portrait which Dr. Motley sketches of Robert Dudley, undoubtedly the best abused man of his day in England—our author says in Europe. In addition to

compassing the death of Amy Robsart, (one of those picturesque lies that *wont* die,) he is said to have poisoned Alice Drayton, Lady Lennox, Lord Sussex, Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, Lord Sheffield, Lord Essex, and to have achieved or contrived numerous other murders; many of which, however, were proved to be false. A word, too, we may say here of our historian's portrait of Elizabeth Tudor. Dr. Motley may not draw a flattering likeness, but he makes on the whole, we think, a sure one of that great and victorious sovereign, with her despotic appetencies, and her genuine great-heartedness and national sympathies. We are bound to say, however, that we are by no means convinced of Elizabeth's "hypocrisy," or her suggestions of assassination in the sad tragedy of the ill-starred Mary Stuart; nor are we at all sure that the long imprisonment in England of that "daughter of debate" was such a violation of justice and humanity as Dr. Motley believes it to have been.

In the winter of 1587-8 Leicester terminated his career in the Netherlands, after a second attempt at administration, by his abrupt departure for England. Lord Willoughby, a soldierly, conscientious man, succeeded to the chief command of the English forces, a quick-witted and even brilliant-minded man, but who, valuing highly his knightly word, was quite incompetent "to deal with the thronging Spanish deceits sent northward by the great father of lies who sat in the Escorial." Elizabeth, acting in defiance of grave counsel and earnest remonstrance, now sent her peace commissioners to the Duke of Parma. The story of the secret negotiations which followed is told with, perhaps, unnecessary detail by Dr. Motley, in what we regard as the third development of the great epical transaction which he celebrates. We can not follow him here, nor show how the kingdom of England was brought to the verge of ruin in this unequal-matched diplomatic contest, when the Queen meant to keep

her promise and to be true to her word, and the Spanish monarch deliberately put his name to a lie, and chuckled in secret over the credulity of his English sister. At last the protracted diplomacy at Ostend terminated. Quill-driving and speech-making were replaced by "the defiance of England to foreign insolence;" with Elizabeth Tudor to give effect to the challenge. Dr. Motley in his great prose war-song now describes the gathering of the ships of the Invincible Armada, the preparation of the Spanish-Roman machinery "for dethroning Elizabeth and establishing the Inquisition in England." The pomp and circumstance of this arrogant invasion, the fiery impatience of the Spaniards, the steady enthusiasm of the English, the engagement, the chase, and final catastrophe, are delineated with a firm hand and in glowing colors in our historian's picture. But we must leave him to tell how "the little nation of four millions, the merry England of the sixteenth century, went forward to the death-grapple with its gigantic antagonist as cheerfully as to a long-expected holiday." We lay down the first two volumes of this noble work with a high appreciation of Dr. Motley's great and varied abilities. For diligence in research, for sound and extensive knowledge, for vigorous language, but rarely disfigured by vulgarism or grandiloquence, and for living dramatic representation, he is entitled to hold a foremost place among the first historians of our age. We trust that he will enjoy the physical health and intellectual energy requisite to the completion not only of the present work, but of that apparently more comprehensive literary enterprise which he intimates a desire to accomplish—a history of the terrific struggle which broke out in Germany after the period marked by the Synod of Dort, including "the civil and military events in Holland, down to the epoch when the Thirty Years' War and the eight years' war of the Netherlands were both brought to a close by the Peace of Westphalia."

From the Dublin University Magazine.

SIR WILLIAM NAPIER AND THE NAPIER FAMILY.

It is scarcely probable that the world will soon, if ever, again witness so singular a combination of hereditary peculiarities as that which distinguished the five sons of Colonel the Honorable George Napier of Celbridge, in the county of Dublin. Their ancestry seems, in truth, like a famous parliamentary majority recorded in one of the later volumes of *Hansard*, to be nothing less than a "fortuitous concurrence." And in its result it certainly goes far to prove that a mixture of races tends directly to the elevation of the individual character, hardly less than it unquestionably does to the advancement and invigoration of the genius of distinct nationalities. Of the latter remarkable and wholly incontestable truth, the annals and exploits of the Anglo-Saxon family afford of themselves adequate, or rather it may be said at once, conclusive attestation. Employing yet again, for the nonce, a sufficiently familiar illustration, it is like the imperceptible growth of a running stream—"a rivulet, now a river"—widening and deepening in its progress with the influx of many important tributaries. Into the main current of the historic lineage of the Napiers, it is curious to note how many and how important were those tributaries. They secured to it whatever ambidexterous advantages might be supposed to result from the infusion into the blood of the Napiers of the "divine ichor" of two royal houses—those of Henry IV. of France, and of Charles II. of England. They rendered kindred to that same heroic blood, the blood of two chivalrous but attainted traitors to the Crown—the great Montrose and Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Through the maternal line they enabled these five brothers, already mentioned, collectively, to claim the sympathies of relationship with Charles Fox, the orator of the Liberal Opposition; and through the paternal line, farther back by one or two generations, and higher in the intellectual atmosphere, in the very empyrean of ab-

stract philosophy, to trace their descent directly from the renowned inventor of logarithms, the immortal John Napier of Merchistoun.

There are assuredly but very few, indeed, among those who may examine these records of purely personal recollection who will require any explicit introduction whatever to three, at least, among that cluster of five brothers—English most of them by birth, Scottish originally by ancestry, Irish by education and residence—who passed the early days of their boyhood together in their little home retreat at Celbridge. It is with the central figure, however, in this notable group that I have to do now exclusively. Another time I may take occasion to relate briefly what I knew, through personal intercourse, of the eldest born among this quintette of ripe scholars and valiant soldiers; the great Pro-consul who added the province of Scinde to our vast empire by the sheer force of his audacity as a military conqueror, permanently incorporating it afterwards with our dominion by his prudential sagacity as an administrator. Of the second, or intermediate brother, between the two most illustrious in this little domestic concourse of heroes and authors, I shall have in this place to say a few words, later on, incidentally. It is sufficient to remark now of these, the three eldest of the fraternity, that they all suffered grievously during the chief part of their long lives from formidable wounds received upon the battle field; that all of them gained at the point of their keen swords high military distinction; that each wore for himself the red ribbon of the Bath with its knightly insignia; that all three were simultaneously the Governors of important dependencies—Charles of Scinde, George of the Cape, William of Guernsey. Enough as to the two youngest of the brothers not yet specified, if it is here added that Henry, the penultimate among them, though he adopted the Royal Navy

as his profession, will be better borne in remembrance in a purely literary capacity as the author of a luminous as well as voluminous *History of Florence*; and that Richard, the last and now the sole survivor of them all, though himself a member of the bar, is understood also to have dedicated his intellectual energies exclusively to the cultivation of the "fresh fields and pastures (ever) new" of literature.

And now of that one central figure—as I knew and honored it—I may speak here, as I have proposed, exclusively. Our English Tacitus, I love to call him—and, as such without doubt, as the greatest of all our military historians, his brave bright name will survive perennially in the national remembrance. One engraved portrait there is of him—it may be found as the frontispiece to the second volume of his elaborate biography of his brother Sir Charles, the Scindian Conqueror—a mezzotinto by Eggleton, from a classic bust by Adam, which may afford some notion to those who never actually saw the soldier-annalist of the Peninsular War, some faint proximate idea of his eminently noble and chivalric appearance at the age of seventy. He was yet more advanced in years when I saw him last, when I sat conversing with him not very long before his eventual demise at seventy-four, his eyes flashing brightly to the last, an extinguishable animation it almost seemed, while we talked together, in every outline of those lofty and reverent lineaments. It only needed the casual gusts of a thunder-shower blowing through the open window of his long-years' residence at Seinde House, in that green little London suburb of Clapham, to render him the very incarnation of the well-known couplet in Gray's ode on "The Bard:"—

"Loose his beard and hoary hair
Streamed like a meteor to the troubled air;"

only, that for hoary it should be read silvery—silvery as the thrice-driven snow. And under the crowning grace of that white hair, above the rippled torrent of that venerable beard—one that looked, in its dishevelled flow, like the beard of the "Shipman" in Chaucer, as though it had been "shaken by many a tempest"—there remained, unmarred by age to the moment of his decease, that handsome aquiline visage, the marble effigy of which

any sculptor might well rejoice to have chiseled. It was a noble presence, not very easily to be forgotten. It was the weird age of Merlin descended upon the knightly form and features of Sir Lancelot. Every individual peculiarity of the man bore evidence that General Sir William Francis Patrick Napier was veritably the offspring of that Colonel Napier who is described by him (Sir William) as not simply tall and strong, but actually "gigantic;" and of the Lady Sarah *née* Lennox, the eminently beautiful daughter of a mother herself eminently beautiful—that Lady Sarah Lennox (the celebrated toast and boast of her day for her loveliness) who, at eighteen, had been for a while the affianced bride, as she was ever afterwards the tender regret, of King George the Third! There were still visible the graces of the young mother's countenance reflected in the nobler outlines of the son, when that son had lived to be a veteran of more than seventy winters. There, too, in the stature of the latter, were the lofty proportions of the sire, modified by years, and, alas! also by prolonged suffering.

Those who were the loudest and the most reiterated in their reprehension of what was extravagantly mistaken for the constitutional acerbity of Sir William Napier, whenever he took pen in hand, of late years, with a view to publication, were of all, doubtless, the least aware of the physical anguish with which that pen was often—was almost always, grasped; anguish born of the battle-wounds already alluded to, and of consequent tortures from a protracted neuralgic affection. If, while agonized under these combined afflictions, that dauntless and ever-outspoken nature undertook the vindication, for example, of one of his loved and honored brothers in terms of unmeasured scorn against those by whom, certainly, Sir Charles Napier for one was very frequently and most ungenerously misrepresented, there are none, surely, but may now forget the bitterness of the written words in the remembered bitterness of all that hidden suffering. During many years, indeed, before the soldier-historian breathed his last, his life was one protracted martyrdom, sustained with heroic fortitude. Inasmuch was this the case, that latterly his only practicable exercise was an occasional drive in a little pony phaeton. To move across a room was an effort testing his powers of endur-

ance. To touch the hand of a friend was, at intervals, nothing less than an act of courage. Yet, in spite of this, he could write to me under date "Seven o'clock, A.M." I have now lying before me a long letter, of the twenty-first of April, 1857, literally so headed—an epistle in the course of which Sir William Napier observes: "I write, as you see, before post comes in," etc.; adding, "I am an early riser, though past seventy-one, and a very complete wreck in body; but the fresh air of the morning revives me for work." And it is characteristic of the indomitable energy with which he threw himself into this work, latterly, in his brother's behalf, a chivalrous, self-imposed work of vindication, and often, it may be said against their traducers, of pitiless reprobation—it is characteristic of the man himself and of his later labors, of his resolution and of his sufferings, that in this very communication to me (taken, hap-hazard, from among a pile of others extending over many years) he writes under the above-mentioned date, at seven o'clock, A.M., in a rush of burning words—words thus eloquent and impassioned:

"The most offensive portion [he is speaking of an onslaught upon his brother, Sir George, an onslaught which he terms whimsically enough in an earlier part of the letter from which I am quoting, 'a mixture of snowballs and sweetmeats'] is the attack on my honest, gallant, true-hearted brother George. To hint at cowardice in the man who passed the night following Corunna with a torch, turning over the corpses of the slain in search of his brother, exposed to the danger of plunderers, of enemies patrolling, and the chance of being left behind a prisoner. To hint at cowardice in the man who carried off Gifford's body in the midst of enemies at Cordova. To hint at cowardice in the man who stormed Ciudad Rodrigo. To do this merely for the gratification of vulgar spite against me, is surely a sign of baseness deeply ingrained. And the proof! He, an Englishman, refused the command of the foolish though gallant, King of Sardinia's army. And again, he, like a true Englishman, refused to step into the place of a better man than himself in the command of the Indian armies; and that man, his brother. Patriotism and honor, and self-negation, would have been the terms in an honorable mouth; but with ——— it is cowardice!"

Enough, however, (through this one solitary and fragmentary quotation,) in the way of a momentary glimpse into our written correspondence. Of our real or personal intercourse I would fain speak, if

possible (space permitting) more in detail, as to some of my most vivid recollections. While talking with Sir William Napier upon the occasion already particularized as not being long anterior to the date of his demise, I bear distinctly in remembrance how, in the midst of an animated conversation upon the origin, development, and eventual subjugation of the Indian revolt, he strongly reprobated the undue severity on our part, to which he attributed so much of the subsequent bloodshed, and so many of the later disasters. With a nature thrilling in its every fiber with sensibility, and a temperament singularly impulsive and impassioned, he combined in a wonderful degree, a judgment preëminently judicial and dispassionate. In testimony of this, it is only requisite to glance for a moment at that majestic Plutarchian contrast or comparison with which he closes the last chapter of the twenty-fourth book, completing his great historic master-piece. The celebrated peroration of that oratorical history, in which Napier contrasts Napoleon, (whom the English annalist here designates magnanimously and magnificently "the greatest man of whom history makes mention, the most wonderful commander, the most sagacious politician, the most profound statesman,") contrasts the great Napoleon and Wellington. Comparing the battle of Wellington to the stroke of the battering-ram—"down went the wall in ruins!" The battle of Napoleon to "the swell and dash of the mighty wave, before which the barrier yielded and the roaring flood poured onwards, covering all!" As thus, in these profoundly deliberated and crowning passages, in his record of the wars of the Peninsula, so equally judicial and dispassionate shone the judgment of Sir William Napier in the heat and vivacity of conversation. It was significant of the English soldier's impartiality, and of the English historian's magnanimous regard of the arch foe, that in his principal room at Scinde House (the dining-room) the only picture visible upon its walls, a picture hung too in the place of honor over the mantle-piece, was a portrait, not of Wellington, but of Wellington's glorious antagonist—an engraving from Paul de la Roche's exquisite sidelong portraiture of Napoleon, the king and emperor. As "the other" principal decoration of the soldier-author's *salle-d-*

manger, there was displayed a noble trophy of arms upon the waste of wall opposite the windows of the apartment—sabers and muskets disposed in grim geometric arrangement, having as its central feature (a gracious and graceful gift from the sovereign, to be thenceforth treas-

ured in the family of its recipient as a priceless heir-loom) the heraldic banner borne by the hand of General Sir William Francis Patrick Napier in the ever-memorable pageant of the great duke's funeral, in Saint Paul's Cathedral.

From the North British Review.

DR. JOHN BROWN'S HORE SUBSECIVÆ.*

THIS book must be a great consolation to Mr. John Stuart Mill. That great writer and thinker has lately told us, in an essay full of gloomy forebodings, that every fresh originality of character is disappearing so rapidly from our society, that any deviation from one uniform type will soon become so rare as almost to be monstrous. This melancholy conviction gives rise to vaticinations still more dismal. And if it be true that the once rich and various life of Great Britain is now fused into one homogeneous social system, no wonder that thoughtful men should look to the future with more anxiety than hope. But to us the case does not appear so desperate as to Mr. Mill, for we do not think the world so monotonous. It is quite true that the remotest districts have now been brought so much nearer one another than they used to be, that the modes of thought of town and country have been assimilated in a remarkable manner. We are all interested and excited by the same things, and very much in the same way. In every corner of the three kingdoms people are engaged at the same moment in abusing Major Yelverton or in deifying Garibaldi. Every pulse of the great nation beats with its mighty heart; and though it is not impossible that Edinburgh should

be in a ferment and London apathetic, London can hardly be moved very deeply without Edinburgh or without Kirkwall being almost equally agitated. It is true also, that this closer contact of remote districts has produced some bad effects, as well as effects that are unquestionably beneficial; and of these, perhaps, it is not the least formidable that "the circumstances which surround different classes and individuals, and shape their characters, are daily becoming more and more assimilated." But though this may in some respects be an evil, we do not think it quite so serious an evil as Mr. Mill does, simply because we do not believe that the characters of individuals are shaped entirely by the circumstances which surround them. We do not believe, therefore, that by this assimilation of circumstances all variety will be blotted out from the picture of English life. The characteristic distinctions between the different classes of society are not so broad now as they were in the last generation, and every day they are growing finer and more evanescent. But this is no new phenomenon in the history of manners. It would not be very easy, perhaps, to find a characteristic squire now-a-days, like Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's Hazeldean, or a characteristic parson like his Dale; but Squire Hazeldean and Parson Dale have only followed Squire Western and Parson Adams, as they themselves had long ago followed Sir Hugh Evans and Holofernes. Every element in these characters which

* *Hore Subsecivæ*. By JOHN BROWN, M.D., F.R.S.E. First Series. Second Edition. Edinburgh: 1859.

Hore Subsecivæ. Second Series. Edinburgh: 1861.

is owing directly to the circumstances that surround them, has disappeared, or soon will disappear, from our modern manners. And if human life were a bad theater, where the plumes and the tartan make all the difference between the Macbeth of to-night and the Hamlet of to-morrow, it would be reasonable enough, in the disappearance of such elements of difference as these, to see the approach of that dreaded uniformity which would surely be one of the greatest calamities for the national mind.

But though men may no longer differ greatly from one another, merely in virtue of their different conditions, it seems to us that the diversities of natural character will nevertheless remain as inexhaustible as ever. Even in these bad times, when the public voice is, no doubt, monotonous enough, when "the organs of public opinion" are all engaged in expressing the same sentiments, and inculcating the same doctrines, and the *Eatonsville Gazette* suspends its heroic struggle with the *Eatonsville Independent*, only in order to reëcho the proclamations of the Jupiter, there still remains, we are convinced, enough of individuality, enough of energy, and, what is quite as much to the purpose, enough of devotion also, among quiet, simple, sequestered people to save us from the Chinese stagnation which Mr. Mill so mournfully predicts. And if any of our readers is more inclined to agree with Mr. Mill than with ourselves on this subject, let him turn for consolation to Dr. John Brown. The *Horæ Subsecivæ* of this Edinburgh physician will reveal to him, if he will take the trouble to read it, not only the existence of "marked character" in one author, but of whole worlds of doctors, carriers, clergymen, shepherds, and, let us not forget to add, dogs—all strongly-marked characters, and all as different from other doctors, clergymen, and the rest, as Dominie Sampson differs from Dr. Proudie. And, in this point of view, Dr. Brown's originality is probably all the more important because of the manner in which it is expressed. For, although we can not attribute to the "influences hostile to individuality" so powerful or so unlimited an operation as Mr. Mill seems inclined to do, it is impossible for any thoughtful man not to see that such influences are truly at work; and perhaps they are at work so extensively nowhere as in the world of letters.

We do not mean to say that the number of original and powerful writers now living and publishing books is either actually or comparatively small. The ten years—to go no further back—which elapsed between *Vanity Fair* and *Adam Bede*, have given no contemptible amount of new and admirable writing to the world. We are not speaking of such great masters as Thackeray and George Eliot. And yet it might be curious to consider the extent to which the greatest writers of our day have allowed their thoughts to be directed and colored by that of the age in which they are living. Even the most illustrious of them all, the poet who of all modern poets is the most profoundly thoughtful and meditative—we mean Mr. Tennyson—seems far oftener to be molding into some exquisitely beautiful shape the thoughts of an intellectual and highly cultivated age, than to be taking things new and old from the inexhaustible treasury of an individual mind, richer by the gift of nature than the accumulations of great libraries could make it. It need hardly be said that this is true of Mr. Tennyson only in a very limited sense. The commonest thoughts, when he utters them, are transfigured and glorified by the touch of a great imaginative poet; and the thoughts he is most fond of uttering are not common. It is in much humbler regions of literature than any that are haunted by his Muse, and yet in regions that are neither unimportant nor unadorned by talent of a very high order, that the absence of individuality is to be remarked.

What the cause of this effect defective may be, we do not stop to consider; but it is certain that, while we find writings every day in reviews, and magazines, and newspapers, which show great cleverness, learning, scholarship, every kind of ability, it is rarely indeed that we find any which show character. Now, Dr. Brown's *Horæ Subsecivæ* is only a collection of miscellaneous articles, some of them reprinted from magazines and newspapers, some published apparently for the first time in their present form; but we think it worth while to occupy some space with a notice of them, not because of any exceptional degree of talent which they evince, but because of that individuality which Mr. Mill finds nowhere, and which we have owned that we find very seldom in the "literature of the day." Dr. Brown

is not without admirable talents as a writer; but the chief value of his book consists in the freshness and force of character which it describes very well and often in others, and displays as prominently in himself. The charm of these papers, in short, consists in the constant presence of the author. Dr. John Brown talks familiarly with his readers, instead of exerting himself to write for them; and there is so much of ease and richness of thought and feeling, so much love and goodness as well as genius and culture in his conversation, that these fugitive pieces have a value in our eyes a great deal higher than that of far more pretentious, laborious, and deeply-considered books. The one defect, the appearance of which at least is inseparable from this kind of writing, is both the result and evidence of the originality which makes it valuable; we mean the exaggerated importance which the writer is sure to attribute to the things and persons which interest himself. We remember how Lord Cockburn was accused of thinking Edinburgh a bigger place than London. We should not be surprised if the same charge was brought against Dr. John Brown. In both cases it is a misapprehension. It is quite impossible for such men to

"Take the rustic murmur of their burn
For the great wave that echoes round the
world."

But, however paradoxical it may seem, the most original mind is the most sensible to the form and pressure of the life that surrounds it. The freshest and richest nature is always the most alive to the things that are passing. And when such a writer as Lord Cockburn or as Dr. Brown, has received a lively impression of any kind, he is by no means disposed to conceal the traces of it out of deference to criticism. He is fearless of literary circles. He is never thinking of the *Café Procope*; and since he looks at the world for himself, and judges its life by no artificial standard whatever, his own genial enjoyment will seem to him sufficient warrant for attaching importance to the sayings and doings of men. People who have formed a fixed set of associations out of books and newspapers, may possibly think things trivial which he finds to be instructive and interesting. But that is because they are conventional

and sophisticated. Their life is a kind of cut-and-dry criticism. Dr. Brown's very criticism is buoyant and vigorous life. There is a great deal of the school-boy about our Doctor's love of dogs and horses. There is something of the same quality in his hearty dislikes and exuberant admirations. Sometimes we think this leads him wrong, as when he talks of Mr. Harvey's pictures as if they were works of great genius. Generally it leads him right, as when he condemns that big impostor Festus. But, right or wrong, his severity and his praise alike are generally to be traced much more to the genial than to the intellectual nature of the critic. We do not mean that his judgments are capricious. He has a very fine critical faculty; and his natural taste has been chastened and educated by the constant and reverential contemplation of excellence. But the one thing he requires in writing or in painting is, that he himself should be moved by it; and if that is done, he is independent of external rules. His private judgment is not to be affected by the weight of authority. He is entitled, in short, to say with a more famous essayist: "*J'ay une ame libre et toute sienne, accoutumée à se conduire à sa mode.*"

The preface to the first series of *Horæ Subsecivæ* contains a very unnecessary apology for what the author describes as "the tendency in him of the merely ludicrous to intrude, and to insist on being attended to and expressed." This is a very inadequate account of a rich and penetrating humor, not unworthy of so enthusiastic an admirer of Charles Lamb. He has not indeed—who ever had?—the wild yet tender imaginative wit of Elia, so subtle and wonderful, that even Scotchmen adore him, when he is "bleating libels against their native land." But he has the genuine humor which, in his own words, is "the very flavor of the spirit, its rich and fragrant *ozmazome*, having in its aroma something of every thing in the man, his expressed juice." Dr. Brown's humor illustrates admirably the definition of a thoughtful writer, whose own wit, by the way, was rather leathery—Archdeacon Hare, who explains humor as "a sense of the ridiculous, softened and meliorated by human feeling." This is a true but hardly an adequate definition; for it fails to express how thoroughly the humor and the feeling interpenetrate each

other. The two elements can not be separated by the most searching analysis. Nor is the result, though always humanizing, so invariably gentle as one might suppose. Dean Swift, at least, is an illustrious example to show that some slight infusion of gall is by no means inconsistent with true humor; and it might not be impossible to name another instance almost as striking among our great living authors. But we have quoted Archdeacon Hare, chiefly to show how broad a distinction there is between such humor as Dr. Brown's, and the mere tendency to be always joking, with which he seems modestly afraid that it may be confounded. There is a great deal of fun in Dr. Brown; his gravely comic power is inimitable; but it is hardly ever, as it seems to us, the purely ludicrous which gives occasion for its exercise. The incongruity which moves him is that of ideas, and not of words. Sometimes his humor is merely quaint, as when he says of an eloquent talker: "He flowed like Cæsar's Arar, *incredibili lenitate*, like linseed out of a poke." Generally it is so deeply interfused with the human feeling of Mr. Hare's definition, that the smile with which we receive it is very nearly akin to a tear. It looks at the realities of life, and reveals at a touch the infinity and the limitations of our nature, as only the greatest masters of the human heart can reveal it in fiction. And for this very reason, perhaps, it is more felicitous nowhere than in cases where duller men would be puzzled to understand how human feeling should be imported into the matter at all. His descriptions, or rather characters of dogs, for example, are really like nothing so much, either in the result or in mode of treatment, as the Ellistons and Captain Jacksons of Elia. We do not put Toby on a par with Captain Jackson; but the peculiarities of his mental organization are made known to us in much the same way. The most impalpable niceties of the character are seized with the same firm and delicate touch, and brought out, one after another, with the same gradual art, till the picture is complete. And we know nothing any where, except in Charles Lamb, which in the least degree resembles the grave fun with which the whole dog is then presented to us. Nor in this process does the one artist ever degenerate into caricature any more than the other. We have not personally known his Tobys and John

Pyms, and their fellows; but we feel there is no reason why we should not have met them. They are actual canine beings; and it is as impossible to mistake them for one another, as it is to forget the individuality of the characters of a great dramatist in their general resemblance and their common nature. Unfortunately we can not support this opinion by extracts, for we have no room for any complete picture; and we have not the heart to tear any into fragments. But there are two characteristic anecdotes, which we can not resist. Our readers must understand that Dr. Brown, when a boy, had brought a shepherd's dog from Tweedside to Edinburgh:

"She came, and was at once taken to all our hearts—even grandmother liked her; and though she was often pensive, as if thinking of her master and her work on the hills, she made herself at home, and behaved in all respects like a lady. When out with me, if she saw sheep in the streets or road, she got quite excited, and helped the work, and was curiously useful, the being so making her wonderful happy. And so her little life went on, never doing wrong—always blithe, and kind, and beautiful. But, some months after she came, there was a mystery about her. Every Tuesday evening she disappeared. We tried to watch her, but in vain. She was always off by nine P.M., and was away all night, coming back next day wearied, and all over mud, as if she had traveled far. She slept all next day. This went on for some months, and we could make nothing of it. Poor, dear creature, she looked at us wistfully when she came in, as if she would have told us if she could, and was especially fond though tired. Well, one day, I was walking across the Grassmarket with Wylie at my heels, when two shepherds started, and looking at her, one said: 'That's her; that's the wonderfu' wee bitch that naeboddy kens.' I asked him what he meant, and he told me that for months past she had made her appearance by the first day-light at the 'buchs,' or sheep pens, in the cattle market, and worked incessantly, and to excellent purpose, in helping the shepherds to get their sheep and lambs in. The men said, with a sort of transport: 'She's a perfect meercle—flies about like a speerit, and never gangs wrang—wears, but never grups, and beats a' oor dowgs. She's a perfect meercle, and as soople as a mawkin.' Then he related how they all knew her, and said: 'There's that wee fell yin; we'll get them in noo.' They tried to coax her to stop, and be caught, but no: she was gentle, but off; and for many a day that 'wee fell yin' was spoken of by these rough fellows. She continued this amateur work till she died, which she did in peace."

We think our readers will thank us for transferring what follows to our pages :

"It is very touching the regard the south country shepherds have for their dogs. Professor Syme, one day, many years ago, when living in Forres-street, was looking out of his window, and he saw a young shepherd striding down North Charlotte-street, as if making for his house. It was midsummer. The man had his dog with him, and Mr. Syme noticed that he followed the dog, and not it him, though he continued to steer for the house. He came, and was ushered into his room. He wished advice about some ailment; and Mr. Syme saw that he had a bit of twine round the dog's neck, which he let drop out of his hand when he entered the room. He asked him the meaning of this, and he explained that the magistrates had issued a mad-dog proclamation, commanding all dogs to be muzzled or led on pain of death. 'And why do you go about as I saw you did before you came into me?' 'Oh,' said he, looking awkward, 'I didna want Birkie to ken he was tied.' Where will you find truer courtesy and finer feeling? He didn't want to hurt Birkie's feelings."

We did not intend to quote more about dogs; but is there not something at once very absurd and very touching about this:

"Puck had to the end of life a simplicity which was quite touching. One summer day, a dog-day, when all dogs found straying were hauled away to the police-office, and killed off in twenties with strychnine, I met Puck trotting along Princes-street with a policeman, a rope round his neck, he looking up in the fatal, official, but kindly countenance in the most artless and cheerful manner, wagging his tail and trotting along. In ten minutes he would have been in the next world; for I am one of those who believe dogs *have* a next world, and why not? Puck ended his days as the best dog in Roxburghshire. *Placide, quiescas.*"

It is plain that, even in the dog-days, Dr. Brown would have no sympathy with the timid scholastic Gray, who said with some indignation, when he was asked if that was his dog: "Do you suppose that I would keep an animal by which I might possibly lose my life?"

The same faculty for seizing the subtlest distinctions of character, which enables Dr. Brown to describe his dogs so admirably, is displayed quite as effectually when he is dealing with men. We do not know that he gives evidence any where of that highest imaginative power which consists in the invention of a char-

acter; but in the exposition of an actual character, a man whom he himself has seen and known, it would not be very easy to mention many writers by whom he has been surpassed. And this is neither a small talent nor a very common one. It is a much slighter achievement, as it seems to us—and certainly it is a far less useful one—to collect a number of salient features, to solder them cleverly together, and call them a man or a woman, as some of our very popular novelists are much in the habit of doing, than to represent an actual human being as he lived, not by describing attributes merely, but by drawing his character. The power of conceiving an original character is, no doubt, among the rarest and highest of gifts. No description, however excellent, of real people will place a writer on the same level as the great dramatists or the great novelists. But you may count on your fingers the dramatists and the novelists who in this sense are entitled to be called great. As soon as the invention ceases to be human and true, the most dazzling effects of humor or of pathos will give the cleverest caricaturist no right or title to a place beside Sir Walter, or Fielding, or Jane Austen. And no inferior exhibition of imaginary persons is half so excellent a thing, in our view, as the most unpretending portraiture of people who have really existed. With all the amusement we have derived, and hope still to derive, from their productions, the talents of a second-rate novelist—and we should include some very distinguished names in that category—do not appear to us to be so admirable, nor their functions nearly so estimable, as those of the quiet and truthful painter of the things and persons his own eyes have witnessed. To invent a true and many-sided human being, ideal or real—a Hamlet or a Jonathan Oldbuck, a Portia or an Elizabeth Bennet—demands all the qualities which Dr. Brown evinces in describing his own friends, and an imaginative power in addition, which infinitely transcends them all. It is a very different matter to invent traits of character, however funny or however beautiful, or in however clever a combination, without that marvelous interfusion of individual traits with the characteristics common to humanity, which makes the resemblance between the people we see in the world and those we meet with in the great

masters of imaginative literature. This may be done with very brilliant effect; but it shows the absence and not the possession of the excellences that are necessary for the exposition of true characters, whether actual or imaginative. We have no hesitation in saying that it required a far higher and more capacious mind, a finer insight, and, in every sense of the word, more genius, to delineate such a character as that of the late Dr. Brown in the way our author has done it, than to invent a score of the grotesque exaggerations which have moved the tears and the laughter of this most sensitive generation.

We mean no disparagement when we say that Dr. Brown generally approaches the people he is describing from the outside. If he remained there we could say nothing worse of him. But however he begins, he has almost always penetrated to the heart of a man before he has done with him. And if it be accompanied in any sufficient degree by feeling and humor, there is, after all, no finer instrument for the detection of character than a keen, rapid, and comprehensive eye for external peculiarities. Dr. Brown says he thinks that he could have been a painter; and it is certain that he possesses the prime requisite of being able to see the outward form of men and things. Nor would it be easy to present in words a more vivid image of a picture than he can when he pleases. Here, for example, is a sketch from the beginning of *Rab and his Friends*: "Does any curious and finely ignorant woman wish to know how Bob's eye at a glance announced a dog-fight to his brain? He did not, he could not see the dogs fighting: it was the flash of an inference, a rapid induction. The crowd round a couple of dogs fighting is a crowd masculine mainly, with an occasional active compassionate woman fluttering wildly round the outside, and using her tongue and her hands freely upon the men as so many 'brutes'; it is a crowd annular, compact, and mobile; a crowd centripetal, having its eyes and its heads all bent downwards and inwards to one common focus." This clear perception of physical appearances is employed with great skill and success in Dr. Brown's biographical sketches. It is by penetrating observation of all the lovely organs of a life that he seems to arrive at the idea of the life, and he involves the idea

for the benefit of his readers in much the same fashion;

"As when a painter poring on a face
Divinely through all hindrance finds the man
Behind it, and so paints him that his face,
The shape and color of a mind and life,
Lives for his children, ever at his best
And fullest."

There are two peculiar worlds of which, by sketches of some remarkable inhabitants of both, Dr. Brown gives us glimpses—the medical and the clerical. There are no professions of which the human element ought to be more interesting for laymen; and we can not help thinking there are none for which, in this aspect, literature has hitherto done less. A good biography of any kind is rare; but rarest of all is a good biography of a clergyman. One reason may be, that the dignity of their calling makes it so impossible for clergymen to regard it merely as a profession, that it hardly occurs to them or to their biographers to look at their relations with the rest of the world from the human point of view at all. And it is not impossible, that, while the great difficulty of all biography is to trace the intricate connection between the one man whose life is being written, and the qualities ascribed to him which are common to all men, that difficulty may be greatly increased when the subject of the life is a divine. For the qualities which make the life of such a man worth writing, are those of all others which the finest hand is required to individualize. Devotion, for example, and love of truth, identify no man. They are qualities of which we have the vaguest and least personal conception. But, unless the biographer of a man whose life was illustrated chiefly by devotion, or spiritual feeling, or love of truth, be a very able and discriminating person indeed, he is almost sure to think that he has done his work when he has pronounced a panegyric on such characteristics as these. To show how they were characteristic, not of good men, but of the one good man whose life he is writing, and no other, is the most subtle and delicate office a biographer can be called on to perform. Nothing short of dramatic genius can bring out clearly the fine evanescent lines by which such a man's personal peculiarities are interwoven with the sublimest feelings and emotions that elevate humanity. The best illustration

of this rare and happy art that we could quote from Dr. Brown's book, would be his picture of his father; but we find that, if we were to begin to copy that, we should not be able to spare our readers a single sentence; and it is far too long to transfer entire to our pages. Another illustration may be found in a notice of Dr. Chalmers, in a paper contributed to this journal several years ago, from which, therefore, we do not need to quote.*

Perhaps we could find nowhere a more quiet and graceful picture, without any exaggeration or straining for effect, than the touching and beautiful character of "Uncle Ebenezer," the well-known pastor at Inverkeithing. It is little to say, that such things as this give a truer insight into the life and nature of a certain class of Scotch divines than any amount of lives and Church histories:

"Uncle Ebenezer flowed *per saltum*; he was always good and saintly, but he was great once a week; six days he brooded over his message, was silent, withdrawn, self-involved; on the Sabbath, that down-cast, almost timid man, who shunned men, the instant he was in the pulpit stood up a son of thunder. Such a voice! such a piercing eye! such an inevitable fore-finger, held out trembling with the terrors of the Lord! such a power of asking questions, and letting them fall deep into the hearts of his hearers, and then answering them himself with an 'Ah, sirs!' that thrilled and quivered from him to them! . . . Nothing was more beautiful than my father's admiration and emotion when listening to his uncle's rapt passages, or than his childlike faith in my father's exegetical prowess. He used to have a list of difficult passages ready for 'my nephew;' and the moment the oracle gave a decision, the old man asked him to repeat it, and then took a permanent note of it, and would assuredly preach it some day with his own proper unction and power. One story of him I must give. . . . Uncle Ebenezer, with all his mildness and complaisance, was, like most of the Browns, *tenax propositi*, firm to obstinacy. He had established a week-day sermon at the North Ferry, about two miles from his own town, Inverkeithing. It was, I think, on the Tuesdays. It was in winter, and a wild, drifting, and dangerous day; his daughters—his wife was dead—besought him not to go; he smiled vaguely, but continued getting into his big coat. Nothing would stay him, and away he and the pony stumbled through the dumb and blinding snow. He was half-way on his journey, and had got out the sermon he was going to preach, and was utterly

insensible to the outward storm; his pony getting its feet balled, staggered about, and at last upset his master and himself into the ditch at the road-side. The feeble, heedless, rapt old man might have perished there, had not some carters, bringing up whisky-casks from the Ferry, seen the catastrophe, and rushed up. Raising him, and *dichting* him with much commiseration and blunt speech: 'Puir auld man, what brocht ye here in sic a day?' There they were, a rough crew, surrounding the saintly man, some putting on his hat, sorting and cheering him, and others knocking the balls off the pony's feet, and stuffing them with grease. He was most polite and grateful; and one of these cordial ruffians having pierced a cask, brought him a horn of whisky, and said: 'Tak that, it'll hearten ye.' He took the horn, and, bowing to them, said: 'Sirs, let us give thanks;' and there, by the road-side, in the drift and storm, with these wild fellows, he asked a blessing on it, and for his kind deliverers, and took a tasting of the horn. The men cried like children. They lifted him on his pony, one going with him; and when the rest arrived in Inverkeithing they repeated the story to every body, and broke down in tears whenever they came to the blessing. 'And to think o' askin' a blessin' on a tass of whisky!' Next presbytery day, after the ordinary business was over, he rose up—he seldom spoke—and said: 'Moderator, I have something personal to myself to-day. I have often said that real kindness belongs only to true Christians, but'—and then he told the story of these men—'but more true kindness I never experienced than from these lads. They may have had the grace of God—I don't know: but I never mean again to be so *positive* in speaking of this matter.'"

We wish Dr. Brown had not omitted in his Second Series the two professional papers to which he alludes in the preface. The essays of that kind in his first volume are among the most interesting and valuable that he has written; and they are so because they deal far less with the mere details of his art, in which doctors only are likely to be interested, than with the far larger question of the way in which the art can be taught and learned, so as to afford the best chance of its being exercised for the benefit of men. The mere acquirements of the physician are only alluded to; but the way in which these acquirements can be turned to practical account is discussed in more than one excellent paper, which neither young doctors nor patients of any degree of age or experience can read too often or think over too thoroughly. The position of the medical profession has greatly changed within the last half-century. People no longer expect quite the same things from

* *North British Review*, vol. viii. No. xvi. p. 403.

their doctors; and, fortunately or unfortunately, they are no longer inclined to feel the same unquestioning confidence that they will receive what they do not expect. The edge of the old sarcasm is blunted. A physician is not now an unfortunate gentleman who is expected to perform a miracle every day. Most of us have been made to understand that the issues of life are not in the pharmacopœia; and, in the natural progress of things, the very time when the mere accumulation of learning is beginning to afford less and less consolation to the mind of a much suffering universe, it is in itself growing vaster and more imposing. The science is crowded and overwhelmed with details in every direction. Nervous and hypochondriacal persons suffer frightfully from Mr. Churchill's advertisements of books. It is only too evident from that appalling evil, that every minute organ of the human frame is the center of a whole system of diseases, all too probably in active, though hitherto unsuspected operation, at the very moment we are trying to spell out for the first time their cacophonous and mysterious titles. And when he turns from the diseases incident to humanity, to the almost equally numerous and distinct sciences, by the aid of which medicine proposes to combat those diseases, the reflecting layman begins to fear his well-armed champion almost as much as his natural enemy. He can not bring himself to believe in the possibility of moving lightly under so elaborate and cumbrous a panoply. Such a layman will find some comfort in several of Dr. Brown's papers; for this is the aspect of his "noble and sacred" profession with which those papers are concerned. We believe with him that that profession requires more "intellect, energy, attention, patience, and courage, and that singular but imperial quality, at once a gift and an acquirement, presence of mind—*ἀγχινοια*, or nearness of the *νοῦς*, as the subtle Greeks called it—than almost any other department of human thought and action, except perhaps that of ruling men." We make no doubt that these qualities are to be seen in operation every day, it is not for us to say where or how; but in writing, they are explained nowhere that we know of with more "sense and genius," than in the book before us.

We had marked for quotation some passages from his criticisms on art, but

we have left no room to insert them. We have hinted already, that on this subject we do not always agree with him. The eye, it is said, sees no more than it brings with it the power of seeing; but some eyes bring with them the power of seeing a great deal more than the painter has had the power of showing; and in such eyes, it is not impossible for a daub to appear a master-piece. But, after all, it is not often that we disagree with Dr. Brown; and where we are at one—to take his distinction—we know no abler exponent of the *soul* of painting than he. With the *body* he does not meddle. But in perception of the thought and feeling of a great picture, and in the faculty of teaching others to understand these things also, he is truly excellent; and this is the one essential element of good art-criticism. We know few things of this kind better than his description of Wilkie's "Distraining for Rent," or of Turner's *Rizpah*, except some of Mr. Thackeray's criticisms, and of course, and above all, those of the most mistaken, most unmannerly, and best art-critic that ever wrote—Mr. Ruskin.

We are not going to criticise it, and we have no doubt that it is well known already to most of our readers; but we can not part from this book without boldly asserting that *Rab and his Friends* is, all things considered, the most perfect prose narrative since *Rosamond Gray*. We can find in many books a *wider* combination of excellences, but so perfect a combination of those which do belong to it of humor and pathos, and genuine human feeling, in none.

We have been going back in this article to those half-forgotten days when Quarterly Reviewers, instead of writing elaborate essays, actually ventured to criticise and talk about nothing but the book before them. We have given a few extracts, after the fashion of those good old times, when Mr. Mudie and his colleagues did not put books into more hands than reviews. But we are not aware that the elder brethren we have been imitating ever indulged in wholesale panegyric. They let no author go without explaining, with something like paternal kindness, to him and the world, the nature of all the faults with which his excellence might happen to be alloyed. If we are like them in the rest, we will resemble them also in that; and before we bid farewell

to an author who has been both amusing and instructing us, we mean to take the liberty of indicating some of his defects. It seems to us, for example, that there is a want of fusion in the longer and more important essays; and Dr. Brown interrupts his own sound thinking and good writing a great deal too often to give us scraps of other people's. We do not object to his Latin and Greek in moderation; but the tender melancholy with which he sees "the tide setting in against the *literæ humaniores*," induces him to tag to his discourse rather too many patches from that quarter, and "quote quotation on quotation" a little too frequently. There is something a little irritating in the very appearance of pages so deformed with dashes, italics, and inverted commas; and still more so, in such awkward and even dangerous collisions between Greek definite and English indefinite articles, as even Dr. Brown's great skill and practice in driving half a dozen languages at once, have not enabled him to avoid. This is one fault of his otherwise admirable style. Another is, the trick of running a simile to death. Dr. Chalmers, for example, is the sun for half a dozen pages, and then he is a river for half a dozen more. But we must own that, even when his figures of speech are

long enough to be wearisome, they have always the merit of bringing out clearly and graphically the meaning they are meant to convey; and this is so rare a merit in new similes and short ones, that it almost induces us to forgive our old friends the sun and the river, even when they have grown to be unwieldy. The worst sin remains. Dr. Brown has studied many great philosophic writers, and knows how to reverence their greatness; and yet there seems to us something singularly free and easy, careless and disrespectful, in his dashing way of disposing of their merits occasionally in half a line. We limit this criticism to his *Excursus Ethicus*. Elsewhere his tone is different; but that disquisition reminds us of nothing so much as the great Madame de Staël's famous question to Schelling: "Monsieur, voudriez-vous bien m'expliquer votre système en peu de mots?" She thought "a petit quart d'heure" was quite enough for such a purpose; and Dr. Brown, in the *Excursus*, seems to think so too.

Our readers do not need to be told again, even after all this fault-finding, that good sense, sagacity, scholarship, humor, and genius, are not to be found in finer combination any where than in those two excellent books in which Dr. Brown has given us the fruit of his leisure.

THE COMING CENSUS.—During the fifty years of which the ten-yearly census has taken account, the population has been almost trebled in the twenty principal metal manufacturing districts, while it has increased only eighty per cent., or has not quite doubled, in the rest of the country. In the ten years between the last census and that which preceded it, the increase of population in all England and Wales was rather more than an addition of twelve souls to every hundred. The whole population rose, in round numbers, from 16,000,000 to 18,000,000. So that for this part of the United Kingdom we may expect a return of more than 20,000,000 next month. The rate of increase varied much, as we have said, in different places. In Wilts there was even decrease. In Cambridge there was very little more than the average increase. In Durham the increase was above 25; in London nearly 21 on every hundred. London had advanced, and the exact figures are worth giving in this case, from 1,948,417 to 2,362,236. The present population, therefore, may not be many thousands short of 3,000,000, for the pace of growth is quickened.

A GOOD REASON FOR LAUGHTER.—M. de Balzac was lying awake in bed, when he saw a man enter his room cautiously, and attempt to pick the lock of his writing-desk. The rogue was not a little disconcerted at hearing a loud laugh from the occupant of the apartment, whom he supposed asleep. "Why do you laugh?" asked the thief. "I am laughing, my good fellow," said M. de Balzac, "to think what pains you are taking, and what risk you run, in hope of finding money by night in a desk where the lawful owner can never find any by day." The thief "evacuated Flanders" at once.

EDUCATION.—One great art of education consists in not suffering the feelings to become too acute by unnecessary awakening, nor too obtuse by the want of exertion. The former renders them the source of calamity and totally ruins the temper; while the latter blunts and debases them, and produces a dull, cold, and selfish spirit. For the mind is an instrument which, if wound too high, will lose its sweetness, and if not enough strained will abate of its vigor.—*Hannah More.*

From Fraser's Magazine.

CONCERNING THINGS SLOWLY LEARNT.

You will see in a little while what sort of things they are which I understand by *Things Slowly Learnt*. Some are facts, some are moral truths, some are practical lessons; but the great characteristic of all those which are to be thought of in this essay, is, that we have to learn them and act upon them in the face of a strong bias to think or act in an opposite way. It is not that they are so difficult in themselves; not that they are hard to be understood, or that they are supported by arguments whose force is not apparent to every mind. On the contrary, the things which I have especially in view are very simple, and for the most part quite unquestionable. But the difficulty of learning them lies in this: that, as regards them, the head seems to say one thing and the heart another. We see plainly enough what we ought to think or do; but we feel an irresistible inclination to think or to do something else. It is about three or four of these things that we are going, my friend, to have a little quiet talk. We are going to confine our view to a single class, though possibly the most important class, in the innumerable multitude of *Things Slowly Learnt*.

The truth is, a great many things are slowly learnt. I have lately had occasion to observe that the alphabet is one of these. I remember, too, in my own sorrowful experience, how the multiplication-table was another. A good many years since, an eminent dancing-master undertook to teach a number of my school-boy companions a graceful and easy deportment; but comparatively few of us can be said as yet to have thoroughly attained it. I know men who have been practicing the art of extempore speaking for many years, but who have reached no perfection in it, and who, if any one may judge from their confusion and hesitation when they attempt to speak, are not likely ever to reach even decent mediocrity in that wonderful accomplishment. Analogous statements might be made with truth, with

regard to my friend Mr. Snarling's endeavors to produce magazine articles; likewise concerning his attempts to skate, and his efforts to ride on horseback unlike a tailor. Some folk learn with remarkable slowness that nature never intended them for wits. There have been men who have punned, even more and more wretchedly, to the end of a long and highly respectable life. People submitted in silence to the infliction; no one liked to inform those reputable individuals that they had better cease to make fools of themselves. This, however, is part of a larger subject, which shall be treated hereafter. On the other hand, there are things which are very quickly learnt; which are learnt by a single lesson. One liberal tip, or even a few kind words heartily said, to a manly little school-boy, will establish in his mind the rooted principle that the speaker of the words or the bestower of the tip is a jolly and noble specimen of humankind. Boys are great physiognomists: they read a man's nature at a glance. Well I remember how, when going to and from school, a long journey of four hundred miles, in days when such a journey implied travel by sea as well as by land, I used to know instantly the gentlemen or the railway officials to whom I might apply for advice or information. I think that this intuitive perception of character is blunted in after years. A man is often mistaken in his first impression of man or woman; a boy hardly ever. And a boy not only knows at once whether a human being is amiable or the reverse; he knows also whether the human being is wise or foolish. In particular, he knows at once whether the human being always means what he says, or says a great deal more than he means. Inferior animals learn some lessons quickly. A dog once thrashed for some offense, knows quite well not to repeat it. A horse turns for the first time down the avenue to a house where he is well fed and cared for; next week, or next month,

you pass that gate, and though the horse has been long taught to submit his will to yours, you can easily see that he knows the place again, and that he would like to go back to the stable with which, in his poor, dull, narrow mind, there are pleasant associations. I would give a good deal to know what a horse is thinking about. There is something very curious and very touching about the limited intelligence and the imperfect knowledge of that immaterial principle, in which the immaterial does not imply the immortal. And yet, if we are to rest the doctrine of a future life in any degree upon the necessity of compensation of the sufferings and injustice of a present, I think the sight of the cab horses of any large town might plead for the admission of some quiet world of green grass and shady trees, where there should be no cold, starvation, over-work, or flogging. Some one has said that the most exquisite material scenery would look very cold and dead in the entire absence of irrational life. Trees suggest singing-birds; flowers and sunshine make us think of the drowsy bees. And it is curious to think how the future worlds of various creeds are described as not without their lowly population of animals inferior to man. We know what the "poor Indian" expects shall bear him company in his humble heaven; and possibly various readers may know some dogs who in certain important respects are very superior to certain men. You remember how, when a war-chief of the Western woods was laid by his tribe in his grave, his horse was led to the spot in the funeral procession, and at the instant when the earth was cast upon the dead warrior's dust, an arrow reached the noble creature's heart, that in the land of souls the man should find his old friend again. And though it has something of the grotesque, I think it has more of the pathetic, the aged huntsman of Mr. Assheton Smith desiring to be buried by his master, with two horses and a few couples of dogs, that they might all be ready to start together when they met again far away.

This is a deviation; but *that* is of no consequence. It is of the essence of the present writer's essays to deviate from the track. Only we must not forget the thread of the discourse; and after our deviation we must go back to it. All this came of our remarking that some things are very

quickly learnt, and that certain inferior classes of our fellow-creatures learn them quickly. But deeper and larger lessons are early learnt. Thoughtful children of a very few years old, have their own theory of human nature. Before studying the metaphysicians, and indeed while still imperfectly acquainted with their letters, young children have glimpses of the inherent selfishness of humanity. I was recently present when a small boy of three years old, together with his sister, aged five, was brought down to the dining-room at the period of dessert. The small boy climbed upon his mother's knee, and began by various indications to display his affection for her. A stranger remarked what an affectionate child he was. "Oh," said the little girl, "he suspects (by which she meant *expects*) that he is going to get something to eat!" Not Hobbes himself had reached a clearer perception or a firmer belief of the selfish system in moral philosophy. "He is always very affectionate," the youthful philosopher proceeded, "when he suspects he is going to get something good to eat!"

By *Things Slowly Learnt*, I mean not merely things which are in their nature such that it takes a long time to learn them: such as the Greek language, or the law of venders and purchasers. These things indeed take long time and much trouble to learn; but once you have learnt them, you know them. Once you have come to understand the force of the second aorist, you do not find your heart whispering to you as you are lying awake at night, that what the grammar says about the second aorist is all nonsense; you do not feel an inveterate disposition, gaining force day by day, to think concerning the second aorist just the opposite of what the grammar says. By *Things Slowly Learnt*, I understand things which it is very hard to learn at the first, because, strong as the reasons which support them are, you find it so hard to make up your mind to them. I understand things which you can quite easily (when it is fairly put to you) see to be true; but which it seems as if it would change the very world you live in to accept. I understand things you discern to be true, but which you have all your life been accustomed to think false; and which you are extremely anxious to think false. And by *Things Slowly Learnt* I under-

stand things which are not merely very hard to learn at the first, but which it is not enough to learn for once, ever so well. I understand things which when you have made the bitter effort, and admitted to be true and certain, you put into your mind to keep (so to speak); and hardly a day has passed when a soft quiet hand seems to begin to crumble them down and to wear them away to nothing. You write the principle which was so hard to receive, upon the tablet of your memory; and day by day a gentle hand comes over it with a bit of India-rubber, till the inscription loses its clear sharpness, grows blurred and indistinct, and finally quite disappears. Nor is the gentle hand content even then; but it begins, very faintly at first, to trace letters which bear a very different meaning. Then it deepens and darkens them day by day, week by week, till at a month's or a year's end the tablet of memory bears in great, sharp, legible letters, just the opposite thing to that which you had originally written down there. These are my *Things Slowly Learnt*. Things you learn at first in the face of a strong bias against them; things when once taught you gradually forget, till you come back again to your old way of thinking. Such things, of course, lie within the realm to which extends the influence of feeling and prejudice. They are things in the accepting of which both head and heart are concerned. Once convince a man that two and two make four, and he learns the truth without excitement, and he never doubts it again. But prove to a man that he is of much less importance than he has been accustomed to think; or prove to a woman that her children are very much like those of other folks; or prove to the inhabitants of a country parish that Britain has hundreds of parishes which in soil and climate and production are just as good as his own; or prove to the great man of a little country town that there are scores of towns in this world where the walks are as pleasant, the streets as well paved, and the population as healthy and as well conducted; and in each such case you will find it very hard to convince the individual at the time, and you will find that in a very short space the individual has succeeded in entirely escaping from the disagreeable conviction. You may possibly find, if you endeavor to instil such belief into minds of but moderate cultivation, that

your arguments will be met less by force of reason than by roaring of voice and excitement of manner; you may find that the person you address will endeavor to change the issue you are arguing, to other issues, wholly irrelevant, touching your own antecedents, character, or even personal appearance; and you may afterwards be informed by good-natured friends, that the upshot of your discussion had been to leave on the mind of your acquaintance the firm conviction that you yourself are intellectually a blockhead, and morally a villain. And even when dealing with human beings who have reached that crowning result of a fine training, that they shall have got beyond thinking a man their "enemy because he tells them the truth," you may find that you have rendered a service like that rendered by the surgeon's amputating knife—salutary, yet very painful—and leaving for ever a sad association with your thought and your name. For among the things we slowly learn, are truths and lessons which it goes terribly against the grain to learn at first; which must be driven into us time after time; and which perhaps are never learnt completely.

One thing very slowly learnt by most human beings, is, that they are of no earthly consequence beyond a very small circle indeed; and that really nobody is thinking or talking about them. Almost all commonplace men and women in this world have a vague but deeply-rooted belief that they are quite different from any body else, and of course quite superior to every body else. It may be in only one respect they fancy they are this, but that one respect is quite sufficient. I believe that if a grocer or silk-mercer in a little town has a hundred customers, each separate customer lives on under the impression that the grocer or the silk-mercer is prepared to give to him or her certain advantages in buying and selling which will not be accorded to the other ninety-nine customers. "Say it is for Mrs. Brown," is Mrs. Brown's direction to her servant when sending for some sugar; "say it is for Mrs. Brown, and he will give it a little better." The grocer, keenly alive to the weaknesses of his fellow-creatures, encourages this notion. "This tea," he says, "would be four-and-sixpence a pound to *any one else*, but to *you* it is only four-and-threepence." Judging from my own observation, I

should say that retail dealers trade a good deal upon this singular fact in the constitution of the human mind: that it is inexpressibly bitter to most people to believe that they stand on the ordinary level of humanity; that, in the main, they are just like their neighbors. Mrs. Brown would be filled with unutterable wrath if it were represented to her that the grocer treats her precisely as he does Mrs. Smith, who lives on one side of her, and Mrs. Snooks, who lives on the other. She would be still more angry if you asked her what earthly reason there is why she should in any way be distinguished beyond Mrs. Snooks and Mrs. Smith. She takes for granted she is quite different from them: quite superior to them. Human beings do not like to be classed, at least with the class to which in fact they belong. To be classed at all is painful to an average mortal, who firmly believes that there never was such a being in this world. I remember one of the cleverest friends I have—one who assuredly can not be classed intellectually, except in a very small and elevated class—telling me how mortified he was, when a very clever boy of sixteen, at being classed at all. He had told a literary lady that he admired Tennyson. "Yes," said the lady, "I am not surprised at that; there is a class of young men who like Tennyson at your age." It went like a dart to my friend's heart. *Class of young men*, indeed! Was it for *this* that I outstripped all competitors at school, that I have been fancying myself an unique phenomenon in nature, *different* at least from every other being that lives, that I should be spoken of as one of a *class of young men*? Now, in my friend's half-playful reminiscence, I see the exemplification of a great fact in human nature. Most human beings fancy themselves, and all their belongings, to be quite different from all other beings, and the belongings of all other beings. I heard an old lady, whose son is a rifleman, and just like all the other volunteers of his corps, lately declare that on the occasion of a certain grand review her Tom looked so entirely different from all the rest. No doubt he did to her, poor old lady, for he was her own. But the irritating thing was, that the old lady wished it to be admitted that Tom's superiority was an actual fact, equally patent to the eyes of all mankind. Yes, my friend, it is a thing very slowly learnt by

most men, that they are very much like other people. You see the principle which underlies what you hear so often said by human beings, young and old, when urging you to do something which it is against your general rule to do. "Oh, but you might do it *for me*!" Why for you more than any one else? would be the answer of severe logic. But a kindly man would not take that ground; for doubtless the *Me*, however little to every one else, is to each unit in humankind the center of all the world.

Arising out of this mistaken notion of their own difference from all other men, is the fancy entertained by many, that they occupy a much greater space in the thoughts of others than they really do. Most folk think mainly about themselves and their own affairs. Even a matter which "every body is talking about," is really talked about by each for a very small portion of the twenty-four hours. And a name which is "in every body's mouth," is not in each separate mouth for more than a few minutes at a time. And during those few minutes, it is talked of with an interest very faint when compared with that you feel for yourself. You fancy it a terrible thing when you yourself have to do something which you would think nothing about if done by any body else. A lady grows sick, and has to go out of church during the sermon. Well, you remark it; possibly indeed you don't; and you say, Mrs. Thomson went out of church to-day: she must be ill; and there the matter ends. But a day or two later you see Mrs. Thomson, and find her quite in a fever at the awful fact. It was a dreadful trial, walking out, and facing all the congregation; they must have thought it so strange; she would not run the risk of it again for any inducement. The fact is just this: Mrs. Thomson thinks a great deal of the thing, because it happened to herself. It did not happen to the other people, and so they hardly think of it at all. But nine in every ten of them, in Mrs. Thomson's place, would have Mrs. Thomson's feeling; for it is a thing which you, my reader, slowly learn, that people think very little about you.

Yes, it is a thing slowly learnt; by many not learnt at all. How many persons you meet walking along the street who evidently think that every body is looking at them! How few persons can

walk through an exhibition of pictures at which are assembled the grand people of the town and all their own grand acquaintances, in a fashion thoroughly free from self-consciousness! I mean without thinking of themselves at all, or of how they look; but in an unaffected manner, observing the objects and beings around them. Men who have attained recently to a moderate eminence, are, sometimes, if of small minds, much affected by this disagreeable frailty. Small literary men, and preachers with no great head or heart, have within my own observation suffered from it severely. I have witnessed a poet, whose writings I have never read, walking along a certain street. I call him a poet to avoid periphrasis. The whole get-up of the man, his dress, his hat, the style in which he walked, showed unmistakably that he fancied that every body was looking at him, and that he was the admired of all admirers. In fact, nobody was looking at him at all. Some time since I beheld a portrait of a very, very small literary man. It was easy to discern from it that the small author lives in the belief that wherever he goes he is the object of universal observation. The intense self-consciousness and self-conceit apparent in that portrait were, in the words of Mr. Squeers, "more easier conceived than described." The face was a very commonplace and rather good-looking one; the author, notwithstanding his most strenuous exertions, evidently could make nothing of the features to distinguish him from other men. But the length of his hair was very great; and oh, what genius he plainly fancied glowed in those eyes! I never in my life witnessed such an extraordinary glare. I do not believe that any human being ever lived whose eyes habitually wore that expression; only by a violent effort could the expression be produced, and then for a very short time, without serious injury to the optic nerves. The eyes were made as large as possible; and the thing after which the poor fellow had been struggling was that peculiar look which may be conceived to penetrate through the beholder, and pierce his inmost thoughts. I never beheld the living original, but if I saw him I should like in a kind way to pat him on the head, and tell him that *that* sort of expression would produce a great effect on the gallery of a minor theater. The other day I was at a public meeting. A

great crowd of people was assembled in a large hall: the platform at one end of it remained unoccupied till the moment when the business of the meeting was to begin. It was an interesting sight for any philosophic observer seated in the body of the hall to look at the men who by-and-by walked in procession on to the platform, and to observe the different ways in which they walked in. There were several very great and distinguished men: every one of these walked on to the platform and took his seat in the most simple and unaffected way, as if quite unconscious of the many eyes that were looking at them with interest and curiosity. There were many highly respectable and sensible men, whom nobody cared particularly to see, and who took their places in a perfectly natural manner, as though well aware of the fact. But there were one or two small men, struggling for notoriety; and I declare it was pitiful to behold their entrance. I remarked one in particular, who evidently thought that the eyes of the whole meeting were fixed upon himself; and that as he walked in every body was turning to his neighbor, and saying with agitation: "See, that's Snooks!" His whole gait and deportment testified that he felt that two or three thousand eyes were burning him up; you saw it in the way he walked to his place, in the way he sat down, in the way he then looked about him. If any one had tried to get up three cheers for Snooks, Snooks would not have known that he was being made a fool of. He would have accepted the incense of fame as justly his due. There once was a man who entered the Edinburgh theater at the same instant with Sir Walter Scott. The audience cheered lustily; and while Sir Walter modestly took his seat, as though unaware that those cheers were to welcome the Great Magician, the other man advanced with dignity to the front of the box, and bowed in acknowledgment of the popular applause. This of course was but a little outburst of the great tide of vain self-estimation which the man had cherished within his breast for years. Let it be said here that an affected unconsciousness of the presence of a multitude of people is as offensive an exhibition of self-consciousness as any that is possible. Entire naturalness, and a just sense of a man's personal insignificance, will produce the right deportment.

It is very irritating to see some clergymen walk into church to begin the service. They come in, with eyes affectedly cast down, and go to their place without ever looking up, and rise and begin without one glance at the congregation. To stare about them, as some clergymen do, in a free and easy manner, befits not the solemnity of the place and the worship; but the other is the worse thing. In a few cases it proceeds from modesty; in the majority from intolerable self-conceit. The man who keeps his eyes downcast in that affected manner fancies that every body is looking at him. There is an insufferable self-consciousness about him; and he is much more keenly aware of the presence of other people than the man who does what is natural, and looks at the people to whom he is speaking. It is not natural nor rational to speak to one human being with your eyes fixed on the ground; and neither is it natural or rational to speak to a thousand. And I think that the preacher who feels in his heart that he is neither wiser nor better than his fellow sinners to whom he is to preach, and that the advice he addresses to them are addressed quite as solemnly to himself, will assume no conceited airs of elevation above them, but will unconsciously wear the demeanor of any sincere worshiper, somewhat deepened in solemnity by the remembrance of his heavy personal responsibility in leading the congregation's worship; but assuredly and entirely free from the vulgar conceit which may be fostered in a vulgar mind by the reflection, "Now every body is looking at me!" I have seen, I regret to say, various distinguished preachers whose pulpit demeanor was made to me inexpressibly offensive by this taint of self-consciousness. And I have seen some with half the talent, who made upon me an impression a thousand fold deeper than ever was made by the most brilliant eloquence, because the simple earnestness of their manner said to every heart, "Now, I am not thinking in the least about myself, or about what you may think of me: my sole desire is to impress on your hearts these truths I speak, which I believe will concern us all for ever!" I have heard great preachers, after hearing whom you could walk home quite at your ease, praising warmly the eloquence and the logic of the sermon. I have heard others, (infinitely greater

in my poor judgment,) after hearing whom you would have felt it profanation to criticise the literary merits of their sermon, high as those were: but you walked home thinking of the lesson and not of the teacher; solemnly revolving the truths you had heard; and asking the best of all help to enable you to remember them and act upon them.

There are various ways in which self-consciousness disagreeably evinces its existence; and there is not one perhaps more disagreeable than the affected avoidance of what is generally regarded as egotism. Depend upon it, my reader, that the straightforward and natural writer who frankly uses the first person singular, and says: "I think thus and thus," "I have seen so and so," is thinking of himself and his own personality a mighty deal less than the man who is always employing awkward and roundabout forms of expression to avoid the use of the obnoxious *I*. Every such periphrasis testifies unmistakably that the man was thinking of himself; but the simple, natural writer, warm with his subject, eager to press his views upon his readers, uses the *I* without a thought of self, just because it is the shortest, most direct, and most natural way of expressing himself. The recollection of his own personality probably never once crossed his mind during the composition of the paragraph from which an ill-set critic might pick out a score of *I*'s. To say, "It is submitted" instead of "I think," "It has been observed" instead of "I have seen," "The present writer" instead of "*I*," is much the more really egotistical. Try to write an essay without using that vowel which some men think the very shibboleth of egotism, and the remembrance of yourself will be in the background of your mind all the time you are writing. It will be always intruding and pushing in its face, and you will be able to give only half your mind to your subject. But frankly and naturally use the "*I*," and the remembrance of yourself vanishes. You are grappling with the subject; you are thinking of it and of nothing else. You use the readiest and most unaffected mode of speech to set out your thoughts of it. You have written *I* a dozen times, but you have not thought of yourself once.

You may see the self-consciousness of some men strongly manifested in their

handwriting. The handwriting of some men is essentially affected; more especially their signature. It seems to be a very searching test whether a man is a conceited person or an unaffected person, to be required to furnish his autograph to be printed underneath his published portrait. I have fancied I could form a theory of a man's whole character from reading, in such a situation, merely the words, "Very faithfully yours, Eusebius Snooks." You could see that Mr. Snooks was acting when he wrote that signature. He was thinking of the impression it would produce on those who saw it. It was not the thing which a man would produce who simply wished to write his name legibly in as short a time and with as little needless trouble as possible. Let me say with sorrow that I have known even venerable bishops who were not superior to this irritating weakness. Some men aim at an aristocratic hand; some deal in vulgar flourishes. These are the men who have reached no further than that stage at which they are proud of the dexterity with which they handle their pen. Some strive after an affectedly simple and student-like hand; some at a dashing and military style. But there may be as much self-consciousness evinced by handwriting as by any thing else. Any clergyman who performs a good many marriages will be impressed by the fact that very few among the humbler classes can sign their name in an unaffected way. I am not thinking of the poor bride who shakily traces her name, or of the simple bumpkin who slowly writes his, making no secret of the difficulty with which he does it. These are natural and pleasing. You would like to help and encourage them. But it is irritating when some forward fellow, after evincing his marked contempt for the slow and cramped performances of his friends, jauntily takes up the pen and dashes off his signature at a tremendous rate and with the air of an exploit, evidently expecting the admiration of his rustic friends, and laying a foundation for remarking to them on his way home that the parson could not touch him at penmanship. I have observed with a little malicious satisfaction that such persons, arising in their pride from the place where they wrote, generally smear their signature with their coat-sleeve, and reduce it to a state of comparative illegibility. I

like to see the smirking, impudent creature a little taken down.

But it is endless to try to reckon up the fashions in which people show that they have not learnt the lesson of their own unimportance. Did you ever stop in the street and talk for a few minutes to some old bachelor? If so, I dare say you have remarked a curious phenomenon. You have found that all of a sudden the mind of the old gentleman, usually reasonable enough, appeared stricken into a state approaching idiocy, and that the sentence which he had begun in a rational and intelligible way was ended in a maze of wandering words, signifying nothing in particular. You had been looking in another direction, but in sudden alarm you look straight at the old gentleman to see what on earth is the matter; and you discern that his eyes are fixed on some passer-by, possibly a young lady, perhaps no more than a magistrate or the like, who is by this time a good many yards off, with the eyes still following, and slowly revolving on their axis so as to follow without the head being turned round. It is this spectacle which has drawn off your friend's attention; and you notice his whole figure twisted into an ungainly form, intended to be dignified or easy, and assumed because he fancied that the passer-by was looking at him. Oh! the pettiness of human nature. Then you will find people afraid that they have given offense by saying or doing things which the party they suppose offended had really never observed that they had said or done. There are people who fancy that in church every body is looking at them, when in truth no mortal is taking the trouble to do so. It is an amusing though irritating sight to behold a weak-minded lady walking into church and taking her seat under this delusion. You remember the affected air, the downcast eyes, the demeanor intended to imply a modest shrinking from notice, but through which there shines the real desire, "Oh, for any sake, look at me!" There are people whose voice is utterly inaudible in church six feet off, who will tell you that a whole congregation of a thousand or fifteen hundred people was listening to their singing. Such folk will tell you that they went to a church where the singing was left too much to the choir, and began to sing as usual, on which the entire congregation looked round to see

who it was that was singing, and ultimately proceeded to sing lustily too. I do not remember a more disgusting exhibition of vulgar self-conceit than I saw a few months ago at Westminster Abbey. It was a week-day afternoon service, and the congregation was small. Immediately before me there sat an insolent boor, who evidently did not belong to the Church of England. He had walked in when the prayers were half over, having with difficulty been made to take off his hat, and his manifest wish was to testify his contempt for the whole place and service. Accordingly he persisted in sitting, in a lounging attitude, when the people stood, and in standing up and staring about with an air of curiosity while they knelt. He was very anxious to convey that he was not listening to the prayers; but rather inconsistently, he now and then uttered an audible grunt of disapproval. No one can enjoy the choral service more than I do, and the music that afternoon was very fine; but I could not enjoy it or join in it as I wished for the disgust I felt at the animal before me, and for my burning desire to see him turned out of the sacred place he was profaning. But the thing which chiefly struck me about the individual was not his vulgar and impudent profanity: it was his intolerable self-conceit. He plainly thought that every eye under the noble old roof was watching all his movements. I could see that he would go home and boast of what he had done, and tell his friends that all the clergy, choristers, and congregation had been awe-stricken by him, and that possibly word had by this time been conveyed to Lambeth or Fulham of the weakened influence and approaching downfall of the Church of England. I knew that the very thing he wished was that some one should rebuke his conduct, otherwise I should certainly have told him either to behave with decency or to be gone.

I have sometimes witnessed a curious manifestation of this vain sense of self-importance. Did you ever, my reader, chance upon such a spectacle as this: a very commonplace man, and even a very great blockhead, standing in a drawing-room where a large party of people is assembled, with a grin of self-complacent superiority upon his unmeaning face? I am sure you understand the thing I mean. I mean a look which conveyed that, in virtue of some hidden store of genius or

power, he could survey with a calm, cynical loftiness the little conversation and interests of ordinary mortals. You know the kind of interest with which a human being would survey the distant approaches to reason of an intelligent dog, or a colony of ants. I have seen this expression on the face of one or two of the greatest blockheads I ever knew. I have seen such a one wear it while clever men were carrying on a conversation in which he could not have joined to have saved his life. Yet you could see that (who can tell how?) the poor creature had somehow persuaded himself that he occupied a position from which he could look down upon his fellow-men in general. Or was it rather that the poor creature knew he was a fool, and fancied that thus he could disguise the fact? I dare say there was a mixture of both feelings.

You may see many indications of vain self-importance in the fact that various persons, old ladies for the most part, are so ready to give opinions which are not wanted, on matters of which they are not competent to judge. Clever young curates suffer much annoyance from these people: they are always anxious to instruct the young curates how to preach. I remember well, ten years ago, when I was a curate (which in Scotland we call an *assistant*) myself, what advices I used to receive (quite unsought by me) from well-meaning but densely stupid old ladies. I did not think the advices worth much, even then; and now, by longer experience, I can discern that they were utterly idiotic. Yet they were given with entire confidence. No thought ever entered the head of these well-meaning but stupid individuals, that possibly they were not competent to give advice on such subjects. And it is vexatious to think that people so stupid may do serious harm to a young clergyman by head-shakings and sly innuendoes as to his orthodoxy or his gravity of deportment. In the long run they will do no harm, but at the first start they may do a good deal of mischief. Not long since, such a person complained to me that a talented young preacher had taught unsound doctrine. She cited his words. I showed her that the words were taken *verbatim* from the *Confession of Faith*, which is our Scotch Thirty nine Articles. I think it not unlikely that she would go on telling her tattling story just the same. I remember hearing a stupid old lady say, as though her opinion

were quite decisive of the question, that no clergyman ought to have so much as a thousand a year; for if he had, he would be sure to neglect his duty. You remember what Dr. Johnson said to a woman who expressed some opinion or other upon a matter she did not understand: "Madam," said the moralist, "before expressing your opinion, you should consider what your opinion is worth." But this shaft would have glanced harmlessly from off the panoply of the stupid and self-complacent old lady of whom I am thinking. It was a fundamental axiom with her that her opinion was entirely infallible. Some people would feel as though the very world were crumbling away under their feet if they realized the fact that they could go wrong.

Let it here be said, that this vain belief of their own importance which most people cherish, is not at all a source of unmixed happiness. It will work either way. When my friend, Mr. Snarling, got his beautiful poem printed in the county newspaper, it no doubt pleased him to think, as he walked along the street, that every one was pointing him out as the eminent literary man who was the pride of the district; and that the whole town was ringing with that magnificent effusion. Mr. Tennyson, it is certain, felt that his crown was being reft away. But on the other hand, there is no commoner form of morbid misery than that of the poor nervous man or woman who fancies that he or she is the subject of universal unkindly remark. You will find people, still sane for practical purposes, who think that the whole neighborhood is conspiring against them, when in fact nobody is thinking of them.

All these pages have been spent in discussing a single thing slowly learnt: the remaining matters to be considered in this essay must be treated briefly.

Another thing slowly learnt is that we have no reason or right to be angry with people because they think poorly of us. This is a truth which most people find it very hard to accept, and at which, probably, very few arrive without pretty long thought and experience. Most people are angry when they are informed that some one has said that their ability is small, or that their proficiency in any art is limited. Mrs. Malaprop was very indignant when she found that some of her friends had spoken lightly of her parts of

speech. Mr. Snarling was wroth when he learned that Mr. Jollikin thought him no great preacher. Miss Brown was so on hearing that Mr. Smith did not admire her singing; and Mr. Smith on learning that Miss Brown did not admire his horsemanship. Some authors feel angry on reading an unfavorable review of their book. The present writer has been treated very, very kindly by the critics; far more so than he ever deserved; yet he remembers showing a notice of him which was intended to extinguish him for all coming time, to a warm-hearted friend, who read it with gathering wrath, and vehemently starting up at its close, exclaimed (we knew who wrote the notice): "Now, I shall go straight and kick that fellow!" Now all this is very natural, but assuredly it is quite wrong. You understand, of course, that I am thinking of unfavorable opinions of you, honestly held, and expressed without malice. I do not mean to say that you would choose for your special friend or companion one who thought meanly of your ability or your sense; it would not be pleasant to have him always by you; and the very fact of his presence would tend to keep you from doing justice to yourself. For it is true, that when with people who think you very clever and wise, you really are a good deal cleverer and wiser than usual; while with people who think you stupid and silly, you find yourself under a malign influence which tends to make you actually so for the time. If you want a man to gain any good quality, the way is to give him credit for possessing it. If he has but little, give him credit for all he has at least; and you will find him daily get more. You know how Arnold made boys truthful: it was by giving them credit for truth. Oh that we all fitly understood that the same grand principle should be extended to all good qualities, intellectual and moral! Diligently instil into a boy that he is a stupid, idle, bad-hearted block-head, and you are very likely to make him all *that*. And so you can see that it is not judicious to choose for a special friend and associate one who thinks poorly of one's sense or one's parts. Indeed, if such a one honestly thinks poorly of you, and has any moral earnestness, you could not get him for a special friend if you wished it. Let us choose for our companions (if such can be found) those who think well and kindly of us, even

though we may know within ourselves that they think too kindly and too well. For that favorable estimation will bring out and foster all that is good in us. There is between this and the unfavorable judgment all the difference between the warm, genial sunshine, that draws forth the flowers and encourages them to open their leaves, and the nipping frost or the blighting east-wind that represses and disheartens all vegetable life. But though thus you would not choose for your special companion one who thinks poorly of you, and though you might not even wish to see him very often, you have no reason to have any angry feeling towards him. He can not help his opinion. His opinion is determined by his lights. His opinion, possibly, founds on those aesthetic considerations as to which people will never think alike, with which there is no reasoning, and for which there is no accounting. God has made him so that he dislikes your book, or at least can not heartily appreciate it; and that is not his fault. And, holding his opinion, he is quite entitled to express it. It may not be polite to express it to yourself. By common consent it is understood that you are never, except in cases of absolute necessity, to say to any man that which is disagreeable to him. And if you go, and, without any call to do so, express to a man himself that you think poorly of him, he may justly complain, not of your unfavorable opinion of him, but of the malice which is implied in your needlessly informing him of it. But if any one expresses such an unfavorable opinion of you in your absence, and some one comes and repeats it to you, be angry with the person who repeats the opinion to you, not with the person who expressed it. For what you do not know will cause you no pain. And all sensible folk, aware how estimates of any mortal must differ, will, in the long run, attach nearly the just weight to any opinion, favorable or unfavorable.

Yes, my friend, utterly put down the natural tendency in your heart to be angry with the man who thinks poorly of you. For you have, in sober reason, no right to be angry with him. It is more pleasant, and indeed more profitable, to live among those who think highly of you. It makes you better. You actually grow into what you get credit for. Oh! how much better a clergyman who preaches to his own

congregation, who listen with kindly and sympathetic attention to all he says, and always think too well of him, than to a set of critical strangers, eager to find faults and to pick holes! And how heartily and pleasantly the essayist covers his pages, which are to go into a magazine whose readers have come to know him well, and to bear with all his ways! If every one thought him a dull and stupid person, he could not write at all. Indeed, he would bow to the general belief, and accept the truth that he is dull and stupid. But further, my reader, let us be reasonable when it is pleasant; and let us sometimes be irrational when *that* is pleasant too. It is natural to have a very kindly feeling for those who think well of us. Now, though, in severe truth, we have no more reason for wishing to shake hands with the man who thinks well of us, than for wishing to shake the man who thinks ill of us, yet let us yield heartily to the former pleasant impulse. It is not reasonable, but it is all right. You can not help liking people who estimate you favorably, and say a good word of you. No doubt we might slowly learn not to like them more than any body else; but we need not take the trouble to learn *that* lesson. Let us all, my readers, be glad if we can reach that cheerful position of mind at which my eloquent friend Shirley and I have long since arrived, that we are extremely gratified when we find ourselves favorably reviewed, and not in the least angry when we find ourselves reviewed unfavorably; that we have a very kindly feeling towards such as think well of us, and no unkind feeling whatever to those who think ill of us. Thus, at the beginning of the month, we look with equal minds at the newspaper notices of *Fraser*; we are soothed and exhilarated when we find ourselves described as sages, and we are amused and interested when we find ourselves shown up as little better than geese.

Of course, it makes a difference in the feeling with which you ought to regard any unfavorable opinion of you, whether spoken or written, if the unfavorable opinion which is expressed be plainly not honestly held, and be maliciously expressed. You may occasionally hear a judgment expressed of a young girl's music or dancing, of a gentleman's horses, of a preacher's sermons, of an author's books, which is manifestly dictated by personal spite and jealousy, and which is expressed with

the intention of doing mischief and giving pain to the person of whom the judgment is expressed. You will occasionally find such judgments supported by willful misrepresentation, and even by pure invention. In such a case as this, the essential thing is not the unfavorable opinion, it is the malice which leads to its entertainment and expression. And the conduct of the offending party should be regarded with that feeling which, on calm thought, you discern to be the right feeling with which to regard malice, accompanied by falsehood. Then, is it well to be angry here? I think not. You may see that it is not safe to have any communication with a person who will abuse and misrepresent you; it is not safe, and it is not pleasant. But don't be angry. It is not worth while. That old lady, indeed, told all her friends that you said, in your book, something she knew quite well you did not say. Mr. Snarling did the like. But the offenses of such people are not worth powder and shot; and besides this, my friend, if you saw the case from their point of view, you might see that they have something to say for themselves. You failed to call for the old lady so often as she wished you should. You did not ask Mr. Snarling to dinner. These are bad reasons for pitching into you, but still they are reasons; and Mr. Snarling and the old lady, by long brooding over them, may have come to think that they are very just and weighty reasons. And did you never, my friend, speak rather unkindly of these two persons? Did you never give a ludicrous account of their goings-on, or even an ill-set account, which some kind friend was sure to repeat to them? Ah, my reader, don't be too hard on Snarling; possibly you have yourself done something very like what he is doing now. Forgive, as you need to be forgiven. And try to attain that quite attainable temper, in which you will read or listen to the most malignant attack upon you with curiosity and amusement, and with no angry feeling at all. I suppose great people attain to this. I mean cabinet ministers and the like, who are daily flayed in print somewhere or other. They come to take it all quite easily. And if they were pure angels, somebody would attack them. Most people, even those who differ from him, know that if this world has a humble, conscientious, pious man in it, that man is the present Arch-

bishop of Canterbury. Yet last night I read in a certain powerful journal, that the great characteristics of that good man are cowardice, trickery, and simple rascality! Honest Mr. Bumpkin, kind-hearted Miss Goodbody, do you fancy that you can escape?

Then we ought to try to fix it in our mind, that in all matters into which taste enters at all, the most honest and most able men may hopelessly, diametrically, differ. Original idiosyncrasy has so much to say here; and training has also so much. One cultivated and honest man has an enthusiastic and most real love and enjoyment of Gothic architecture, and an absolute hatred for that of the classic revival; another man equally cultivated and honest, has tastes which are the logical contradictory of these. No one can doubt the ability of Byron, or of Sheridan; yet each of them thought very little of Shakspeare. The question is, *what suits you?* You may have the strongest conviction that you ought to like an author; you may be ashamed to confess that you don't like him; and yet you may feel that you detest him. For myself, I confess with shame, and I know the reason is in myself, I can not for my life see any thing to admire in the writings of Mr. Carlyle. His style, both of thought and language, is to me insufferably irritating. I tried to read the *Sartor Resartus*, and could not do it. So if all people who have learned to read English were like me, Mr. Carlyle would have no readers. Happily, the majority, in most cases, possesses the normal taste. At least there is no further appeal than to the deliberate judgment of the majority of educated men. I confess, further, that I would rather read Mr. Helps than Milton: I do not say that I think Mr. Helps the greater man, but that I feel he suits me better. I value the *Autocrat of the Breakfast-table* more highly than all the writings of Shelley put together. It is a curious thing to read various reviews of the same book; particularly if it be one of those books which, if you like at all, you will like very much, and which if you don't like you will absolutely hate. It is curious to find opinions flatly contradictory of one another set forth in those reviews by very able, cultivated, and unprejudiced men. There is no newspaper published in Britain which contains abler writing than the *Edinburgh Scotsman*. And of course no one need say any thing

as to the literary merits of the *Times*. Well, one day within the last few months, the *Times* and the *Scotsman* each published a somewhat elaborate review of a certain book. The reviews were flatly opposed to one another; they had no common ground at all; one said the book was extremely good, and the other that it was extremely bad. You must just make up your mind that in matters of taste there can be no unvarying standard of truth. In æsthetic matters, truth is quite relative. What is bad to you, is good to me perhaps. And indeed, if one might adduce the saddest of all possible proofs, how even the loftiest and most splendid genius fails to commend itself to every cultivated mind, it may suffice to say, that that brilliant *Scotsman* has on several occasions found fault with *Fraser's Magazine*, and specially with A. K. H. B.!

If you, my reader, are a wise and kind-hearted person, (as I have no doubt whatever but you are,) I think you would like very much to meet and converse with any person who has formed a bad opinion of you. You would take great pleasure in overcoming such a one's prejudice against you; and if the person were an honest and worthy person, you would be almost certain to do so. Very few folk are able to retain any bitter feeling towards a man they have actually talked with, unless the bitter feeling be one which is just. And a very great proportion of all the unfavorable opinions which men entertain of their fellow-men is founded on some misconception. You take up somehow an impression that such a one is a conceited, stuck-up person; you come to know him, and you find he is the frankest and most unaffected of men. You had a belief that such another was a cynical, heartless being, till you met him one day coming down a long black stair in a poor part of the town from a bare chamber in which is a little sick child, with two large tears running down his face; and when you enter the poor apartment you learn certain facts as to his quiet benevolence which compel you suddenly to construct a new theory of that man's character. It is only people who are radically and essentially bad whom you can really dislike after you come to know them. And the human beings who are thus essentially bad are very few. Something of the original Image lingers yet in almost every human soul. And in many

a homely, commonplace person, what with vestiges of the old, and a blessed planting in of something new, there is a vast deal of it. And every human being, conscious of honest intention and of a kind heart, may well wish that the man who dislikes and abuses him could just know him.

But there are human beings whom, if you are wise, you would not wish to know you too well. I mean the human beings (if such there should be) who think very highly of you; who imagine you very clever and very amiable. Keep out of the way of such. Let them see as little of you as possible. For when they come to know you well, they are quite sure to be disenchanted. The enthusiastic ideal which young people form of any one they admire is smashed by the rude presence of facts. I have got somewhat beyond the stage of feeling enthusiastic admiration, yet there are two or three living men whom I should be sorry to see. I know I should never admire them so much any more. I never saw Mr. Dickens; I don't want to see him. Let us leave Yarrow unvisited: our sweet ideal is fairer than the fairest fact. No hero is a hero to his valet: and it may be questioned whether any clergyman is a saint to his beadle. Yet the hero may be a true hero, and the clergyman a very excellent man; but no human being can bear too close inspection. I remember hearing a clever and enthusiastic young lady complain of what she had suffered on meeting a certain great bishop at dinner. No doubt he was dignified, pleasant, clever; but the mysterious halo was no longer round his head. Here is a sad circumstance in the lot of a very great man: I mean such a man as Mr. Tennyson or Professor Longfellow. As an elephant walks through a field, crushing the crop at every step, so do these men advance through life, smashing, every time they dine out, the enthusiastic fancies of several romantic young people.

This was to have been a short essay. But you see it is already long; and I have treated only two of the four Things Slowly Learnt which I had noted down. After much consideration I discern several courses which are open to me:

- (1.) To ask the editor to allow me forty or fifty pages of the magazine for my essay.
- (2.) To stop at once, and allow it to re-

main for ever a secret what the two remaining things are.

(3.) To stop now, and continue my subject in a future number of the magazine.

(4.) To state briefly what the two things are, and get rid of the subject at once.

The fundamental notion of Course No. 1 is manifestly vain. The editor is doubtless well aware that about sixteen pages is the utmost length of essay which his readers can stand. Nos. 2 and 3, for reasons too numerous to state, can not be adopted. And thus I am in a manner compelled to adopt Course No. 4.

The first of the two things is a practical lesson. It is this: to allow for human folly, laziness, carelessness, and the like, just as you allow for the properties of matter, such as weight, friction, and the like, without being surprised or angry at them. You know that if a man is lifting a piece of lead, he does not think of getting into a rage because it is heavy; or if a man is dragging a tree along the ground he does not get into a rage because it plows deeply into the earth as it comes. He is not surprised at these things. They are nothing new. It is just what he counted on. But you will find that the same man, if his servants are lazy, careless, and forgetful; or if his friends are petted, wrong-headed, and impracticable, will not only get quite angry, but will get freshly angry at each new action which proves that his friends or servants possess these characteristics. Would it not be better to make up your mind that such things are characteristic of humanity, and so that you must look for them in dealing with human beings? And would it not be better, too, to regard each new proof of laziness, not as a new thing to be angry with, but merely as a piece of the one great fact that your servant is lazy, with which you get angry once for all, and have done with it? If your servant makes twenty blunders a day, do not regard them as twenty separate facts at which to get angry twenty several times. Regard them just as twenty proofs of the one fact, that your servant is a blunderer; and be angry just once, and no more. Or if some one you know gives twenty indications in a day that he or she (let us say she) is of a petted temper, regard these merely as twenty proofs of one lamentable fact, and not as twenty different

facts to be separately lamented. You accept the fact that the person is petted and ill-tempered: you regret it and blame it once for all. And after this once you take as of course all new manifestations of pettedness and ill-temper. And you are no more surprised at them, or angry with them, than you are at lead for being heavy, or at down for being light. It is their nature, and you calculate on it, and allow for it.

Then the second of the two remaining things is this—that you have no right to complain if you are postponed to greater people, or if you are treated with less consideration than you would be if you were a greater person. Uneducated people are very slow to learn this most obvious lesson. I remember hearing of a proud old lady, who was proprietor of a small landed estate in Scotland. She had many relations, some greater, some less. The greater she much affected, the less she wholly ignored. But they did not *her*; and one morning an individual arrived at her mansion-house, bearing a large box on his back. He was a travelling pedler; and he sent up word to the old lady that he was her cousin, and hoped she would buy something from him. The old lady indignantly refused to see him, and sent orders that he should forthwith quit the house. The pedler went; but on reaching the court-yard, he turned to the inhospitable dwelling, and in a loud voice exclaimed, in the ears of every mortal in the house: "Ay, if I had come in my carriage-and-four, ye wad have been proud to have ta'en me in!" The pedler fancied that he was hurling at his relative a scathing sarcasm: he did not see that he was simply stating a perfectly unquestionable fact. No doubt earthly, if he had come in a carriage-and-four, he would have got a hearty welcome, and he would have found his claim of kindred eagerly allowed. But he thought he was saying a bitter and cutting thing, and (strange to say) the old lady fancied she was listening to a bitter and cutting thing. He was merely expressing a certain and innocuous truth. But though all mortals know that in this world big people meet greater respect than small, (and quite right too,) most mortals seem to find the principle a very unpleasant one when it comes home to themselves. And we learn but slowly to acquiesce in seeing ourselves plainly subordinated to other people.

Poor Oliver Goldsmith was very angry when at the club one night he was stopped in the middle of a story by a Dutchman, who had noticed that the Great Bear was rolling about in preparation for speaking, and who exclaimed to Goldsmith: "Stop, stop; Toctor Shonson is going to speak!" Once I arrived at a certain railway station. Two old ladies were waiting to go by the same train. I knew them well, and they expressed their delight that we were going the same way. "Let us go in the same carriage," said the younger, in earnest tones: "and will you be so very kind as to see about our luggage?" After a few minutes of the lively talk of the period and district, the train came up. I feel the tremor of the platform yet. I handed my friends into a carriage, and then saw their baggage placed in the van. It was a station at which trains stop for a few minutes for refreshments. So I went to the door of the carriage into which I had put them, and waited a little before taking my seat. I expected that my friends would proceed with the conversation which had been interrupted; but to my astonishment I found that I had become wholly invisible to them. They did not see me and speak to me at all. In the carriage with them was a living peer, of wide estates and great rank, whom they knew. And so thoroughly did he engross their eyes and thoughts and words, that they had become unaware of my presence, or even my existence. The stronger sensation rendered them unconscious of the weaker. Do you think I felt angry? No, I did not. I felt very much amused. I

recognized a slight manifestation of a grand principle. It was a straw showing how a current sets, but for which Britain would not be the country it is. I took my seat in another carriage, and placidly read my *Times*. There was one lady in that carriage. I think she inferred, from the smiles which occasionally for the first few miles overspread my countenance without apparent cause, that my mind was slightly disordered.

These are the two things already mentioned. But you can not understand, friendly reader, what an effort it has cost me to treat them so briefly. The experienced critic will discern at a glance that the author could easily have made sixteen pages out of the material you have here in one. The author takes his stand upon this—that there are few people who can beat out thought so thin, or say so little in such a great number of words. I remember how my dear friend, the late editor of this magazine, (whom all who knew him well miss more and more as days and weeks go on, and never will cease to miss,) used to remark this fact in those warm-hearted and playful letters of his, with wonder not unmingled with indignation. And I remember how a very great prelate (who could compress all I have said into a page and a half) once comforted me by telling me that for the consumption of many minds it was desirable that thought should be very greatly diluted; that quantity as well as quality is needful in the dietetics both of the body and the mind. With this soothing reflection I close the present essay.

A. K. H. B.

COMPASSION.—Compassion is an emotion of which we ought never to be ashamed. Graceful, particularly in youth, is the tear of sympathy and the heart that melts at the tale of woe. We should not permit ease and indulgence to contract our affections and wrap us up in a selfish enjoyment, but we should accustom ourselves to think of the distress of human life, of the solitary cottage, the dying parent, and weeping orphan.

A BEAUTIFUL IDEA.—An Indian philosopher being asked what were, according to his opinion, the two most beautiful things of the universe, answered: "The starry heavens above our heads, and the feeling of duty in our hearts."

THE tear of a loving girl is like a dew-drop on the rose; but that on the cheek of a wife is a drop of poison to her husband.

From Fraser's Magazine.

POLAND: ITS STATE AND PROSPECTS.

THE Polish question, which has now again after a lapse of thirty years been brought under the notice of Europe, by the massacres which have lately taken place in the streets of Warsaw, is of far greater importance to the world than it would appear to be, if judged of by the slight notice at first taken of these atrocities in foreign countries. The magnitude of the question was, however, clearly seen by the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, who is said to have observed upon the receipt of the telegram announcing these massacres at Warsaw: "The Polish question has obtained a priority over the Eastern one." This remark proves that in the Minister's mind the two questions are intimately connected; and perhaps an inference might be drawn from it of some secret understanding with Russia as to the future of Turkey, but he manifestly concludes that without internal quiet and prosperity Russia can make no aggressive step in the East. The condition of her finances, and the emancipation of the serfs, already afforded some security to Europe that she would not attempt any thing requiring material efforts beyond her own frontier; but the addition of a Polish question is conclusive.

This being the case, Europe should watch attentively the proceedings of the Poles, and England especially is interested in them, suspicious as she is of the designs of France and Russia in the East.

England has, however, looked on with great apparent indifference, caused by want of enlightenment as to the true condition and state of things in Poland. She has been amused by telegraphic announcements in her leading journals, in large type, of a so-called "Insurrection in Poland," where there has been no insurrection; and with particulars as to the benevolent intentions of the Emperor of Russia for his Polish subjects, and the steps he is taking for the "emancipation of the serfs in Poland," when serfdom has not existed within the kingdom of Poland for more

than half a century, having been abolished by the Emperor Napoleon in 1806.

The grievances of the Poles under Russian government are so deep, and have been so little probed and brought to light before the world, that it can not fail to assist the cause of humanity and civilization to expose them.

The liberty of the subject in Poland is infringed by an unlimited despotism; the law of the land is the *Code Napoléon*, but it has been in abeyance ever since the unhappy revolution of 1831. The people have since been in a perpetual state of siege, subject to arrest, imprisonment, and deportation to Siberia, at the will of the Viceroy; the process being to examine them before a secret tribunal constantly sitting in the citadel of Warsaw, upon the confidential report of which their persons are disposed of by the simple order of the Viceroy.

During the government of Prince Paskiewitch under the Emperor Nicolas, this power was freely exercised; instances then occurred of respectable and peaceable inhabitants being imprisoned and deported for want of respect in not raising their hats on the passage of the Viceroy through the streets.

It is true this power has not been much exercised since the accession of the Emperor Alexander II., under the government of the present Viceroy, Prince Gortchakoff; although an occasional banishment of some unfortunate individual, who perhaps might have received severe punishment if he had been judged by the legal tribunals, would excite the sympathy of the Poles, and warn them at the same time that the machinery existed for torturing them if they should for a moment forget the weight of their tormentor's iron hand.

There is no security for property in the kingdom; the legal tribunals of the country are superseded by a Senate, or high court of appeal, composed entirely of old Russian generals, old men worn out in the

military service of the Emperor, who have been placed as judges in the highest court of appeal, so as to secure them the enjoyment of good salaries for the rest of their lives at the expense of the Polish, and therefore to the great relief of the Imperial treasury.

In all important questions, whether civil or criminal, brought for decision before this tribunal, a canvass is resorted to; and, as a natural consequence, whenever the Government or even a high government official is interested, the judgment always is certain, whatever may be the justice of the case.

Property is also rendered uncertain by the imposition of arbitrary taxes, and by the system of government interference in all the private concerns of the citizens. For instance, a very large question, involving the fate of all the large landed proprietors, as also that of all the peasants, has lately been under consideration—that of abolishing the soccage tenures, under which the great mass of the peasants farm their holdings. The Emperor Nicolas gave these tenures by a stroke of his pen the character of *perpetual* holdings, and the Government now wish to abolish or commute the dues by a somewhat similar process, without consulting either of the parties interested.

Again, the city of Warsaw has been taxed several times for the same service. After the revolution of 1831, the Emperor decreed the construction of the citadel at the expense of the city; the troops were then quartered on the inhabitants, but finding this inconvenient, the Government erected barracks, and decreed that a “quartering” tax should be levied upon the people to pay for the expense of the buildings, the name given to the tax clearly indicating its object. This decree was considered a boon in comparison with the constant annoyance derived from giving quarters in their houses to the troops. The barracks have been built, occupied, and *paid* for years ago, but the quartering tax continues.

Some few persons having been killed in the King's Palace during the revolution of 1831, the Emperor Nicolas, who affected always the greatest horror of bloodshed, determined never to occupy it. He therefore gave it as a present to the city of Warsaw, thereby relieving the Imperial treasury of the expense of maintaining it. The Viceroy occupies it, the city re-

pairs and maintains it at an annual expense sufficient to enrich several government *employés*, and was further called upon for years to pay the “quartering” tax for the Viceroy, as if he were not in the occupation of a government residence. Well may the citizens declare that a few such presents would ruin them.

A very heavy toll was imposed many years ago upon all horses or vehicles entering the city barriers, which it was expressly declared was to pay for the construction of a bridge to connect the city with the large suburb of Prague on the opposite side of the Vistula.

The inhabitants were pleased at the prospect of the bridge being constructed, as some of the chief supplies to meet their daily wants are dependent on the communication across the river, which is frequently intercepted for days, and even weeks, by running ice.

The tax has been levied for years, and would have sufficed to pay for several bridges, but last year, when the bridge was commenced, no funds were forthcoming; the unhappy town was called upon to contribute from some other source for the erection of their bridge, and the toll at the barriers is continued as if it had no relation whatever to the bridge.

In the same way heavy taxes have been imposed for the supply of gas, water, and for drainage, but the town is barely lighted, has a most scanty water supply, and does not possess a single sewer.

These are cited only as showing the manner in which Government interferes with property, to the great detriment of the proprietors, but without consulting them, or giving them any control over their expenditure, or even going through the form of giving them that for which they nominally pay. The whole system is one of plunder for the benefit of the government *employés*; if this be carried on under the eye of the Viceroy in the capital, what must it be in the smaller towns and villages, where the same system is at work by men who play into each other's hands, and prevent all complaints or even murmurs, by the power they possess of depriving by a false and secret denunciation any refractory Pole of liberty, even for life.

Another and very great cause of complaint arises from the obstacles raised by Government to prevent the education of the country. A system was elaborated

during the reign of the Emperor Nicolas, and continues in operation, having for its avowed object the denationalizing of the Poles, by checking their intellectual progress, and educating them with Russian views by Russian masters.

With this view the University was abolished, the national library plundered and removed to Petersburg, and an enactment issued prohibiting any person from teaching for hire unless approved by the government authorities. The result has been that there have since been no students of law, and when the existing "advocates"—who are all aged men, having commenced their careers before the revolution of 1831—shall have died out, there will be no professional class of men in the country conversant with its laws. The medical school has only been reestablished within the last two years, and as a consequence, there is a great lack of medical and surgical practitioners throughout the country. The young men of the better classes have no good schools which they can frequent, and except in the wealthier families who can afford private tutors, the young men of the present generation have grown up with a stunted education that is painful to witness, and are driven, from want of intellectual acquirements and means of employing themselves, to frivolous and dissipating amusements which the Government seeks to provide for them by keeping a paid corps of ballet-dancers and players. It will surprise English readers to learn that the Imperial Government attaches so much consequence to the education of the youth by this means, that the actors and *corps de ballet* in Warsaw constitute the command of a lieutenant-general decorated with eight or nine grand cordons.

The education of the lower classes receives an equal share of attention. The village school-master must receive his diploma from the Minister of the Interior, and as a government official, therefore, becomes a spy and informer. Happy, then, the benevolent proprietor who, anxious for the welfare of his peasants, and desirous to establish a school, has a teacher sent to his village, as is frequently the case, who can scarcely read or write, and happier still if he can be debauched by money and a liberal supply of wodka, (a species of cheap gin,) in

which case he may allow another, without complaint, to do his work for him.

To such course as this a benevolent Polish gentleman *must* have recourse if he desires to improve the intellectual condition of his peasants. Can any thing be more degrading? Can any thing be more galling to a people than to see themselves systematically driven back in the scale of civilization, and that in close contact with the German race, who are making rapid progress, who immigrate into their country, and are gradually absorbing all trades and occupations requiring art and skill? It is from no want of ingenuity on the part of the Poles that this is the case. On the contrary, they are by nature ingenious, and not averse to work if well treated; but without liberty of person or security of property, the desire of acquisition has been checked, and a habit of indolence and carelessness generated which strikes all strangers on their first arrival in the country, and leads them to observe that the Pole is indifferent to gain, provided he can supply his absolute necessities, and the means for getting drunk upon occasion.

This is the result of Russian government and education; the present move, however, shows that it has not been successful in denationalizing the people.

Their national traditions are too powerful, and the confidence of the people in their nobility too strong, to be subverted by such barbaric means as these. The hatred of the peasant against the foreigner who oppresses him is kept alive by the constantly-recurring conscription for the army, which takes away the best young men in the country, tearing them from their homes, from their fathers, mothers, wives, and children—from all they hold most dear on earth—and sending them three thousand miles on foot across the treeless, shrubless steppes of Russia, and across the mighty Caucasus, to oppress in their turn tribes and people of whose names they had never heard, with the ultimate prospect after fifteen years—if they survive, which not one in fifty does—of having to take this long dreary march back again to the home of their youth; that home which has haunted the unhappy exile's dreams for years, but which they find so changed they know it not, and in which they are no longer known, but being worn out, frequently

mutilated by wounds, and incapable of work, and without *any pension* or means of support, are too often received and supported as a religious duty, and become a heavy charge upon their impoverished relations.

The unhappy forced conscript serves his term at a nominal wage of three rubles (about nine shillings) per annum, of which he is lucky if he receive half; and at the end of his service, whatever his state—whether able-bodied or disabled by loss of health or limbs—is cast adrift upon society without so much as one copeck in his pocket, but with the *great* boon of freedom, which consists of his being free to roam, in his having therefore no legal status in any village commune, and as a consequence, too frequently, with the imperious necessity imposed upon him of robbing to supply the food essential to his existence.

The Polish peasant's antipathy to the Russian rule is also kept alive by the iniquitous system of quartering the troops on the villagers generally throughout the country, when they are not actually in camp. The Russian Government finds this an economical system as compared with building barracks; and the officers who command the troops find that they are thus enabled to "economize," as they express it, upon the provisions of their men and the forage of their horses; or in other words, they make a good round sum of money from these sources, leaving their men and horses to feed as best they can upon the inhabitants.

The writer knows a case where several Russian soldiers came by mistake to a foreign resident's house for a billet. They were refused admission; but the foreigner having spoken to them with kindness, they implored him for food to satisfy the cravings of their appetites. He, being a benevolent man, ordered them food, when the soldiers fell on more like voracious beasts than men, and kissed his hands, and thanked him for such a meal, they themselves said, as they had never tasted in their lives. The meal was a sufficiency of plain coarse bread and meat.

Such facts as these speak for themselves; but the demoralization of the country is encouraged by the premiums secured in large fortunes by the corrupt practices of government officials. Within a few years a step was taken by the Gov-

ernment with a view to abolishing the distinction between Poland and Russia. Previously the Polish customs revenues were totally distinct from the Russian; one tariff was in force in the kingdom of Poland, and another in Russia, and a line of frontier subsisted between Poland and Russia; so that a foreigner entering Russia through Poland was subject to two examinations on two distinct frontiers.

The prevalent idea had been to keep the Poles in the kingdom separate from their fellow countrymen in Lithuania, Podolia, and the Ukraine, and at the same time to separate both by a Chinese wall of passports and customs dues from Western Europe.

Considering that this process had accomplished its purpose, and that the sympathies of the Poles on the two sides of the frontier had been sufficiently eradicated, the Emperor Nicolas abolished the frontier between Russia and Poland, and advanced the Russian frontier to the western limit of Poland. The result has been that a whole army of Russian officials have been provided for and have made their fortunes; a greater field is opened for the corruption of the Poles; but, contrary to the expectation of the Government, the removal of the frontier having facilitated the intercommunication of the Poles, the inhabitants of the Lithuanian provinces again look to Warsaw as their capital, and their hearts are found to beat as strong as ever with patriotic throbs for the reconstruction of their Polish nationality.

The feeling of antipathy against the Russian invader is fostered also by the difference in religion. The great mass of Poles are Roman Catholic; a great number of whom are of the sect known as "United Greeks," especially in the Lithuanian provinces; these, being in communion with Rome, and acknowledging the Pope as their spiritual chief, form a powerful sect, between which and the orthodox Greek Church—the Church of the State—there is an antipathy great in proportion to the slight difference of their creeds.

The Roman Catholics have been aggrieved by suspension for years in the nomination of bishops, but the United Greeks are positively oppressed by violent efforts to make them conform to the national Church.

Scenes have occurred since the accession

of the present Emperor, and with his *personal* approbation, in which peasants have been flogged and imprisoned for refusing to communicate in the "orthodox communion."

One occurred in 1858, in the government of Witepsk, which is hardly to be credited in the present century and in the reign of a sovereign renowned for his "good intentions." The inhabitants of a village, Dziernowitz, formerly of the United Greek communion, and acknowledging the Pope as their spiritual chief, but nominally converted by harsh measures in the time of the Emperor Nicolas to orthodoxy, showed signs of apostasy, and actually petitioned the present Emperor for permission to return to their former religion, which in secret they had always professed. Their petition was refused; but the peasants notwithstanding apostatized, and a commissioner, M. Steherbinn, was sent to inquire into the affair, and if possible bring the people back to the true orthodox national Church.

M. Steherbinn visited the country, and drew up a report for the information of the Emperor, in which he detailed the steps he had taken, by imprisonment and otherwise, with the assistance of gendarmes, etc., but without one single ecclesiastic, to convince or convert the people, and bring them back from the error of their ways.

In his report to the Emperor, M. Steherbinn writes:

"Of the three most intractable apostates incarcerated by me in the prison of Witepsk, two expressed repentance. They were conducted to the confessional and holy communion by myself; God aided me in the accomplishment of this surprising work, which no one at Witepsk expected. The importance of the success is incontestable if regarded both from a religious and political point of view. The apostasy was about assuming large proportions. It already menaced the dissolution of the union of the United Greek Church with orthodoxy effected in 1839."

On this part of the report the Emperor Alexander II. wrote with his own hand, "These prudent and truly Christian proceedings do great honor to M. Steherbinn."

The result of this inquiry was a series of recommendations, the first of which only will be cited as illustrative of the

spirit of the whole: "In case an entire commune or village shall secede from the orthodox Church, it shall be lawful to send the heads of families into the convents of Great Russia, in order to make them embrace the orthodox Greek faith;" to which was appended in the handwriting of the Emperor: "Put into execution, if necessary;" thus sanctioning the ruin of whole families by the unlimited torture of their chiefs.

Religious persecution is not confined to pure Poles, but is used still more against the Jews, who form so important an element in the population of Poland. In Warsaw alone they number sixty thousand souls, who are all compelled to pay a tax to the Government for the liberty of killing their own meat, as required by their religious tenets; they have their places of residence strictly prescribed; and every strange Jew, whether foreigner or Pole, who enters the city of Warsaw, is compelled to pay a daily tax for each night he remains within the city walls; besides other distinctions between them and the rest of the population.

It is in presence of such treatment as this, worthy only of the darkest ages, that Russia and Europe are surprised at a sudden exhibition of national feeling.

Knowing the country well, we were scarcely, however, prepared to see such unanimity in it; the antipathy between Poles and Jews was formerly almost as great as between the Russians and either of them; but the oppressions of the Russians have caused a complete fraternization, which is of the best possible augury for all, and, to those well acquainted with the country, affords convincing proof that the severe rod of Russian oppression has subdued *all* minor feelings and distinctions, and united *all the sons of Poland* under one common banner of nationality.

Having shown in a very cursory manner—which might, if space permitted, be extended indefinitely—the causes which have tended to keep alive a feeling of dissatisfaction with the Russian Government, it may be well to cast a rapid glance over the late events, and the immediate causes of their occurrence.

The extreme severity of government under the Emperor Nicolas having been somewhat relaxed under the present Emperor, facilities have been given for travelling, and a certain liberty of speech

accorded, which permitted of a general circulation of ideas through the country, and of a knowledge of the most striking events in Europe. This freedom was much assisted by the necessities of the Serf Emancipation question in Russia, for the accomplishment of which the Emperor invited the coöperation of the Russian nobility, who, hitherto penned up in their native districts, or having their liberties abridged by Government, found themselves suddenly appealed to, and raised to importance. Making use of these new privileges to travel, the Russian nobility have become rapidly imbued with the ultra-democratic notions which are propagated to an indefinite extent by an immense private circulation of pamphlets and papers published in Paris and London in the Russian language. The Poles were of necessity allowed to share these liberties with their fellow-subjects in Russia.

Such being the state of things, an agricultural society was formed in Poland, with the entire sanction of the Russian Government. It rapidly assumed great importance by the accession of between four and five thousand of the most respected and wealthiest Polish landed proprietors as members, with a central committee at Warsaw, and local committees in correspondence with it in every district of the country.

This society held annual meetings at Warsaw, in which questions affecting agricultural interests were to be discussed. These meetings were enthusiastically attended; and last year, to the great surprise of the Government, more than twelve hundred members assembled in Warsaw; Galicia and the Grand Duchy of Posen being represented by delegates from sister societies in those provinces.

The Government, in presence of this rapid organization, and most anxious for a pretext for the dissolution of the society, submitted certain questions for their discussion, as to the best means of carrying into effect a new law which had been prepared by the Government for the abolition of soccage tenures, and their conversion into freeholds. A question of this nature, affecting most deeply the interests of every proprietor in a country where soccage tenures are the almost invariable rule, submitted for discussion, without powers of legislation, was of all others one which was most calculated to sow dissension among the landed proprietors

themselves, and to give rise to some expression of opinion among them which would supply good grounds for exciting hatred between the peasantry and the nobles; or at any rate furnish Government with a pretext for the dissolution of the society.

Happily, however, the good sense of the members prevailed, and the meetings passed, after lengthened discussions, which lasted for a whole week, without the escape of a single word which could offend the digestion of the most delicate government official, or give the slightest ground of offense to the peasant class. On the contrary, the peasant class were taught to look to their own national chiefs as the true source from which must flow any amelioration of their condition.

The Government, by this artful trick, made a false move, which recoiled upon themselves. The nation felt their union; became acquainted, for the first time since the revolution of 1831, with their leading men, to whom, in case of difficulties, to confide their destinies; and learned that, instead of looking abroad for help, and making themselves the tools of unprincipled foreign machinations for selfish purposes, they must trust their natural chiefs, and be guided by their discretion in the gradual steps necessary for the amelioration of their condition; quietly watching the political events in Europe, in the hope that some happy combination might turn to their benefit.

While such was the attitude of the masses, a small and insignificant minority, principally in the city of Warsaw, such as is to be found in all large cities, excited by the rapid march of events in Italy, hoped and agitated to bring about a revolution, foolishly thinking that the power of Russia would be shaken as easily as that of the Emperor of Austria or the King of Naples.

It was this small and insignificant class which, at the famous conferences of the Sovereigns of Russia, Austria, and Prussia at Warsaw last October, caused annoyance by the circulation of a few revolutionary placards, and by throwing asafetida into the theater. The union of the Sovereigns of these three States in the ancient capital of the country they had dismembered was highly offensive to all its inhabitants, and appeared to them at first as an announcement that whatever happened in Italy or elsewhere, they

need not expect any change in their condition.

The sudden disruption of the meeting, however, acted like an electric spark, and a load was as it were removed from the necks of the Poles when they saw palpably before their eyes that the Sovereigns themselves could agree no better in a personal interview than by correspondence through their Ministers; that the old sores caused by the ingratitude of Austria were not healed, and that Lord John Russell's interview with the Prince Regent of Prussia, which had taken place only a few days previously on the Rhine, in the presence of the great danger of a strong and powerful neighbor always looking to that river as a frontier, had quite severed the Prince Regent from the reactionary policy which could alone rivet their chains.

Due credit was also given to the good intentions of Alexander—"le bien intentionné," as he is called; but at the same time it was seen, with deep grief and regret by Russians as well as Poles, how entirely he was absorbed with pleasure, and how little attention he gave to the real interests of the country. Not one single institution was visited during his sojourn in the country, nor one single question addressed to any one individual not in the government service, as to the condition and wants of the inhabitants, and very few even to them; and still more, the Polish nobility were slighted in the person of one of the first noblemen in the country—the elected President of the Agricultural Society, and of the *Crédit Foncier*, who, on this the first visit of the heir-apparent to the throne to the capital of his future kingdom of Poland, was not considered worthy of a presentation at a levee to which all the chief government *employés*, military and civil, were invited, the reason being that he had no rank in the Russian "tchin."

This indifference on the part of the Emperor as to the condition of the country, in the material interests and development of which he appears to take little interest, has been repeated in each succeeding year since his accession, and has at length thoroughly disgusted the Poles, and left them without hope in the hands of the Russian authorities, who fill all the high offices of Government in the kingdom. This evil is greater even than in Russia Proper, where, as a counterpoise to the power of the bureaucratic class, an

elected member of the nobility, styled "Marshal of the Nobility," has a right of addressing the Emperor.

Such being the state of things, a demonstration was got up by a few obscure individuals on the 29th of November, the anniversary of the Polish Revolution, and mortuary hymns were sung at midnight before a religious statue in an open place in the town. This demonstration was not prohibited or interfered with by the police, but dispersed of itself quietly.

Emboldened by this success, a further slight agitation by unknown persons gave rise to a proposition for a religious ceremony, which was to have been celebrated on the field of Grochow on the 25th of February, the anniversary of the battle which took place a few miles from Warsaw in 1831, when the Russians received a severe check. No prohibition having been published by the police, an irregular procession, formed by torchlight, of a few hundred persons, but which was naturally followed by a crowd of lookers-on, started from a church in the town, but had scarcely proceeded a few hundred yards when it was met by Colonel Trepow, the chief of police, and a couple of squadrons of gendarmes. The summons of the chief of the police to disperse was answered by a shower of dirt, whereupon the gendarmes advanced against the mob, and at first tried to disperse it by using the flats of their swords; but the flare of the torches and the yells of the mob having frightened their horses, many of them were unseated, and the rest becoming enraged, used the edges of their weapons, and some severe injuries were inflicted on the people, but none upon the troops, clearly establishing that the populace had no idea of resorting to force in the resistance of authority.

Rumors having circulated that several of the inhabitants had been killed, an agitation was rapidly being aroused against the Agricultural Society, then in session, with Count André Zamoiski at their head, because they had not coöperated in the proposed ceremony, nor taken any part with the populace against the authorities, but on the contrary, had used their best endeavors by denouncing the proposed ceremonial to prevent its accomplishment.

On the 27th, the annual session of the Society was about to be prorogued, when a funeral procession passing along the chief street of the town, with priests at

its head, carrying, as usual, a crucifix in front of them, was taken by the Cossacks on duty for a political demonstration, and they immediately proceeded to disperse it by a free use of their peculiar whips, constructed like small threshing-flails. This insult was resented by the lookers-on with which the street was crowded, by volleys of stones, which in their turn exasperated the Cossacks, who drew their swords and wounded some of the people, the crucifix in the *mêlée* being thrown down and trampled upon.

The funeral car was abandoned, but the exasperated people soon began to collect around it, when, as it is said, a woman commenced a fresh scuffle with the Cossacks by throwing a stone at one of them, with a curse for the insult offered to the emblem of her religion—the crucifix—and to the priest.

Whilst this was proceeding, the Society was dissolved, and some of the members, with their papers under their arms, were proceeding quietly along the street toward their homes, when a detachment of infantry drawn up in the street commenced firing at the mob by order, it is said, of General Zablotzki, the Adjutant-General of the Forces, and immediately a number of unfortunate persons, amongst them a student and a member of the Agricultural Society, were stretched dead on the street, and many more wounded.

So wanton and shameful was this scandalous act of military execution, deserving only of the name of murder, that the Russian soldiers hesitated to obey the order to fire, which had to be repeated more than once without effect; and an officer from their ranks threw down his sword, and swearing he would have nothing to do with a butchery of unarmed people, joined the crowd. A handsome subscription was afterwards made for him by the Poles, and he was smuggled across the frontier into Prussia.

The atrocity of the act is proved by the fact that not one single Russian soldier was wounded, nor one single stand of arms captured from the people. The excitement increased tenfold; the bodies of the victims were paraded through the main street, and a deputation of the leading citizens, including the President of the Agricultural Society, who now came forward in the cause of order and humanity, at once waited upon Prince Gortchakoff to make representations as to the dangerous state of

the town, and the necessity of something being done to allay the excitement.

Physical force naturally occurred to the Russians as the only means of quelling it, but the Prince being humane, and an old and honorable soldier into the bargain, saw the fallacy of his position and the truth of Count Zamoiski's representation. "You may assassinate us if you please, every one of us; we are in your power; but as to a combat, you will have none, the people are disarmed, and you know it." The Prince then consented to dismiss the chief of police, withdraw the military, and, intrusting the peace of the town to the inhabitants, to allow of a public funeral for the following Saturday, the 2d March. He also received an address for transmission to the Emperor, exposing the griefs of the nation, couched in strong but dignified and respectful language, demanding nothing, but merely laying bare before the Emperor, with truth and fidelity, the wounds of the nation and the oppressions they have endured for so many years.

Now followed one of the most remarkable scenes on record. The whole city and country went into deep mourning, an organization was extemporized among the inhabitants for the maintenance of the peace, an immense subscription was raised for the funeral expenses and families of the murdered and wounded, the people brought in and surrendered whatever arms they were possessed of, and a funeral ceremony took place in which the whole city and country participated. All differences of religion and creed were set aside; Lutherans, Calvinists, and Roman Catholics, priests and ministers, alike preceded the biers surmounted by the martyrs' crowns of thorns and palm-branches, and the Chief Rabbi followed them arm-in-arm with a Pole; the victims, without distinction of religion, were placed in one common grave: a significant emblem that all differences, however great, are extinguished by the severity of that common chastisement of which, under Providence, the Russians have for years been the instruments. God grant that, buried in the grave, they may remain there, and that the Polish people, rising strong with an united heart and one fixed purpose, may again be ranked among the nations of the earth.

The position of the Poles in these trying events was one of great difficulty, and requiring the greatest temper and judgment; and nobly did they act their part, for al-

though some evil-disposed Russians had left arms unguarded in the streets, in the hope that they would be seized and used by the people, and thus that a pretext would be given for the employment of force, not one was touched; but the students acting as police, arrested two secret agents of the Russian police, one a retired officer of the Russian army, who, in the guise of patriots were found trying to arm and excite the people.

The nation having thus buried its martyrs, awaited in mournful quietude the result of their address to the Emperor, in which, in few but forcible words, without demanding any thing, they had seized the opportunity, bought at the price of their blood, to expose their griefs to him in whose name and by whose power, but without whose knowledge, they had been brought to this pitch of suffering.

Judge of their horror, then, when, a fortnight having elapsed, which had been profitably employed by the Russian authorities in bringing up masses of troops from distant points, the following answer was received and published :

"*Prince: J'ai lu la pétition que vous m'avez envoyée. Je devrais la considérer comme nulle et non avenue, parceque quelques individus, sous prétexte de désordres excités dans la rue, s'arrogent le droit de condamner, de leur propre autorité, toute la marche du Gouvernement. Cependant, je ne veux y voir qu'un entraînement.*

"*Je consacre tous mes soins aux importantes réformes nécessitées dans mon Empire par la marche du temps et le développement des intérêts. Mes sujets du Royaume sont de ma part l'objet d'une égale sollicitude. Rien de ce qui peut assurer leur prospérité ne me trouve ni ne me trouvera, indifférent.*

"*Je leur ai déjà prouvé mon désir de les faire participer aux bienfaits d'améliorations utiles, sérieuses, progressives. Je conserve les mêmes intentions et les mêmes sentiments. J'ai le droit de compter qu'ils ne seront ni méconnus ni paralysés par des demandes inopportunes ou exagérées que je ne saurais confondre avec le bien-être de mes sujets. Je remplirai tous mes devoirs. Dans aucun cas, je ne tolérerai le désordre matériel. On n'édifie rien sur ce terrain. Des aspirations qui y chercheraient un appui se seraient condamnées d'avance. Elles détruiraient toute confiance, et rencontreraient de ma part une sévère réprobation, puisque ce serait faire reculer le pays dans la voie du progrès régulier où mon invariable désir est de le maintenir.*

"*De la main propre de Sa Majesté,*

"*Votre affectionné,*

"*ALEXANDRE.*"

Not one word of regret for the massacre by his troops of unoffending, unarmed citizens. No recognition of the people's woes, but an insinuation that their insolence in approaching him by an address, received this time as an "*entraînement*"—an effect of impulse—must not be repeated.

Who are the people, too, in whose persons the nation is insulted by calling them "*quelques individus*?" The archbishop of the national Church, the recognized Church of the State, representing, therefore, its numerous and influential clergy; the ministers of the various Protestant churches, and the Chief Rabbi, representing those great classes of the nation; the President of the Agricultural Society, representing the nobility and gentry; and various merchants and bankers, representing the moneyed and commercial interests.

It is lamentable to think, and it augurs ill for the future of Russia in the difficult times through which she has to pass before completing the great revolution so nobly undertaken by the Emperor for the emancipation of the serfs in Russia—it augurs ill, we repeat it, for Russia, that the Emperor's advisers in Petersburg could give no better counsel than is evidenced by this ill-judged missive. Instead of sympathy with the sore trial of an unprovoked massacre, his Polish subjects receive an implied censure; instead of promises of reforms in compensation for their blood, they are reminded of "useful, serious, progressive ameliorations" already conferred, but of which they can conscientiously say in his Majesty's own words, that they are "*nulles et non avenues.*"

Where are they? Can the Russians point to a single one? Where are justice and the laws? Trodden under foot and laid aside. Where is the University, with its various departments? Nowhere. Where is security for property or person? Where are the sons of the nation who have been deported to fight Russia's battles? Where are the immense sums which have been forcibly extracted from the people for the benefit of Russian officials? Feeble indeed is the ray of hope to be derived from the continuance of "the regular progress in which," the Emperor declares, "it is his invariable desire to continue."

Let us examine this progress, as shown

by the statistics published upon the authority of his own Government, in the Polish language, to the Poles themselves.

Population in 1816,.....2,717,287.
 " " 1829,.....4,137,634.

An increase of more than fifty per cent. in thirteen years during which the country was governed distinctly in accordance with the pledges given to Europe by the Emperor Alexander at the time of its final cession to Russia by the Treaty of Vienna.

Population in 1832,.....3,762,008.

Showing the result of the two years of revolution and disorder, which witnessed the overthrow of the autonomy of Poland and the inauguration of the state of siege which has continued without intermission to the present day.

Population in 1846,.....4,867,129.

Exhibiting a slight recovery, thirty per cent. in fourteen years.

Population in 1857,.....4,733,760.

Showing a decrease, evidently caused by the heavy drain upon the population for the supply of the army in the Hungarian and Crimean wars.

These facts, extracted from Russian documents, speak stronger than any thing that can be written. Autonomy was accompanied by prosperity, the stream of which has not only been checked, but forced back by the government of the knout.

Is this the "progress" which the Emperor declares it is "his invariable desire to maintain?" If so, it is a progress of extermination: but far be it from us to ascribe such an idea to a character naturally so amiable. It can not be that the facts relating to the country are reported to him with honesty and intelligence. The annual reports of the Prince Viceroy, and his late Minister of the Interior, M. Muchanow, must represent every thing as improving and flourishing. And no doubt his Majesty is firmly convinced that changes have been brought about since his accession, and that the kingdom is in a state of rapid social progress.

In a despotic country, with a press in fetters, the only channel of information

open to the sovereign is that of his agents, who are directly interested in flattering him and representing every thing in *couleur de rose*. We easily understand, therefore, the feelings of indignation expressed by the Emperor; but with a full knowledge of the facts, are not surprised at the dissatisfaction of the Poles on the publication of his reply to their address, unaccompanied by one single concession.

The rescript was, however, accompanied by private instructions to the Viceroy, making certain concessions, but which he in his wisdom did not think fit to publish simultaneously with the rescript. As a consequence, more peaceful demonstrations took place; and it then became a question whether the military should be again brought into the town. A strong Russian party, composed principally of Russian military officers anxious for a display of their military prowess on unarmed citizens, and for a corresponding shower of decorations and honors, urged this course, which happily, however, was rejected, upon the advice of the leading Poles, seconded by some remarkable exceptions among the Russian officers. Amongst others, our old opponent, General Liprandi, of Balacava notoriety, is stated to have warned the Prince by saying: "We have fired once on the people, and evacuated the town. Perhaps if we fire a second time we shall evacuate the citadel." These better counsels prevailed; but on several occasions since have the strongest representations and remonstrances been necessary to restrain the renewal of military execution.

But what tended to allay the excitement more than any thing, was the resignation, in virtue of arrangements contained in the private instructions of his Majesty, by M. Muchanow of his office of Curator of Public Instruction. This individual, who has for some years ruled the country under the Viceroy as Minister of the Interior, is a *ci-devant* colonel of the army, a thorough Russian, and animated by an utter contempt for the Poles. He, like most of the higher authorities, served in the revolutionary war of 1831 against the Poles. This selection for high offices of State in a conquered country of men taken from the ranks of the conquering army, might have been a necessity in its first occupation, but its continuance after thirty years of peace is a misfortune to both Russians and Poles, neither of whom

can entirely overcome the old feelings of antipathy and hostility engendered in a quasi-civil war. These Russians have always considered themselves more as holding an enemy's country than as governing an integral portion of the Empire; and with no single individual has this obnoxious feeling been more offensively exhibited than by the late Minister of the Interior. In war, many measures having for their object to weaken or destroy an enemy, may be justified under the plea of urgency, which no possible contingency can justify in a country which is not actually in a state of warfare. We can only suppose that the old feeling of being in military occupation of the country of a wary and powerful enemy, dictated the instruction circulated to every village in the country on March 18th, bearing the signature of M. Muchanow, in which the government functionaries were desired "to make the peasants understand that the Government, which is more especially occupied with their well-being, and exerts itself most strenuously to promote this, trusts that they will not only refuse to listen to such persons as may incite them to turbulence, but that they will arrest every agitator who may appear among them, and will deliver him up to the nearest authority." In order to comprehend the iniquity of this act, it must be remembered that the country is in a semi-feudal condition, and that the Government had for some years been constantly agitating, so as to unsettle the minds of the peasants as to their relation to the landed proprietors and nobility, without doing any one legislative act towards a final settlement; that the ukase declaring the conditions of emancipation in Russia had only been published a few days; and that a similar license in the adjoining province of Galicia had in 1848 produced a terrible *jacquerie*, in which nobles with their whole families were murdered by peasants who were afterwards openly rewarded by concessions and grants of land by the Austrian Government.*

The discovery of this iniquitous proceeding gave rise again to immense excitement, which was only allayed by the

resignation of M. Muchanow and his ignominious flight, in which he had to escape out of town in a private carriage and take the railroad at the first station, to be abused and pelted with filth there and at every succeeding station, not only in Russian Poland, but as far as Breslau, where the police had to interfere for his protection.

Knowing the great dread of responsibility engendered by the despotism of the late Emperor in the breasts of all Russian officials, we do not think that M. Muchanow can be considered as a scapegoat to bear the sins of the whole Government. His circular may have originated with himself, but undoubtedly was submitted to and received the sanction of the Council presided over by the Viceroy. The dismissal of the minister, therefore, as a concession to public indignation, and the recall of his circular only after some days' subsequent agitation, are acts of weakness on the part of the Government, which show that they have no decided line of policy, but vacillate according to circumstances, ready at one moment to do any act which shall sow discord among the people, and at another, under a fear of their united action, and of the public censure of Europe, making concessions which are any thing but creditable, yielding a comrade as a scapegoat to public indignation.

These repeated acts of vacillation, however, have resulted in establishing a closer bond of union between the various classes of the population of the kingdom of Poland. These, according to late returns of the Government, may be divided as follows:

Roman Catholics and United	
Greeks,.....	3,865,469
Protestants of various sects,....	283,570
Jews,.....	580,326
Orthodox Greeks,.....	4,395
<hr/>	
4,733,760	

The Roman Catholics are for the most part pure Poles; the Protestants are probably half Poles and half German. The orthodox Greek represent the progress made by Russians in forty five years of occupation and after immense confiscations. The Jews are a class apart, who have been oppressed in turn by both Poles and Russians, and have hitherto with marvelous astuteness always found them-

* The iniquity of this act, and the evident danger of its reëction in Russia in the present unsettled state of the self-emancipation question, caused a protest from the Archbishop of the Orthodox Greek Church, and other Russians high in office.

selves on the stronger side in the various wars which have devastated the country. They have gone on multiplying under oppression; and although legally incapacitated from possessing landed property, have by the power of the purse immense influence, being mortgagers in possession on numerous large estates; in fact, they are the virtual managers of a very large portion of the landed property in the kingdom, notwithstanding that there has always been a strong feeling of hostility between them and the Poles.

One of the most remarkable features, therefore, of this present agitation has been the publication of a circular addressed by the Chief Rabbi and the Jewish Consistory at Warsaw to their co-religionists throughout Poland and Russia, where in the Lithuanian provinces they are fully as numerous as in the kingdom. By this open act the Jews break finally with the Russian Government and espouse the cause of oppressed Polish nationality. The document itself is so remarkable, and exposes their grievances so clearly, that we give it *in extenso*:

"In the name of the Immortal God of Israel, and with the sanction of the most eminent members of our community.

"To our brother Israelites, children of Poland.

"Doubtless the intelligence of the events which have taken place during the last week has reached you, either verbally or through the newspapers. Though far away, no doubt you saw, like ourselves, who were eye-witnesses, the hand of Providence in these occurrences. God spake, and it was done. Let us, then, praise the Lord of the Universe, who has filled our breasts with the hope that the hour of liberty and of our deliverance from an oppressive yoke will ultimately arrive.

"Thirty years have elapsed since 1831, during which more than one hundred enactments respecting the Jews have been published by the Government, not one of which contained any alleviations of our sufferings, but rather tended to increase our oppression. Of all who profess our religion throughout Europe, we are the only ones who groan under the barbarism of the Middle Ages. The number of Jewish taxes are innumerable, and our means of gaining a livelihood are more and more limited daily.

"You are aware that during the reign of Alexander I. of glorious memory we were granted equal rights with the rest of our countrymen, provided we shared in military conscription; in that case all special taxes on us were to be removed, as, for instance, the tax on meat, (*koszerna*) and the humiliating mode of levying

the capitation, called *tagaetel*, also all restrictions as to our residences in towns, and every function of our life. But since 1843 thousands of our children have perished in the ranks of the army, and where is the liberty that was granted us? The government officials rule over us, treating us like slaves, and trampling us under foot like worms.

"When, fifteen years ago, an order was issued to change the Jewish dress, what means were employed to carry it out? Old men were dragged along the streets like dogs, and there were no limits to the brutality of the police. None but vile men could carry out such barbarous orders, while men with conscience and good faith look at it with horror. Why were such atrocities unknown before 1831? Because before that time all offices were filled by virtuous men, who loved their country and cared for the welfare of the people. The present officials, with few exceptions, are degraded men, who neither love their country nor its people.

"Nine years back the marshals of the nobility, in their anxiety for the good of their country, presented some plans of reform respecting us to the Government, which we had an opportunity of seeing, but they remained without effect.

"When God called Alexander II. to the throne, a sovereign known throughout Europe for the goodness of his heart and the kind interest he takes in the welfare of his people, we hoped light would shine upon us; but, alas! the darkness is still unbroken, because our foes are surrounded by men who are as great enemies to Poland as themselves, and persecutors of the Jews, and who do not cease to blacken and calumniate us in the eyes of the monarchy. When at last we were called upon by the Emperor to express our demands for alleviation, and our petition reached the monarch, the calumnies heaped upon us were still greater than have been known since the time of Haman.

"Do not imagine, however, that no favorable opinion was produced in our defense. Several high-minded men in the Government, good Poles, loving without distinction all children of the country, raised their voices in our behalf; but it was like the voice in the desert, for they were outnumbered by the anti-patriotic clique. All these facts are well known to us who live on the spot. But this is not all: bad faith was carried so far that no means were spared to create dissensions in the country in order to weaken its vital strength. Endeavors were made by means of the press to raise the enmity of the gentry against the Jews, and through this to curtail our means of subsistence. To create disunion they did not hesitate to employ religious fanaticism; thus, three years ago, on the eve of Doomsday, the excited Christian population in the town of Turk ravaged the synagogue, tore the garments used for the ceremonies, and profaned our sanctuary. When the Jews appealed to the Government against this outrage, do you recollect the answer they received? That in the new penal code no

mention is made of Jewish temples. As long as Poland has existed no such abomination was ever heard of.

"Now look at the true spirit of this nation.

"It scarcely began to breathe more freely, its priests in all the churches proclaimed love and brotherly feeling for us, acknowledging us as the children of the country which we have inhabited during eight centuries.

"Brother Israelites! Be full of courage and manly feeling! Let us freely clasp the fraternal hand which is held out to us. We have seen the first men of the land side by side with our clergy, accompanying to their last home the victims whose innocent blood flowed in the streets of our city; one hundred thousand men of every persuasion followed hand in hand, filled with the spirit of reconciliation.

"When men of trust had to be chosen to form the honorable Council, our Rabbi and several other Jews were among them. Who could have dreamed of this a short time back? In our supposed enemies we found sincere friends. 'It was not force, but my spirit that did it,' said God. 'God thus willed it, filling generous men with courage to speak for us, and silencing the enemies of Poland, who sowed enmity among her children.'

"We implore you, brethren, that you will, in common and with zeal, show your gratitude to our fellow-countrymen, and aid them in all their noble exertions, for their good is our good.

"Hasten to affix your names to the address which is presented to the Emperor. The Monarch is anxious to be acquainted with the wishes of our country. Let us raise our voice in common with our countrymen. We trust that you will listen to us, and will sincerely join with them for the common good. It is the only true way to improve our condition. He who is wise will see that by these means and no other can the good of our country be attained. Prove yourselves men, and God will be with you."

Can this deliberate act of the leading men of an oppressed race of a million or more of his subjects be considered by the Emperor as an *entrainement*—an "act of impulse," or is it not rather a solemn denunciation of that "regular progress" which the Emperor declares it is "his invariable desire to maintain?"

While these events were passing in Poland, the Emperor was legislating in Petersburg, and at length a special commissioner, M. Karnicki, arrived at Warsaw with an Imperial ukase, containing the so-called concessions of Government, which, under the Viceroy, he was charged to explain and put in force.

This ukase, which is to be looked upon as a charter or constitution, is not the first

of the kind which has been published to regulate the administration of the kingdom. The Emperor Nicolas, in 1832, immediately after the suppression of the revolution, was also seized with a desire for legislation, and produced an organic statute, which, so far as the administration is concerned, was nearly synonymous with the present effort of Alexander II.

In the performance of the Emperor Nicolas a "Council of Administration" was established, composed of government nominees, presided over by the Viceroy, with powers to discuss projects of law, the budget, etc.

By the present decree, this council is abolished, and a "Council of State" nominated precisely in the same way and with precisely similar powers. The only change is, that certain classes are named from which the selection of councilors may be made, and one of these contains the elective head of the *Crédit Foncier* Society, now Count André Zamoiski, the most popular and one of the most able men in the country. The mere mention of this possible elective nominee has been received as a concession, although the decree does not make him an *ex-officio* member of the council.

The decree further enacts departmental councils, as did the organic statute of 1832, and municipal councils in the chief towns to manage municipal affairs.

This latter is the only real concession contained in this new charter, which otherwise seems an entire work of supererogation, as the organic statute of Nicolas is still the law of the land and has never been repealed. It is true that it has never been put in force. Prince Paskiewitch, after he had subdued the country, would never intrust the power of discussion even to government nominees. Such a course he considered might have been inconvenient. What security therefore have the Poles that the new charter may not be buried in a similar manner, especially as its publication was accompanied by an address from the Viceroy, threatening evil-disposed persons exciting disturbances in the streets with the strong hand of force, to be repealed immediately afterwards, in the presence of a slight agitation on Easter Monday, the great popular holiday of the year, by an address as conciliatory as the previous one had been offensive?

We naturally inquire what must be the

end of these vacillations on the part of Government. The people acquire confidence by receiving constant concessions, however small, as the result of agitation ; and probably no surer mode of inducing acts of violence could be invented than a series of governmental acts intended to overcome excitement, and their successive withdrawal. This course must lead the people to conceive exaggerated ideas of their own power and of the weakness of their opponents. In the mean time troops have been concentrated on Warsaw, and we are assured there are not less than thirty-two thousand men at present in that unhappy city, which lies *completely* under the fire of the guns of the citadel built by Nicolas at the expense of the inhabitants for the avowed purpose of intimidation.

Can any greater mark of respect for the prowess and valor of a nation be shown than that of bringing up thirty-two thousand men to keep a disarmed city in order which contains only a hundred and sixty thousand inhabitants of both sexes and all ages, and therefore numbering probably not much more than an equal number of able-bodied men? Such an act shows the nature of the tenure under which the Russian Emperor considers that he holds the country. These thirty-two thousands troops are only a portion of those who are distributed throughout the country ; and we may safely conclude that at the present moment not less than four out of the eight corps of which the Russian European army is composed are occupied on the Russian European frontier from the Baltic to the Black Sea in watching the Poles, and in observation on the events going on in Hungary.

Europe, therefore, receives an additional guarantee, if such were wanting, of the inability of Russia to adopt any other policy than that of *non-intervention* beyond her own frontier. We ourselves are of those, however, who have long since lost all apprehension of a different policy in Europe on the part of Russia. The lesson she received in the late war, the consequent condition of her finances, the reduction of her army, the serf-emanicipation question, the difficulty of conscription before the serf question shall be definitively settled—a difficulty which the Government has not dared to face since the Crimean war—all these are guarantees for non-intervention abroad.

The internal condition of Russia herself also is such as to cause much uneasiness to her most loyal and devoted sons. There is a growing dissatisfaction among the nobles, who do not wish to see the sacrifices they are called upon to make for the establishment of their serfs turned to the exclusive benefit of the *camarilla* which form the *entourage* of the Emperor, or of the bureaucratic class who fill all the offices of Government. As yet the fear of the peasants has tended to keep the nobility quiet ; but soon the causes for the antagonism of these two classes will have disappeared, and each will then attribute its grievances not unjustly to Government.

It is then that troubles may be expected in Russia, and an upheaving of the masses which may not improbably shake the Romanoff family from the seat of power to which the will of the nation raised it. Already are complaints heard from Russians of the vast expense the country is put to for the establishment of the numerous and increasing branches of the Imperial family, and by the extreme prodigality of some of its members, all of which is defrayed upon a simple order of the Emperor, without any reference to the nation. The nobles also attribute the present difficulties of the serf question entirely to bad legislation on the part of former chiefs of the House of Romanoff, and forgetful that they have participated in the crime of enslaving their fellow-countrymen, are but too willing to cast all the blame of the position on the Imperial family.

The army, also, are by no means contented. It groans under its loss of *prestige* during the late war, and from the highest to the lowest all ranks censure in the strongest terms the "gross deception" practiced upon them by the late Emperor, who sacrificed all other interests in the nation to that of the army, and led them to believe that they were the first and most powerful army in the world—a delusion which was most painfully dispelled when they came into contact with more civilized nations, and were beaten by modern inventions in arms, of the existence of which they had little conception, and by the march of civilization in the introduction of improved means of transport.

This great fact has even opened the eyes of the Russian peasantry, who begin no longer to regard the Emperor as for-

merly, as a Providence of a high order—so high as often in their imaginations to precede in power and dignity their Creator and God.

These signs of coming troubles are well known to Russians. Russian authors are found who boldly expose them; but from the difficulties of the language their works are little known in Western Europe. Occasionally, however, a work like *De Custine's*, or *La Vérité sur le Russie*, by Prince Dolgoroukow, receives publicity, and reveals to astonished Europe a state of things but faintly conceived, and which Europe is loth to believe as a true statement of the condition of a country within her own limits, and which all the other powers have treated with respect and awe. After a residence, however, of some years in the country, we do not hesitate to express our firm belief in every word in Prince Dolgoroukow's book, and to recommend it to the study of all those who wish to gain an insight into the true condition of the Czar's dominions.

Another serious difficulty which the Czar has to deal with in the settlement of the great questions which the march of events has forced upon him, is of the same nature as that with which his brother emperor in Austria has to contend, only in the case of Russia it may be expected to be somewhat more aggravated. We mean the difficulty, or rather the almost impossibility, of finding men capable of carrying out the great reforms which have been commenced. It is one of the great and suicidal faults of a bureaucratic government that the governing class work in grooves and ruts, from which they can not extricate themselves; they are brought up to look upon Government as perfect, and to dread all responsibility not clearly defined by rule. As a consequence they have narrow and restricted views, and are incapable of adapting themselves to great and rapid changes.

In despotic countries there is little room for selection; the Government seek counsel from the bureaucratic class; there is little or no infusion of new blood; and as a consequence, finding themselves unable to compete with the men who rise to the surface by popular acclamation, and fearful of being supplanted, they have recourse to the only power they are capable of comprehending. Military organization and reaction therefore ensues.

Such has been the case in unhappy Warsaw at the present moment. Perfect tranquillity was maintained by an extemporized organization of civil police under the management of a committee of citizens. The military, which includes nearly all Russians, having been withdrawn, there was no cause for a disturbance of the peace. Popular leaders began to rise to the surface, and encouraged by the Government, had assumed positions before the people incompatible with the existence of the bureaucracy. The Government yielded to the movement; and Europe was astonished by a circular announcing the benevolent intentions of the Czar; but a change comes suddenly over the scene.

A large armed force has been gradually assembling round the devoted city, brought in by stealth in small detachments at night; and the old class of reactionists resume their sway; and a fresh massacre of unarmed citizens—attempted to be justified to Europe by an announcement of the Viceroy that it was caused by "stones having been thrown at the troops"—at once crushes all agitation. A decree is inscribed in the laws of the kingdom threatening military execution, and placing the people entirely in the hands of the military; and the old régime of Nicolas is resumed.

The Poles, however, have learned one more lesson. They were inclined to repose confidence in the present Emperor and his Government, but have now been taught the truth of the old proverb: "*Gratez le Russe et vous trouvez le Cosaque.*" The Russian is always the same. They can have no hope from their connection with Russia; and the best will of the best intentioned sovereign the world ever saw would be powerless to change the nature of the oppression under which they groan.

Where, then, is the hope of Poland? Her future lies in the future of Russia. She is powerless with her ten or twelve millions to resist fifty millions of Russians organized in one army; therefore we congratulate the Poles that they are disarmed, as the bloodshed of a civil war would be all lost and a crime. Poland must not, therefore, allow herself to be run away with by the example of Italy and Hungary.

In each of those countries the oppressing power was numerically inferior, and

depended only on the cohesion of heterogeneous masses ready to disperse into their original elements; whereas the power of Russia is on the side of numbers, and her masses are almost homogeneous.

Poland must, therefore, quietly abide her time, free from conspiracy, but standing on her rights; thus she will excite the sympathy of Europe; and having proved by peaceful remonstrance, and by a display of order and good sense under severe trials, her capacity for self-government, the day will assuredly come when disturbances and revolution in Russia will loosen the iron grasp in which she is held; and perhaps even Russians themselves will then see that a discontented people, speaking a different language, professing a different religion, and imbued with ideas which prevent amalgamation, are an element of weakness and expense, and will be only too glad to allow of a reconstitution of her former rival as a distinct and separate State.

Such ideas are already entertained by many thinking Russians not in the bureaucratic class, and who therefore do not look upon Poland as a place for employment and for acquiring wealth, but who have a patriotic regard for the true welfare of their country, independent of all personal considerations. Reforms and revolutions may bring these men to power, and then their opinions will gain ground with their fellow-countrymen. For ourselves, we look upon the position of Poland with a strong belief in her future, and with a hope that by the good sense of the people, their submission to their natural chiefs, and by their own efforts, independent of foreign intrigue and intervention, which have always been the curse and ruin of their country, but sustained by the moral sympathy and support of Western Europe, they will at length resume their natural position in the European family.

Since the above was written we have received details of the dreadful massacre of the eighth of April. It appears that the Government determined on resuming the management of the police, taking it out of the hands of the municipal authorities who had been extemporized after the massacre of the twenty-seventh of February, and who since then had maintained perfect order and quiet by means of special constables appointed for the nonce.

On the sixth of April this unpopular and unnecessary measure was followed by one still more unpopular, and than which none could have been conceived calculated to produce a greater amount of irritation and just dissatisfaction. The Agricultural Society was dissolved by a decree of the Emperor and King, on the alleged ground of its *interference in things beyond its province*. Considering its foundation by a special decree of the Emperor, the position it had acquired, its extent, and the veneration in which its president, the Count André Zamoiski, and its leading members, are deservedly held throughout the country; considering also that the so-called concessions of the Emperor were only on paper and had not as yet been realized, that every act of the Society had been done in broad daylight with the entire cognizance and full concurrence of the Government, and that the Society was not in session, it seems impossible to conceive a more complete act of folly than its dissolution.

This was immediately followed, on Sunday, the 7th, by peaceful demonstrations, limited to assemblages of the people at the cemetery where the victims of the 27th of February had been interred, in front of the building where the sittings of the Society had been held, and in front of the house of Count Zamoiski, their "Father," as they affectionately called him, and lastly, before the Viceroy's palace.

At the latter place the military were drawn up for the protection of the palace; but the people being without arms, and only desiring to have their opinion upon the dissolution of the Society made known to the Prince, good order was not disturbed, the military were withdrawn, and the people dispersed peaceably—only to renew their demonstration on a larger scale on Monday, the 8th, which happened to be a holiday of the Roman Catholic Church, and therefore one in which the whole population were in the streets.

Encouraged by the mode of their reception on the previous evening, the populace assembled in crowds in the large open space in front of the Viceroy's palace, which, as before, was surrounded by troops.

Men, women, and children, all unarmed, fearlessly approached the troops, and were even exchanging jokes with them, when they were summoned to disperse by beat of drum. Immediately up went three signal rockets, and the troops came pour-

ing into the town, taking up pre-arranged positions in all the open spaces and main thoroughfares, and then commenced the wanton butchery by the Czar's soldiers of his unarmed defenseless Polish subjects, whom in his rescript not three weeks before he had declared to be "equally objects of his care" with his Russian subjects. A severe punishment was being administered as a mark of fraternal affection. It is estimated that at least forty of his Polish subjects were killed or have died of their wounds, and several hundred more were wounded by the fire of the troops.

The reason assigned by the Viceroy in justification of this atrocious crime is, that the people had pelted the troops with stones. This allegation we believe to be altogether false. As an act of desperation after the firing had commenced, a few stones might have been thrown; and one soldier was killed by a student, who, seeing his fellow-student stretched dead by his side, rushed on his murderer, wrenched his bayonet from his musket, and stabbed him on the spot.*

The real reason unquestionably was, that representations had been made to the Viceroy of the demoralizing effects upon the troops of allowing them to be brought in contact with the people and exposed to their jeers and insults without acting; and General Melinkoff, Commandant de la Place, had been placed in arrest for not having used force on the Sunday evening against the crowd when they assembled before the Society's building.

The Viceroy also was becoming uneasy at the news which arrived from the country districts of similar demonstrations; and he had no doubt heard by telegraph of the abandonment of his post by the

Governor of Lublin, and his surrender of the administration into the hands of the bishop and gentry.

The ferocity of this massacre has been enhanced by the seizure of the dead and wounded. Soldiers were sent through the town on the night of the 8th to ravish from mothers, wives, sisters, and friends, not only the bodies of their dead victims, but the living and innocent wounded, who were inhumanly hurried off as prisoners to the fortresses, there to linger and suffer unwatched by the tender care of their relatives, who in their turn are left in an agony of intolerable despair. It is Russian officers who in the nineteenth century have the honor of having discovered this exquisitely-refined system of torture.

The first massacres of the 27th of February have already taken effect in causing demonstrations in Kieff, the ancient and sacred capital of Russia, which are reported to have been suppressed by a similar massacre of its citizens. The immediate effect of this second and more extensive massacre has been the resignation of the principal men in the Government of Poland, including all the chief members of the Council of Administration, both Russians and Poles. Governors of provinces have also resigned, and it yet remains to be seen what will be the effect in Russia itself beyond the Polish frontier.

For our own part, we believe that these massacres will hasten events in Russia, and that ere long the Czar will regret not having taken the only means which were open to him, and which, in the temper of the Poles and with the credit of his name for "good intentions," would have succeeded in tranquilizing the country and making it even loyal. These were, to have set aside the bureaucracy, to have sent for the President of the Agricultural Society, and through him and the Committee elaborated some measure which would have satisfied the just but by no means exorbitant demands of the people. If this vile act has been done by his subordinates, the Emperor may even now repudiate it, and by removing its perpetrators enter upon a conciliatory course. If not, we fear that his reign will be stained by a course of confiscations and banishments similar to those which have outraged Europe since 1831. It were well that he should avoid this sad alternative. The House of Romanoff has too many black spots in its annals to risk the addition of more.

* Since the above was written we have received details from Warsaw of this brutal massacre. From one of our letters we extract the following passage: "All testimony, too, goes to show that the massacre was pre-arranged. It has since transpired that on the Sunday night there was a kind of council of war held in the Castle. The matter was then and there debated and settled. I rejoice, however, to be able to say, for the sake of humanity, that some voices were raised against such a fell deed of blood. It is said that General Liprandi, General-in-Chief of the *corps d'armée* at present stationed in Poland, was strongly opposed to it, as also the military governor of the town, General Paniutin. The colonel of a regiment stationed in the castle, when informed by the prince (Gortchakoff) on the Monday morning what would be required of him in the evening refused to obey, and on retiring to his own quarters within the precincts of the castle shot himself." This letter will be found entire in the *Times* of 25th April.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

HAIL-STORMS AND THEIR PHENOMENA.

FEW occurrences in all the range of atmospheric phenomena are more calculated to excite terror and awaken curiosity than hail-storms. The dazzling and infrequent meteor and aërolite derives an interest of its own from its brief splendor, the mystery of its origin, and the wonder with which the inhabitants of the earth naturally regard bodies that seem to be fragments of the formations of other worlds. But hail—a phenomenon of the terrestrial atmosphere, like the thunder and the wind—is not the less remarkable for being familiar: the whirlwind may uproot the oaks that have stood for centuries, and scatter branches like autumn leaves, but a hail-storm is often more sweeping in its desolation. It is as fatal as the hurricane, and as awful as the thunder-storm, and often more destructive to life; and it is frequently attended by circumstances very surprising in their nature, and exceedingly difficult of explanation.

In the Bible, hail is frequently mentioned with circumstances of terror, as an instance of divine vengeance. We have not only the plague of hail that smote the land of Egypt in the days of Pharaoh,* but in the flight of the Amorites we read that

“The Lord cast down great stones” (*magno grandinis lapides*) “from heaven upon them unto Azekah, and they died: they were more which died with hail-stones than they whom the children of Israel slew with the sword.”†

In the prophetic, as well as in the historical books, hail is frequently mentioned; and it is alluded to in many places by the Royal Psalmist; for example:

“The Lord also thundered in the heavens, and the Highest gave his voice; hail-stones and coals of fire.”‡

“He gave up their cattle also to the hail, and their flocks to hot thunderbolts.”§

“He gave them hail for rain, and flaming fire in their land.”*

But the terrors and the destructive power of the hail-storm do not need illustration from Scripture or from history.

Although hail destructive to animals and vegetation is rarely seen in climates not bordering on the tropics, its power to destroy life is frequently witnessed in India at the present day. There is something peculiarly terrific in the character of the tropical hail-storms, and in British India the average size of the hail-stones, and the masses of ice that have occasionally fallen, greatly exceed anything known in Europe.

The phenomena of hail-storms are manifested with peculiar frequency and magnificence in the East Indies. Dr. George Buist, of Bombay, who gave much attention to this curious subject, prepared an historical list of sixty-one remarkable hail-storms, observed from the year 1781 to 1850, which was communicated by Colonel Sykes to the British Association.† Notices of many hail-storms are preserved in the *Asiatic Journal* from 1816 to 1842, and a paper on hail-storms in India, from 1851 to 1855, was subsequently contributed by Dr. Buist to the proceedings of the British Association.‡

From a review of these Indian observations it is deduced that the average *maxima* of hail-stones is from eight to ten inches in circumference, and from two to four ounces in weight; and in the majority of cases the hail exceeds the size of filberts, whereas in Europe it does not often exceed that of peas. But in the Indian hail-storms the stones are more frequently accretions of ice than what we know as hail-stones. In 1822, at Bangalore, bullocks

* Ps. 105: 32. The words “hægle” “hagolstan,” from which (it is hardly necessary to say) the English words are derived, occur in the Anglo-Saxon Psalter given by the great Earl of Arundel to the Royal Society.

† Report of Edinburgh Meeting, 1851, p. 43.

‡ Report of Glasgow Meeting, 1855, p. 31.

* Exodus 9: 25. † Joshua 10: 11.

‡ Ps. 18: 13. § Ps. 78: 48.

were killed by the hail-stones, which the natives declared to be as large as pumpkins; and although it was in the scorching month of April, some of the hail-stones remained on the third day after they fell, and then measured three inches and a half in thickness. At Rangpore, in May, 1851, the stones that fell were as large as ducks' eggs. So, too, in Bengal, various officers, in describing hail-storms which they saw, declare that the stones were as large as turkeys' eggs. At Calcutta, in April, 1820, in a hail-storm which killed several natives, the hail fell in angular fragments of ice. In the Himalayas, north of the Peshawur, in a storm on 12th May, 1853, the ice masses were globular and compact, and many were upwards of three inches in diameter, while some were nearly a foot in circumference. And in what might be described as an ice-storm, which fell in the Lower Himalaya on the 11th May, 1855, the hail increased from stones of the size of pigeons' eggs to that of cricket-balls.

But what is more extraordinary, masses of ice exceeding a hundred-weight are recorded to have fallen on four occasions in India. Dr. Buist* sees no reason to doubt that a mass of ice which fell at Seringapatam in the time of Tippoo Sultan was, as stated by Dr. Hyne,† as large as an elephant, and took three days to melt! That a mass of hail-stones may have been violently swept together and congealed into such an enormous block is conceivable enough, but it is hardly credible that such an aggregation can have been formed in the air and have actually fallen, unless, indeed, a body of water like that in a water-spout can have become frozen in its fall. Yet it seems authenticated that in April, 1838, a mass of hail-stones, cemented in one block measuring twenty feet, fell at Dharwar; that immediately after another hail-storm in that locality, a mass described as an immense block of ice, consisting of hail-stones frozen together, was found; and that in 1826 a mass of ice actually fell in Candesh which must have been nearly a cubic yard in bulk‡. Astonishing as it is that such ponderous masses can have been formed in the air, it is certainly conceiva-

ble that falling hail-stones may have been swept into a mass by violent whirlwinds or eddies. Hail-stones of great size but more moderate bulk have often been found to be aggregations. Dr. Buist accounts for the larger concretions of ice by supposing that a whirlwind at a great height swept the hail-stones together, and that they became immensely enlarged before escaping from that influence and falling on the earth.

Neither in magnitude nor in frequency of occurrence can the cognate phenomena in temperate climates be paralleled with these marvels.

In only one instance on record has any similar mass of ice or aggregation of hail-stones fallen in Great Britain: in Ross-shire, in August, 1849, a huge mass of ice, twenty feet in circumference, is described to have fallen like an aërolite during a thunder-storm. But there are cases in which it would seem that the ice masses of India might really have been paralleled in Britain if a whirlwind, or the kind of agency which produces the water-spout, had accompanied the hail-storm. For example, on the 24th July, 1818,* in a storm which passed over the Orkneys, and was twenty miles in length and a mile and a half in breadth, ice covered the ground to the depth of nine inches in as many minutes.

And, to come nearer home, a shower of ice-stones, which might really be described as a *hail-spout*, fell about three years ago on a spot among the hills near Elington Park, the Northumberland seat of Lord Ravensworth. Trustworthy persons living near the *locus in quo* declared that hail-stones and fragments of ice of various shapes fell in a great heap, and they were seen in a mass sufficient to fill many baskets upon the spot shortly afterwards.

But the largest hail-stones that are recorded to have fallen in Great Britain or in any part of Europe have very seldom reached dimensions that can be compared with those of hail-stones witnessed in British India. In a storm of hail on the Norfolk and Suffolk coast, on the 17th July, 1666, hail-stones were taken up some of which were as large as turkeys' eggs, others measured eight inches, nine inches, and a foot in circumference, and weighed one ounce and a

* See his communication on Indian Hail storms in *Rep. of Brit. Assoc.* for 1851, p. 43.

† In his *Tracts*, published in 1814.

‡ Dr. Buist's communication in *Rep. of Brit. Assoc.* for 1852, p. 32.

* Dr. Thomson's *Meteorology*, p. 175.

half. The hail-stones that fell in a storm on the Denbighshire coast in 1697, were so heavy that they not only plowed up the earth, but killed lambs and a mastiff, as well as poultry and the birds. Some of these accretions of ice weighed five ounces, and the force with which they fell showed that they came from a great height. At Hitchin, on the 4th May, 1797, after a thunder-storm, a black cloud suddenly arose in the south-west, opposite to the wind, and was immediately followed by a shower of hail-stones, some of which measured from seven to fourteen inches in circumference. At Offley, near the extremity of the storm, a young man was killed by the hail-stones, which bruised his body and beat out one of his eyes; and these formidable missiles tore up the ground, split trees, and destroyed the crops. On the 29th June, 1820, a shower of ice-stones, accompanied by a thunder-storm, fell in the south-east part of the county of Mayo. The breadth of the hail-storm did not exceed half a mile, but it left that breadth of country a ruin. Some of the stones were flat, heavy, and as large as a watch; the greater part were larger than pigeons' eggs in size and of a similar shape. The bog-turf was penetrated by them as if by shot.* A hail-storm occurred in North Staffordshire on the 22d July, 1857, in which masses of ice fell that were an inch and a half in diameter.† This storm continued for half an hour, and was attended by gusts of wind and by thunder. At a distance of four miles a violent wind blew from the opposite quarter about the same time, but no rain or hail fell there. Other authentic instances might be given in which masses of ice have fallen in hail-storms in Britain weighing from four to nine ounces, and measuring from a foot to fifteen inches in circumference‡ Again, at Lille, on the 25th May, 1886, hail-stones fell which weighed from four ounces to a pound. But it is needless to multiply instances; those above given seem to be the most remarkable that have been recorded.

The different forms and the structure of hail-stones invite curious inquiry not less than their occasional magnitude.

The forms of hail-stones are very irregular. Hail in Europe is generally pear-

shaped; but the forms vary. Thus, in the storm of 1797, some of the hail-stones were round, others oval, others angular, others flat; and in the Denbighshire storm some were round and others semi-spherical. In the East Indies, too, the forms of the hail-stones are very irregular. Some hail-stones of angular form and others of oval form have fallen in the same storm, as in 1822 at Bangalore; in another storm they were compact and spherical; while in the storm at Calcutta, already mentioned, the hail-stones are described to have been angular masses of ice, in every variety of form, but quite irregular. Sometimes the hail-stones have assumed the form of convex lenses.* It has been already mentioned that in the shower of ice which fell in Mayo in 1820, some of the stones were as flat, large, and heavy as a watch.

The structure or constitution of the hail-stones differs like their form and size, but in almost all cases there is a kernel or nucleus, white and opaque, which often appears to be a mere floccule of snow. When the hail-stone is large, it is generally found to consist of a nucleus of frozen snow coated with ice, and sometimes with alternate layers of ice and snow,† but always with an icy transparent surface. In the storm on the Denbighshire coast, some of the hail-stones were smooth, others embossed and crenated, and the ice was very hard and transparent. The hail-stones that fell in the storm in North Staffordshire are described to have had nodulated nuclei containing particles of air, and externally to these were formed irregular conglomerations of ice, looking like a mass of imperfect but transparent crystals. In the storm on the Norfolk and Suffolk coast the hail-stones were white, smooth on the surface, and shining within. The concentric strata round the opaque nucleus have generally all the transparency of common ice. In the hail-stones that fell at Serampore, which were larger than hens' eggs, the nucleus was observed to be whiter than the exterior. Almost all large hail-stones that have fallen in India were found to contain a nucleus which appeared to be of snow, or what resembled a small opaque hail-stone was in the center, surrounded by several distinct and very distinguishable layers of transparent ice, these concentric coverings surrounding the nucleus like the coats of an onion,

* *Blackie. Edinb. Mag.*, vol. vii. p. 688.

† *Report of Brit. Assoc. Cheltenham Meeting*, 1857, p. 39.

‡ *Prof. J. F. Daniell's Elem. of Meteorol.*, i. 24.

* *Ibid.* 25. † *Somerv., Phys. Geography*, ii. 62.

as if the first concretion had been a small one, and the ice had accumulated in its descent.

Colonel Sykes describes a still more remarkable formation—namely, globular masses of clear ice, in which a central star of many points of diaphanous ice, resembling ground glass, was inclosed in the transparent covering.*

Amongst the curious phenomena of hail-storms are the amazing rapidity of their motion, and the comparatively narrow breadth to which they are limited.

In Europe hail-storms usually travel in straight bands of great length but small breadth, and travel very rapidly. The storm that passed over the Orkneys in 1818, was twenty miles in length and a mile and a half in breadth, and traveled at the rate of a mile in a minute and a half†—the speed of a race-horse. Showers of hail are generally limited to a locality or line of country, and extend over it in long narrow bands. A hail-storm which fell on July 13th, 1788, on the continent, began in the morning in the southwest of France, and reached Holland in a few hours, destroying a narrow line of country in its course. It moved in two columns twelve miles apart, the one on the west ten miles broad, and the other five miles broad, the one extending nearly five hundred and the other four hundred and forty miles. Again, the main body of the hail-storm which visited the Denbighshire coast, as above described, appears to have fallen in Lancashire in a right line from Ormskirk to Blackburn, on the Yorkshire frontier, and the breadth of the storm-cloud was estimated at two miles. It is wonderful that the streams of watery vapor which became congealed in hail should have extended over such long tracts of country.

The Indian hail-storms appear to fall in limited patches, as if affected by configuration of the country, or other local circumstances. They frequently occur simultaneously at remote places, but nearly in straight lines, like a string of beads stretched across the country.

In all climates local circumstances appear to affect the formation of hail: thus, it occurs—at least in Europe and America—more frequently in countries at a little

distance from mountains than in those close to them. But, whereas in temperate climates it rarely falls among the mountains, the case is otherwise in India. Dr. Buist compiled a table of localities in which the hail-storms observed during seventy years had fallen, from which table it appears that most of them occur in the delta of the Ganges down to the sea—a plain, the humid warm atmosphere of which contrasts strikingly with the pure, crisp, vaporless air of the mountains; but hail is nearly unknown in corresponding latitudes and heights on the Malabar coast, although appearing in abundance to the north west along the shores of Cutch and Scinde, and to the eastward, (as at Sattara,) and over the Deccan, at heights of fifteen hundred feet above the sea.* The case of the valley of the Ganges seems anomalous, for elsewhere hail is rare in the tropical plains, and often altogether unknown, although common above them at heights exceeding seventeen hundred feet.

According to Dr. Buist's report on Indian hail-storms, the largest number occur in the month of April, and the next largest number in March, which in British India is also one of the driest months. In the coldest months hail is very seldom seen. In the interior of Europe, too, one half of the hail-storms occur in summer, and where the period of the day has been recorded it is generally during the hours of greatest heat. It appears that in the climate of Britain hail-storms usually occur about the hours when the daily temperature is highest.

Hail-stones sometimes fall with a velocity which Professor Leslie computes at seventy feet in a second, or fifty miles an

* The quantity of rain which falls on the delta of the Ganges amounts to hardly one third of that which descends on the low country of Arracan, for the moisture is discharged on a tract of comparatively small extent, when (as in this case) the winds blow on a coast-line at a right angle, and are arrested by high and precipitous mountain masses. On the coast of Malabar the phenomena are remarkable on the setting in of the south-west monsoon. In February, the low country from the sea to the base of the Ghaut mountains becomes very hot, and the air becomes saturated with vapor. These, during March and April, in which month the heat increases, remain suspended in the air, sometimes rising to the altitude of the mountain-range, where they become checked by the cold, and then descending are rarefied before reaching the earth. The violent winds, attended by thunder, which accompany the setting in of the monsoon, condense these vapors into rain, but for the first two months they remain suspended in the heated air, as above described.

* *Philos. Trans.*, 1835. Col. Sykes also mentions the fall of masses of clear ice exceeding an inch in diameter during hail-storms.

† Thomson, *Meteorol.*, 175.

hour. Their destructive power, and the depth to which they have been known to penetrate the earth, indicate their impetus as well as weight. Several instances of the destructive force of hail-stones have been already mentioned, and to these may be added the curious fact that the hail-storms are so violent on the elevated plateau called the Grand Coteau de Missouri, that the stones have been known to penetrate the buffalo-skin tents of the Indians who hunt on that territory. The prairies sometimes retain for many weeks the marks of the occurrence of the hail-storms, which during the summer months are not unfrequent in Rupert's Land.*

Hail often precedes heavy rain-showers: it seldom follows them. The large drops of rain which often precede a thunder-storm are supposed to be hail which has become melted in its passage through a lower stratum of warm air.

To the scientific investigator of hail-storms hardly any of their phenomena are more interesting than those which indicate the action of electricity. Hail-storms, indeed, are always accompanied by electrical action; thunder is frequently heard, and the electrometer manifests rapid changes in electric intensity. Very often a hail-storm is preceded by a rustling noise in the air, but in the tropical hail-storms this manifestation of electric disturbance is greatly augmented. These symptoms of an approaching hail-storm will remind the reader of a fine passage in Virgil:

"Continuo ventis surgentibus, aut freta ponti
Incipiunt agitata tumescere, et aridus altis
Montibus audiri fragor; aut resonantia
longe
Litora misceri, et nemorum increbrescere mur-
mur."†

Thus, in the hail-storm on the eleventh of May, 1855, in the lower Himalaya, an eye-witness, stated to be a person of intelligence and information, says it was heralded by a noise as if thousands of bags of walnuts were being emptied in the air. There can not be any doubt that electricity, quite as much as cold, is an active agent in hail-storms. The clouds from which hail falls are often extremely dense: they generally exhibit a sort of

bronze color, and the edges are irregular. In the memorable "Whit-Monday storm" of (twenty-eighth of May) 1860, that swept over Yorkshire, a remarkable hissing sound is stated by an observer at Pickering, to have accompanied the large dense cloud that gathered in the north-west, and moved before the furious gale.

From the following passage in Lucretius, *De Rerum Naturâ*,* it would seem that the poet, like Pliny,† had imagined that the clouds could contain and support the hail-stones, or frozen vapor:

"Principio, tonitru quatiuntur cœrula cœli,
Propterea quia concurrunt sublime volantes
Ætheriæ nubes contra pugnantibus ventis:
Nec fit enim sonitus cœli de parte serena,
Verum ubicunque magis denso sunt agmine
nubes,
Tam magis hinc magno fremitus fit murmure
sæpe.
Præterea, neque tam condense corpore
nubes
Esse queunt, quam sunt lapides ac tigna;
neque autem
Tam tenues, quam sunt nebulae, fumique vo-
lantes;
Nam cadere aut bruto deberent pondere
pressæ,
Ut lapides; aut, ut fumus, constare nequi-
rent,
Nec cohibere niveis gelidas, et grandinis im-
breis."‡

* Lib. vi. 120 seq.

† *Historia Naturalis*, li. 43. Pliny states the drink from melted hail to be most insalubrious. "Pestilentissimum potum en grandinibus," for which he gives the strange reason that all the softer lighter elements of the frozen liquid have been eliminated by congelation!

It is curious and worthy of remark, that a correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in 1764, in describing the sheep and sheep-walks of Spain, says, the shepherd takes especial care never to let the sheep approach a rivulet or pond after a shower of hail, believing that if they should drink *hail-water* the whole tribe would become unhealthy, fast pine away, and die, as had often happened! *Hail-water*, he adds, is deemed so pernicious to men in this climate, that the people of Molina will not drink the river-water after a violent shower of hail: however muddy after rain, they drink it without fear.

‡ Thus rendered into English by Dr. Busby:

"When lofty clouds, by adverse winds impelled,
Meet, strike, and furiously dispute the field;
Spread thick around their lowering, shaggy forms,
And fly, disordered, on the wings of storms:
Then Heaven's blue arch tremendous thunder
shakes,
And earth, affrighted, to her center quakes.
No thunders roll through clear and smiling
skies,
From congregated clouds alone they rise,

* *Hind's Narr. of Canadian Expl. Exped.*, ii. 363.

† *Georg.*, i. line, 355 seq.

It is surprising that fleecy masses of coherent mists could have been supposed capable of sustaining congealed bodies of such density and gravity, and quite inconceivable that solid aggregations of ice, or of hail-stones, of even the moderate size which we are accustomed to see, could be developed in the clouds from which they fall, or sustained in the form of clouds at all.

The condensation of the crystalline particles of floating vapors, which ensues upon electrical action, must be followed by precipitation. That hail-stones are drops of rain frozen during their descent through the air can hardly be doubted. If the air is very cold throughout the greater part of the stratum through which hail falls, the hail-stone is probably increased in size during its descent; and there seems little reason to doubt that a progressive concretion takes place, the result of a gradual congealing, and that this process is entirely performed between the region of clouds and the earth. The fact that the hail-stones and drops of rain that fall on high mountains are smaller than those that fall on the plains, seems to strengthen this view.

The rarer phenomenon of the fall of masses of ice appears to have engaged the attention of Descartes, who thought that the aqueous clouds might sometimes fall in masses or streams of water, and that these might become frozen in their descent. But whether the drops of rain or aqueous particles congeal in hail-stones or become aggregated in the more singular masses and blocks already described, the phenomenon can only be attributed to instantaneous and intense cold in upper strata of the atmosphere; and to what extent atmospheric electricity affects these extraordinary operations of nature can not be satisfactorily ascertained in the present state of our knowledge.

An hypothesis of the formation of hail, rain, and cognate phenomena was submitted by Mr. Howell to the British Association in 1847, which appears to be as

follows: Electricity having no weight, and diffusing itself equally on the surface of bodies, the minute particles of water, even in their most condensed state, are enveloped, as it were, in the natural coating of electricity, and occupy, together with that envelop, nearly the space of an equal weight of air. They are thus rendered buoyant; but when by heat their specific gravity is lessened, and their capacity for electricity enlarged by their superficial extension, they rise in the atmosphere. When they become condensed, the electricity, being in excess, escapes to the earth, but where the particles are above the earth's electrical action, they mutually attract and form clouds, which, under certain circumstances, condense in rain, which becomes frozen, and falls as hail, if it passes through a colder stratum of air.*

Beccaria found that the density of the spherules of hail decreases as the parts recede from the center, and he therefore supposes that the electrical action—to which, by the way, he attributes the formation of hail—is more intense in the regions in which the concretion of the aqueous particles into ice begins.

Volta's theory, as modified by M. Peltier, is as follows: When two clouds in opposite electrical states are placed one above the other, the mutual attraction is considerable; the strata approach without any signal electric discharge, but the one acts on the other by induction, and the electricities are exchanged. This, however, does not happen without vaporizing the water contained in the clouds, and hence the temperature is immediately lowered. If the temperature of the one stratum be near zero, the portions not vaporized must be congealed, and they are transformed into flakes of snow, which become quickly surrounded by ice, and fall as hail.

Upon the whole, it appears that science has not yet achieved the solution of the problem whether the phenomena of hail-stones are to be explained by electric agency, or whether they are to be attributed to the suddenly reduced temperature of the upper strata of the atmosphere in which the particles of water are con-

And as those blend and blacken, fiercer lightning flies.

Of wood's nor marble's texture clouds consist,
Nor are so rare as fleeting smoke or mist,
Or, to the ground, like stones, they quick would fall.

Or fly, dispersed, like melting vapors all;
Aloft no chilling mass of snow would keep,
Nor magazines of hail within their frame would sleep."

* By this theory, the fall in very short times of extraordinary depths of rain is sought to be explained, and the occurrence of irregular winds is attributed to the partial vacuum thus occasioned.

gealed; but that electricity is closely connected with the production of these phenomena appears to be unquestionable, and there can be little doubt that many of

them are explained by the immense height of the clouds and the sudden, violent action of electricity upon the aqueous contents. W. S. G.

From the London Eclectic.

LORD MACAULAY'S LAST VOLUME.*

MACAULAY has portrayed the history of our country at a most important transition period—that period when all was excitement, but the excitement and the life about to crystalize and consolidate itself down, to fuse itself in order and constitutional law. Fielding and Smollet have been our best historians for the social usages and characteristics of those times. They were days of preëminent difficulty. The manners of the people were coarse and vulgar; the intelligence diffused was that rather of a rude animalism than of a manly or womanly development. There is little to attract us in those times, save as they are beheld through the page of fancy and of fiction. In truth, with but little reservation, we may say every man “did that which was right in his own eyes;” always providing that his idea of right was the highest moral wrong. Oppression and time-serving then met the eye at every turn; nothing looked as if it were fixed; few things appeared to have the stamp of age before them; the country, in all its relations, in politics and in religion, seemed to be given over to knavery and power. The poor peasantry were ground down by a tax the most unequal and unjust the country has ever known, called hearth money; and the mode in which it was levied, and the terrible proportion of it, and the weight with which it especially pressed on the poor, would alone, in lands less patient than ours, have caused a revolution. As to the country itself, many parts were scarcely reclaimed from barba-

ism. A part of Lincolnshire, Cambridge-shire, and Huntingdonshire was a great and desolate fen, in which lived a wild and savage population called the Brudlings, who have been described as leading an amphibious life, sometimes wading and sometimes towing from one islet to another. In the north of England the parishes were required to keep bloodhounds for the purpose of tracking freebooters.

Terrible indeed those times were which he has undertaken to sketch; they mingle in our minds with very varied lights and shades. Regarded any how they are romantic and even grotesque, but they have few shades of beauty; the red light of a bloody horror seems to fall over scenery and character, incident and life, we would fain wish to regard as picturesque. The historian seizes the pen immediately as the last act of the Great Rebellion closes by the restoration of Charles II. The last volume we have does not conduct us far from this date, but the history shows to us few pictures on which the eye rests with any complacency.

It was an age of intense excitement—so is ours, but our excitement is defined by purpose, and governed by law; our excitement is material: but the individual and society on the whole grow by its energy and its intensity. In that day all was indeed unrest—the unrest of an ominous and dreadful sleep—it was not the unrest of healthful labor, it was the restlessness of nightmare. The great army which had terrified Holland, France, Spain, and Italy was disbanded, and it

* Concluded from page 215.

is to their immortal honor that all parties have recorded how instantly all those mighty Ironsides and Roundheads became citizens, and, without one act of violence, melted among the masses of the people. The gray head of their awful general—that tremendous man to whose sagacity and genius, and impenetrable but powerful will the mightiest generals of ancient and modern times, Pericles or Gustavus, Cæsar or Napoleon, look poor and tame, to whom we owe it that our civil war did not degenerate to a French revolution—was rotting over Westminster Hall. England was a vassal of France; Charles, like James, received money from Louis to vail to that ambitious and vain prince the power and sovereignty of himself and his kingdom. Amused with his dogs and his harlots at Whitehall, the successor of Cromwell did not heed, or only heeded to smile at, the cannons of the great Dutch Admiral thundering along the Thames and striking the notes of invasion. Alison has the daring impudence to ascribe this disgraceful spectacle of our fleets burnt in the channel to the wretched provision the Great Rebellion had made for the lasting defense of the realm! The scaffold and the headsman were well employed in those days. The pure and spotless Sir Harry Vane; the rigid and roman Algernon Sydney; the christian and meek-hearted Lord William Russell—these were some of the victims, and victims with whom we can not see that Macaulay has much sympathy. Nonconformists were a proscribed race. Magistrates had the power to transport them beyond the seas without the needless formality of a trial. They sought to dwell near each other, and were wont to break a door in the wall between their houses to admit each other to spiritual companionship and fellowship. In those days Milton narrowly escaped hanging. Bunyan was passing through his twelve years' imprisonment.

Charles II. died, but his death brought no repose or rest to the nation. A careless and reckless spendthrift, a good-humored and witty and easy tyrant, who made other men ministers of his tyrannies, died. He had sworn to defend the Protestant faith. He was admitted on his death-bed secretly into the Church of Rome. To him succeeded a cold, cruel, self-willed tyrant, who would have no advice, and, ruled by no ministers, then began in earn-

est a struggle for prerogative. The king and the people were leagued against each other more fearfully than in the days of the Great Rebellion. We shudder at those times, they are not like our country's records. They are too cruel and bloody, more horrible to read, more harrowing than even the days of Mary, or of Henry VIII. The country was mad. The king, sworn to Protestantism, opened his private chapel in his palace and publicly elevated the Host. If treason and rebellion stalked through the land, remember how that king had forfeited his coronation vows. Remember that Jesuitism was every where, in the highest and lowest places in the land. Only hurry your eye along the topics of excitement which formed the staple of conversation in those days at the old house on the grange, by the hostel fireside, in the city, and on the exchange. James II. was one of the most cruel and revengeful princes that ever wore a crown. He lived by revenge. Titus Oates was, we fear, worthy of all he received, but he lived in a day when corruption was fashionable, when integrity and modesty were regarded as mere tricks of commerce; when perjury was a very innocent and common-place kind of vice. He aimed high. He *was* a villain, but there was a foundation for his villainy in the state of the times; but James when he ascended to power did not forgive him. The pillory and cart's tail were ordinary implements of justice then, but scarcely ever before or since was there so brutal and horrible a sentence. He had been the people's favorite, the idol of the nation. His coarse, low, hard face and baboon visage did impersonate to the people their hatred of Popery. He stood in the pillory twice. He was flogged through the city from Aldgate to Tyburn through two days. It seemed impossible that he could survive the horrible lash. The multitudes thronged the streets; the blood streamed in rivulets. The hangman laid on the lash with such severity that it was clear "he had received special instructions." James was entreated to remit the second flogging. His answer was short and decided: "He shall go through with it if he has breath in his body." Strange, freakish fortune! The rascal did survive it, and received from the government, in a few years, not his sentence of annual pillory and perpetual imprisonment, but a pension of four hun-

dred pounds. Very different was the character of Samuel Johnson; a patriot—a somewhat mistaken and especially a misled one—he received a sentence almost as cruel. He hated Popery and King James with a good fervent hatred. We have no fellow-feeling with Macaulay in his sneer at the intemperance of this well-meaning and much-abused man. The clergy stripped his gown from his back. "You are taking my gown from off my back for trying to keep yours on your own backs," said he; and he was right. They plucked the Bible from his hands; it was part of the form. "You can not," said he, seizing it, and bursting into tears, "deprive me of the hopes I owe to it." They flogged him, with a scourge of nine lashes, from Newgate to Tyburn. The king was interceded with again and again on his behalf; but there was no remission of sentence to be obtained. "Mr. Johnson has the spirit of a martyr; it is fit that he should be one," was the reply of this great champion for freedom of conscience. During the flogging he never winced. Oates had roared and bellowed all the way. He said the pain was cruel, but he remembered how patiently the cross had been borne up Calvary; and, only that he feared to incur the suspicion of vain-glory, he would have sung a psalm. We confess our heart leaps more at this endurance and sustenance of the simple-minded clergyman than at any of the incidents of the trial of the bishops. These were some of the amusing exhibitions James provided for his admiring people—these were some of the modes by which he attempted to conciliate public opinion to his favor—but they were not all.

He equalled himself when he elevated to the bench, and made Lord Chief Justice, a man whose name has never, in any English court of judicature, had its parallel for brutality and shameless infamy. His court was the den of a wild beast. Charles II. said of him: "That man has no learning, no sense, no manners, and more impudence than ten carted street-walkers." He was fond of harrowing the feelings of his victims. The dear and glorious Richard Baxter, that chosen ornament of the piety and holy wisdom of our nation, narrowly escaped flogging at the cart's tail. Think of that, and then think what those times must have been. He loved to sentence women to be flogged

in public. "Hangman," he would say, "I charge you to pay particular attention to this lady. Scourge her soundly, man; scourge her till the blood runs down! It is Christmas—a cold time for Madam to strip in; see that you warm her shoulders thoroughly." In this way his humorous and facetious spirit showed itself. One can not but feel interested in the courtship and married life of this English Haynau. We said the nation was wrought to madness—and yet how many blows of cruel tyranny had to be struck before the mild and merciful English people determined that the judgment should fall! The reader remembers the days of the battle of Sedgemoor—the rebellion of Monmouth. He remembers that Bloody Assize—that clot of gore on the memory of James. Those were the days in which the beautiful Lady Alice Lisle was sentenced by the butcher to be burnt "that very afternoon," for affording only food and shelter to two runaway rebels from Sedgemoor, and who was actually for that crime beheaded—beheaded only because they were strangers and taken in, hungry and fed! Elizabeth Gaunt had given bread and shelter, too, to a villain; he informed against her, and she was burnt at Tyburn. In the Bloody Assize, Jeffreys boasted that he had hanged more traitors than all his predecessors since the Conquest. In the west of England, on every spot where two roads met, on every village green, a gallows and gibbet were erected; "before every church some blameless neighbor grinned in iron." The bloody passion of the Lord Chief Justice had been shown by his causing the court of Taunton to be hung with red cloth. Lord Stowell ventured to remonstrate on the remorseless manner in which his poor neighbors had been butchered: so he was favored by having a corpse suspended in chains at his park gates. The Lord Chief Justice and the king were worthy of each other. We know what Jeffreys was; we know what the king was, too. He could not forgive; he could not spare; he could not conciliate. After his calm and peaceful sleep in his cell, the great and holy Duke of Argyle stepped forth from his prison to lay his gray hairs on the scaffold. For Monmouth we do not feel so much sympathy. We perhaps should feel none if the king had not contrived to give to his execution those circumstances tending to create detestation

to him and sympathy for the Duke. "You had better be frank with me," said James to Mr. Ayloffe, one of the rebels, when before the council; "you know it is in my power to pardon you." "I know it is in your power, but it is not in your nature," replied the sturdy and undaunted man. Then came the trial of the bishops—a very light affair, as it seems to us, compared with other transactions, but exhibiting a determined disposition on the part of the king to crush all law and to reign paramount—especially to bring back and to exalt Romanism; to violate coronation oaths and every principle of faith and duty. *It was time that James should go—it was time that William should come.* It is impossible to refrain from indignation at our position in those days—this great and mighty land a pensionary on the will of France and Louis. Every principle of justice invaded and inverted. All things, all national affairs, adrift. *It was time that William should come.* The bustle of preparation had been going on for some time at the Hague. Louis knew it, and longed to save James from disgrace; but he was blind as well as mad. He rushed, all his life long, upon his doom, as if impelled by a fate; and something like a Grecian fatalism does seem to run through all that family. James fled—left London without a monarch and a head—*fled like himself*—dared to fling the great seals into the Thames—left his metropolis to the wild horrors of the Irish night—but not before William had been received by the people of the West. By this great revolution no law had been suspended—no cruelty characterized the transition of power. James had abdicated, and was virtually dead. William succeeded by popular acclamation to the throne. The answer of old Maynard, who had accused Stafford in Westminster Hall, and was now ninety years of age, when, on the lawyers paying their homage to William, the king said: "Why, Mr. Sergeant, you have survived all the lawyers of your standing." "Yes, Sir," said the old man; "and, but for your Highness, I should have survived the laws too." How this happy, witty, and most elegant answer illustrates that revolution! These are the times—these are the events—on which our historian has expended his happiest powers.

For one thing we may be especially grateful to our writer, among others: he

has done justice to William III.—a tardy justice is done to the memories of men, and in our age especially dead heroes seem to be perpetually starting from their tombs, to be reniched in history. The insolence with which by many writers the memory of William has been treated, is intolerable. That gross partisan, Miss Strickland, usually calls him "the Dutchman," and other writers are similarly loyal and courteous to his memory. Macaulay has done for him what Carlyle has done for Cromwell—throughout the volumes William's name stands forward, commanding our homage by his bearing, and true and unmistakable royalty. Of the three men, Cromwell, Charles II., and William, the last, says Macaulay, seems to have fared the worst; Cromwell was hated, but he was strong, no one could doubt, and he had many of those popular traits which compel history to speak reverently of a man; he had a grand and daring enthusiasm, and he swept to and fro, fierce, mighty, and terribly powerful; he effectually quelled all faction in his day, and as Landor has admirably said: "In his dealings with the sovereigns of Europe, he entered their courts as into a den of tigers, and scourged them out howling." Charles II. was a man very unlike James II., a bad man, a very bad prince, but he had all the qualifications of a great favorite; he could lounge in the park, or on the Mall, chat with Dryden, saunter with his favorite courtiers, and even affect a graceful unbending to men not belonging to the court; he could always slap Buckingham or Rochester on the back, and everlastingly had some good and smart thing on his tongue. William was the reverse of all this; he was unlike both of these men—he had not the mingled power, majesty, and enthusiasm of the first: he had none of the good-humor and affability of the last; but he was a great man and a great king. "He could not adorn a court—he could save a nation;" he had no winning vices, he could not chatter about actresses or race cups; he had no chivalrous feelings for women; and when he asked the Princess Anne to dine with him, he devoured the whole dish of the first green peas without offering her a spoonful! This was dreadful, and proved him to be a low Dutch boor. Even you and I, reader, could not have sat quietly by and beheld that—and who could? Moreover, his pronunciation was quite German, or Dutch,

when he spoke at all, but he usually preserved a chilling silence. But, although he had few courtly manners at his command, he had a great deal of honesty. He was able to cope with France, he made England independent again; "he served our nation well," although surrounded by men who were, as he well knew, traitors to his government and his interest. He was a free man himself, and had, we believe, what is often found behind rugged and ill-fashioned behavior, a gentleman's soul. When they tendered him the oaths and crown of Scotland, he spoke out publicly, for he knew the factions there: "I will not," he said, "lay myself under any obligations to be a persecutor." "Neither the words of that oath," said one of the commissioners, "nor the laws of Scotland, lay such obligation on your Majesty." "In that sense, then, I swear," said he, "but I desire you all, my lords and gentlemen, to witness that I do so."

Who does not feel the witchery of Macaulay's *interesting* power. One of the slightest and most insignificant sources of his popular strength, is not merely his power of narration in the whole, but his power of telling a short story. He is a master of anecdote; he has a fund and variety of illustrative incident at his command; he makes a little story to do the work of a happy image. Thus King William had very little faith in touching for the king's evil, as his ancestors through immemorial ages had done. William had too much sense to be duped, and too much honesty to bear a part in what he knew to be an imposture. "It is a silly superstition," he exclaimed, when he heard that, at the close of Lent, his palace was besieged by a crowd of the sick; "give the poor creatures some money, and send them away." On one single occasion, he was importuned into laying his hands on a patient: "God give you better health," he said, "and more sense!"

At the siege of Namur, "while the conflict was raging, William, who was giving his orders under a shower of bullets, saw, with surprise and anger, among the officers of his staff, Michael Godfrey, the deputy-governor of the Bank of England. This gentleman had come to the king's head-quarters, in order to make some arrangement for the speedy and safe remittance of money from England to the army in the Netherlands, and was

curious to see real war. Such curiosity William could not endure. 'Mr. Godfrey,' he said, 'you ought not to run such hazards; you are not a soldier; you can be of no use here.' 'Sir,' answered Godfrey, 'I run no more hazard than your Majesty.' 'Not so,' said William, 'I am where it is my duty to be, and I may without hesitation commit my life to God's keeping. But you—' while they were talking, a cannon ball from the ramparts laid Godfrey dead at the king's feet. It was not found, however, that the fear of being Godfreyed—such was during some time the cant phrase—sufficed to keep idle gazers from coming to the trenches. Though William forbade his coachmen, footmen, and cooks to expose themselves, he repeatedly saw them skulking near the most dangerous spots, and trying to get a peep at the fighting. He was sometimes, it is said, provoked into horse-whipping them out of the range of the French guns; and the story, whether true or false, is very characteristic."

We all know how well Macaulay delights in painting the portraits of statesmen—we think we must say, of corrupt statesmen. The age he has undertaken to paint was eminently the age of corruption; never before nor since has England had a race of men so wholly, and shamelessly, and shamefully bad in her council chambers. The men Macaulay has painted are many of them those whom Pope satirized; and in the measured march of our author's pages, in the terrible energy with which he lays his dreadful scourge of the half-narrative, half-satiric essay on their memory, we are reminded greatly of the manner of Pope. Our historian seems to love to

"Bare the base heart that lurks beneath a star."

Had he lived in Pope's day, we believe he would have said with him:

"I own I'm proud; I must be proud to see
Those not afraid of God afraid of me."

Perhaps there is too much of the concentrated venom of his satires in these characterizations—he groups so bitterly, so intensely and remorselessly, all the worst particulars of a lifetime, and of a character. You see the black shadow so haunting the man, that you are often reminded of an anecdote of Lord Chester-

field Mr. Hannay has used with some skill, in his very interesting lectures on satire and satirists. The servant of Lord Chesterfield was once scolded by his master for bringing in a dirty plate; the fellow replied rather impudently, that every body must eat a peck of dirt in this life. "Yes!" replied his lordship, "but not all at one meal, you dirty dog, not all at one meal." Lord Macaulay does gather all the little dirty particulars about a man together; on a single page all the dirt of a lifetime is there; one can not but exclaim: "Not all the dirt at once, my lord, not all at once." We think, indeed, the race of statesmen was so thoroughly bad, that it is scarcely possible to exaggerate the vice and villany of most of those great actors. Many readers may possibly be surprised to find the disgraceful and debased depravity of some men, who have been the darlings of many generations; among others, the great Duke of Marlborough is made to sneak to and fro through these pages, with the stealthy step and the soiled garments of a double traitor, guilty of treason to James and blacker treason to William. His moral character is summed in a few sentences: "The loss of half-a-guinea would have done more to spoil his appetite and his slumbers than all the terrors of an evil conscience." Sunderland was another of those State renegades, perpetually in the auction mart, waiting for the highest bidder—King James, or King William, or King Louis. Have you not his whole character, the character of that arch plotter, that engaging and apparent frankness, those courtly and most undissembling manners, when you are told: "His talents were not those of a public speaker: the art by which he surpassed all men was the art of whispering?"

There is one personage in his history, on whom Macaulay lingers with great affection, Halifax the Trimmer. We have little to urge against that illustrious nobleman; but we believe he reflects in a very eminent manner the character of the historian himself; it is very true, the man who conscientiously maintains his place in the temperate zone of politics and morals may be a most conscientious upright man in most of the relations of life and in his relations to government. It is not to be doubted that Halifax was perfectly conscientious; he adopted the epithet, the Trimmer, and published a tract in defense

of the term full of beautiful and felicitous writing. Halifax occupied a very prominent and foremost position among the statesmen of his age, and his character stands among the highest; he was an eminently wary and cautious nobleman, he had more purpose in his character, and a greater disposition to a political career than Horace Walpole, but he belonged to the same order of mind also as that represented by Chesterfield, the mind that leans to epicurean indulgence. Such men have no conceptions of inflexible and eternal justice—they are exceedingly like Fielding's celebrated hero, the philosopher Square—captivated and led by the "eternal fitness of things," which eternal fitness usually signifies the comfortable side of life. There is a goodness of humor, and equanimity of temper, which compels them frequently to take part with the true; the beautiful and the good in them struggles against tyranny and oppression; but they are far removed from the grandeur of Roman virtue, and still farther from the sublimity of Christian principle; they have no passions to impel them, and their principles are measured by fitness and expediency, hence, you will seldom be far wrong in following them, if you measure your success by worldly considerations. These men step forward upon state occasions, and their known caution of character surrounds them with an immense *prestige*; there is no vulgar taint among them, there is no vulgar contact—earnestness they never felt, yet they absolutely mean well—they are not mere time-servers, although they allow their characters to be rounded and modified by the time; you may on the whole rely upon them, but never if you advance to the neighborhood of extremes. You must not indeed expect a consistency shaped from the loftiest model, such a consistency would be inconsistent indeed with that character; they do not deal in convictions, but opinions, which are a very different thing, nor are they guided by conscientious scruples, for they can not understand them, and they will sneer at yours; but unable morally to appreciate them, intellectually and civilly they will make an allowance for them. You find this character most in the parlors and drawing-rooms of easy country gentlemen; a large library in a shady park has a mighty tendency to produce this state of feeling; it is intense action, and a life

passed in the neighborhood of it, that arouses to strong and passionate emotion, and to high-hearted and high-minded resolve and principle; to sail upon a delightful stream of reading, to walk round the ancestral farms and halls, may widen the vision of the intellectual eye, they do not usually intensify the moral nature.

These were the men of all men, and men far worse than this type, by whom the great Revolution of 1688 was achieved—is it not amazing that such men should have achieved such a work? This revolution was one of the most safe, remarkable, and important the history of the world has recorded. Macaulay's History is a peal of applause in its praise. That revolution has been little understood. But we have approached more nearly to the comprehension of it lately. Charles James Fox, Sir James Mackintosh, Amand Carrel, had left little for us to receive of actual impression from these pages. We know that that revolution had reality in it—that it took place in harmony with prescription and law—that it was inevitable—that our fathers, who had achieved it, were thrown upon the first initial letters and principles of government. We know that that Revolution was founded on moral wants, and in the invasion of moral rights. We know that it settled and consolidated the power of the Commons, and limited and fenced in by the sacred bonds of law the prerogative of the Prince. We know that that revolution was essentially Protestant, and that it was not only a magnificent stand for Civil Liberty, but a protest and an indorsement of Religious Freedom. We know that it chartered the power of the people. That it was very defective we know. That the men who accomplished it neither regarded it as perfect, nor aimed to make it so; but that it contained an elasticity and spring by which ever since that auspicious day when William landed at Torbay, and that other, when he received the crown from the hands of Halifax, our country has been increasing in freedom and intelligence, and in moral and material power—this we know. But we marvel how it happened that these great and glorious things should be achieved by men among the most degraded and corrupt our country has ever known.

There are grave charges to be preferred against Macaulay, but we take one of the gravest to be, that he is in a most eminent

degree the historian of success. Great men and successful men, these are the subjects of his history. It seems very plain that with him the dignity of history must not stoop from its lofty place to give any lengthened details of other characters than statesmen. He loves ever to look at literary men best in their relation to the state. It seems as though he could not look at a literary work or a literary man by the light of his own or its own character and genius; it is his political associations which make him interesting; none of his papers are literary alone; if he begins with literature he soon diverges into politics; in that field he is eminently at home, and he does not wish to return.

Lord Macaulay has passed away, leaving several matters of alleged injustice unchanged in his history. The Bishop of Exeter has one ground of quarrel with him, and Robert Chambers and all Scotchmen have another. We fear his prejudices, as a Whig of 1688, were bitter and partial in the extreme, and they will not serve the trustworthiness and the higher fame of his brilliant history. Mr. Hepworth Dixon, with some justice, tells against him the old anecdote of the juror in a court of law, who, when the counsel for the prosecution had finished his statement, said, "Now I will call for the witnesses," exclaimed: "Look you; please you, we believe every word that you have said, and we do not want any witnesses." And Lord Macaulay seems to "believe every word he writes, and he don't want any witnesses."

Thus, we believe, his greatest historical heresy is his treatment of William Penn. It is not only a literary peccadillo, it almost amounts to a moral crime. And when we read his pertinacious estimate of the great man, and remember the whole facts to which he refers, the reflection is forced upon us—this, then, is history! Against the clearest light, against facts most incontestable, he still persists in treating with contempt, which is not dignity, not only the memory of the illustrious founder of Pennsylvania, but the indisputable evidences to the veracity and honesty of his character. Penn's is a venerable name; it stands among the most beloved in the heroic records of our country. Well, he was a Quaker, which, with Lord Macaulay, since the Quakers defeated him in the Edinburgh election, was a crime; but he sacrificed a fortune and position in life, in

order that he might faithfully fulfill his conceptions of duty. It is very true, as Macaulay says, he is a mythic character. And, for a long time in the New World, the children of Onas regarded him as their Apollo or Numa. His goodness, indeed, was the true complement of his greatness. Penn was so unfortunate as to be the creditor and the ward of a bad and tyrannical king. Yet Penn's friendships were with Algernon Sydney and other noble, patriotic spirits of that stamp and build. He advised the king to steps which might have saved him from exile, and preserved to him his throne. The most serious charge preferred against Penn is one which clearly, by a reference to the papers in the State Paper Office, should be preferred against a *Mr. George Penn*. But this, especially, leads to the suggestion whether the less noticeable facts in the history have been allowed to bear the color of the same bitter, party prejudice.

We have, in this slight paper, perhaps renewed a few of the impressions which have frequently pressed and crowded through the reader's mind in the course of the perusal of the fascinating volumes. Certainly they occupy their own very distinct place in the galleries of our literature. We have no writing exactly like it. What an immense monarchy of books it represents! What an acquaintance with the details of things and events! These volumes are the poetry of the library—certainly their author was no man to live without books. He devoured them greedily, voraciously—not perhaps with the voracity, the omnivorousness of Southey, who was a literary Dragon of Wantley; but fastening on a book, and seeming to get the very one trifling fact for which the fates had preserved it to that hour. Some men read books as easily as an experienced hand shells oysters; and to continue the image, the truth is, there are very few books whose shell does not outweigh their oyster; but your experienced book-worm easily gets his knife into them, quite as amazing to the uninitiated as the rapid work of experienced oyster opening. And so our author often seems instinctively to have noted the *one* fact the knowledge of which made the reading of the book at all desirable. And, to our writer, every book he read was a kind of bridge, over which he passed into the realms of enlarged and vividly realized fact. He was a "*helluo librorum*." This plainly we see. But it

were better for us were he less *merely* this. We can not say he adds to the stock of our ideas; he does not enlarge our conceptions; and indeed it is very necessary to remind the reader that he is not to expect any evidences of religious knowledge in this writer. The great religious actors of the world are regarded simply from their relation to the great painting in hand; they were there, and it was necessary that they should occupy their place on the canvas, and in the group, the historical *tableaux* would be incomplete without them; but for all the great rhapsodies of stormy passion, for the voices—unheard by others—which call, and for the shapes which—unseen by others—mysteriously beckon, we can very well feel that our writer had a great contempt. When a man like Cromwell has so subjected his passions, although commanded by them, that they have elevated him to a place from whence he rules the canvas, he deserves a different mode of treatment. He is now to be spoken of as becomes the dignity of history; but for a George Fox, or St. Francis, he has neither sympathy nor honor. Macaulay's mind was so constituted that if you did not compel his attachment and sympathy as an artist, you were sure not to have it as a man. And in religion—we for our part are unable to perceive that there is any thing more than a graceful and accommodating Deism; the special Providence which raises up great men, watches over them, gives them their commission, makes them heralds and missionaries, there is nothing of this in any line that our author has ever written. No awful words, no contending passions and powers beheld in their tempest and storm, are in these pages. Here is no prophecy—none of that poetry winged by magnificent impulse and emotion. How charming—how admirable—how well expressed—how happily put—how fine that diction—how grateful that compliment—how delightful that delineation—how bitter that paragraph—these are your criticisms. There is no blazing red hot curse on the evil; there is no lofty and cheering hymn of rapture to encourage the good; we think these books are very Erastitian; they are epicurean and indifferent; whoever the writer may portray, whatever event he may describe, he never seems to rise above an interested spectator; he never loses himself in the scene; he is not one of the actors. But I must close. It

would be interesting to compare our writer with that pillar of fiery cloud, Thomas Carlyle—with Michelet and Thierry, the great historians of the French school; with Schlegel and the great historians of the German school; with Prescott and Hallam, the historians of exact and balance-

ed taste and judgment. But the mention of these names assure us how far he is *from* all, and how independent *of* all—removed equally from those who write history like a fanciful novel and those who write it like a psychological philosophy.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE. BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

VIII.

HOW KIT WAS APPOINTED THE KING'S DWARF; AND HOW GOO, GOO, AND MAGOG CRAVED A BOON OF THE KING.

AT noon on the day following, the youthful king, with the Lord Protector, and all the members of the upper and lower councils, met for deliberation within the great council-chamber in the White Tower. Though Edward sat in a chair of state, and ostensibly presided over the assemblage, it was quite evident that his voice had little weight, and that the real ruler was Hertford. All measures were proposed by the Lord Protector—all questions settled by him. As a matter of form, every matter deliberated upon by the council was submitted to the throne; out the king's advice was so asked, that the answer could only be given in the way desired by the Lord Protector.

Generally, the council seemed willing to act as Hertford desired, with the exception of the Lord Chancellor; but as yet he had merely exhibited a few symptoms of hostility, no matter having arisen of sufficient importance to justify decided opposition. Slight as they were, these indications were sufficient for the Lord Protector, and he resolved to be beforehand with his opponent, and to find a speedy pretext for his removal from the council.

After the main causes had been determined, two other matters were brought forward by the Lord Protector, which, it

might naturally be presumed, would be of especial interest to the King—namely, the interment of his late royal father, and his own coronation. The former ceremonial was appointed to take place in the chapel of Saint George, in Windsor Castle, on Wednesday, the 16th of February; while the latter was fixed for February the 20th, the Sunday after the funeral.

Some time was occupied in discussing the arrangements of both these ceremonies. Nothing was determined upon with regard to the coronation, save that, on account of the king's tender years, it ought to be materially abridged, while several important alterations in the forms were proposed by the Archbishop of Canterbury—but these were left for future consideration. It was decided, however, that Henry's interment should be conducted upon a scale of unheard-of magnificence, and with all the pomp and solemnity befitting so renowned a monarch. This design was to be fully carried out, even if the exchequer should be drained by the cost.

Edward seemed comparatively indifferent to the ordering of the solemn act that was to place the crown upon his brows, but he exhibited marked anxiety that the utmost respect should be paid to the memory of his mighty father; and entirely concurred in the propriety of making due provision to give unwonted solemnity and grandeur to his interment.

"As my father was the noblest and greatest of kings during his life," he said, "so it is meet he should be borne more honorably than any other to the grave."

Little share was taken in these deliberations by Sir Thomas Seymour, but he was not idle. He employed his time in the advancement of his ulterior designs, and strove by every means in his power to ingratiate himself with his colleagues. Perceiving the covert hostility of the Lord Chancellor, he made cautious overtures to him, but these were haughtily repelled by Wriothesley, who showed no disposition to act in concert with him.

At the bottom of the ill-feeling subsisting between the two Seymours lay Lord Lisle. By his arts, he had sharpened their mutual dislike into hatred, their jealousy into active animosity, and their want of forgiveness for slight wrong into fierce vindictiveness.

Lord Lisle had long since perceived the growing animosity between the brothers, and cautiously fostered it, in the hope that the designs of the younger brother to supplant the elder might occasion the downfall of both, and leave the stage free to himself. He therefore gave all the encouragement he could do, without committing himself, to Sir Thomas's aspiring projects, and led him to conclude he would join any cabal formed against the Lord Protector. With the elder Seymour his course was simpler. By inflaming Hertford's jealousy, and poisoning his mind against his turbulent brother, he rendered a good understanding between them impossible. It was Lisle who informed the Lord Protector that the young king had stolen from his chamber at an early hour in order to obtain a private interview with his favorite uncle; and though the maker of the mischief joined with Sir John Gage in the good Constable's efforts to heal the difference between the brothers, he knew he could easily undo the work, and widen the breach he pretended to repair.

So far from suspecting Lisle of treachery, or in any way distrusting him, Hertford regarded him as one of the firmest of his partisans. He knew him to be rapacious, daring, and unscrupulous, but he had no conception of the towering nature of his ambition, or of the mark at which he aimed. Deceived by the other's professions of gratitude, and fancying he had purchased his fidelity, Hertford took

him entirely into his confidence, and laid open his breast to him. At this moment it would have been easy to crush such a foe; but the Lord Protector unwittingly let the opportunity pass by.

On the present occasion, Lisle did not fail to point out to the Lord Protector that his brother was intriguing with certain members of the council against him, and he advised him to beware. Hertford replied, with a significant look, that he would not neglect the caution.

On the breaking up of the assemblage, Edward signified his intention of visiting certain portions of the fortress, and directed Sir John Gage and his younger uncle to attend him during the inspection. The Lord Protector, whom it was needful to consult, even on so unimportant a matter, at once assented to the arrangement, but somewhat marred his royal nephew's satisfaction by offering to join the party with Lord Lisle.

The day was exceedingly fine, and very favorable for the promenade. Indeed, ever since Edward's accession to the throne, the weather had been most propitious. A sharp frost had now lasted for more than a week, and the atmosphere, though keen, was dry and wholesome. Moreover, the sun was shining brightly, and gave a pleasant and lively character to the scene, depriving the hoary walls of the keep and the grim-looking towers surrounding the inner ward of much of their customary gloomy character. The spacious area, known as Tower-green, was at this time, as we have already shown, thronged from morn to eve; but it chanced to be more crowded than usual at the moment when Edward issued from the portals of the White Tower with his two uncles and his other attendants. As soon as the assemblage became aware of the young sovereign's presence amongst them, loud acclamations resounded on all sides, and a great rush was made in the direction of the royal party.

While Edward was moving slowly along through the crowd, his attention was caught by a fantastic little figure, which at first he took for a monkey, but on examining the grotesque object more narrowly, he found it to be human—though the smallest specimen of full-grown humanity he had ever set eyes upon. Attired in a tiny doublet of bright orange-colored satin puffed out with white, with hose to match, the mauikin wore a

scarlet cloth mantle lined with sky-blue silk, about large enough to cover the shoulders of a Barbary ape. In his hand the little being held a flat bonnet of green velvet, which he waved enthusiastically to the King. The dwarf's features were decidedly of a simious character, the nose being flat, with wide nostrils, and having a long interval between it and the mouth, and the hair being of a tawny hue, with a marked resemblance to fur. The position occupied by this grotesque little personage was such as enabled him to overlook the royal party; he being perched on the broad shoulders of a gigantic warder, whose colossal frame towered far above the heads of the bystanders.

This tremendous son of Anak was quite as noticeable in his way as his pigmy companion—more so, perhaps. His features were broad and good-humored, and mightily pleased the King, who could not help regarding him with a certain degree of wondering admiration. Clad in the scarlet cassock of a warder, with the rose and crown embroidered on the front and back, the giant carried a partisan almost as long as the spear of Goliath of Gath.

"Marry, that should be one of the three giants of the Tower of whom I have heard tell," observed Edward to Sir John Gage, halting as he spoke; "but who is the pigmy upon his shoulders?"

"Hath not your highness heard of Xit, the famous dwarf of the Tower?" cried the manikin, anticipating the Constable's reply. "I am he. And it rejoices me thus to be able to wish your majesty a long and prosperous reign. Long live the noble King Edward!" he exclaimed, at the top of his shrill voice, waving his cap to the crowd, who loudly repeated the cry. "This overgrown fellow, an please your majesty, is Og—not Og, King of Basan—but Og of the Tower," he continued, patting the giant's head, which was almost on a level with his own; "and yonder, on either side of the gate of the Cold Harbor Tower, stand his two brothers, Gog and Magog. There is not much difference of size amongst them, but, if any thing, Og, though the eldest, is the lesser of the three; howbeit, he is the broadest across the shoulders."

"If nature hath given thee but a small frame, she appears to have furnished thee with a glib tongue, sirrah," replied the King, laughing.

"I complain not of nature, my gracious

liege," rejoined Xit. "True 'tis, she hath stinted me of my fair proportions, but if she hath denied me lofty stature, she hath given me in revenge more brains than she hath lodged in the thick skull of this mighty Anakim."

"Peace, thou saucy jackanapes, or I will dash thee to the ground," cried Og, angry at the laughter of the bystanders.

"That shouldst thou not, wert thou as powerful as thy namesake of Basan," cried Xit, clinging with great tenacity to his locks. "I descend not from my station unless at his highness's bidding. Remove me an thou dar'st!"

"Set him down before me," said Edward, much diverted by the scene, "and take heed thou dost not harm him."

"Hear'st thou not his majesty's command, base giant?" cried Xit, pulling him by the ear. "Place me on the ground gently and gracefully."

Thus enjoined, Og stepped forward, and bent down in order to allow Xit to spring from his shoulder.

But though the giant stooped his huge frame as much as he conveniently could, Xit had still rather a high jump to make, and his foot unluckily catching in the puffed-out wing of Og's cassock, he alighted upon his head amid the irrepressible laughter of the beholders.

Luckily, the dwarf's head was tolerably thick, so no great damage was done him, neither was he much disconcerted. Picking himself quickly up, he rated Og for his clumsiness, sharply reproved the bystanders for their unseemly merriment, which caused them to laugh the more, and then made a profound, and, as he conceived, courtier-like obeisance to the King.

"What office dost thou fill in the Tower, sirrah, if there be an office small enough to fit thee?" inquired Edward.

"Any office would fit me, an please your majesty, since my capacity is equal to the greatest," answered Xit readily; "but desert, as I need not remind so wise a prince, doth not always meet reward. At this moment I am out of office, or rather, I should say, I have been unaccountably overlooked. Honors and posts have fallen on taller men's heads, but not on mine, which they would have suited equally well—mayhap better."

"Your majesty's august father always kept a fool—nay, three—to make him merry with quip and quirk," remarked Sir Thomas Seymour. "Will Somers,

Sexton, and Patch are out of date; but this conceited Dandiprat might fill the place of one of them, and serve to divert your grace."

"By the rood! I like your notion well, gentle uncle," rejoined Edward, with boyish delight. "Thou shalt be my fool, sirrah, if thou wilt," he added to Xit.

"I will be aught your majesty may deign to make me," responded the dwarf, "and I thank you, in all humility, for your goodness; but I would fain have the designation of my office slightly changed. Half-witted buffoons, like Will Somers and his compeers, might well be styled 'fools,' seeing they were little better; but for me, I have ever been noted for sprightliness and wit, and I hope to divert your highness in a very different sort from dullards like to those."

"If thou lik'st not to be called 'court fool,' will 'court jester' suit thee better, thou malapert little knave?" asked Sir Thomas Seymour.

"It may suit me, yet I like it not," replied Xit. "If I sought to be styled 'jester' instead of 'fool,' it would prove me a great fool and a sorry jester—a jester being the greatest of fools, since every man may make game of him, which, I promise your worship, no man shall do with me."

"Aha! thou art as difficult to please as a breeding dame, thou saucy little varlet," laughed Seymour. "What title will please thee?"

"An I be simply termed his majesty's faithful dwarf, I shall be well satisfied," returned Xit, bowing obsequiously.

"Have thy wish, then," said Edward, delighted by the manikin's readiness. "Henceforth I take thee into my service under that designation. Thou shalt have a dwarf's wages and a dwarf's livery."

"Let my wages be full-grown, though my livery be never so scant, an please your majesty," rejoined Xit. "If my hire be proportioned to my size, it will come to little. Measure it rather by yonder giant. Howbeit, in any case, I humbly thank your highness. Grant me a sword, and my happiness will be complete."

"A bodkin would suit thee better," observed Seymour. "What should such a jackanapes as thou do with a sword?"

"Use it in his majesty's defense, and in the maintenance of mine own honor," replied Xit, with the pride of an offended Castilian.

"Nay, if a sword will make thee happy, my cutler shall provide thee one," said the King. "Hie thee and bring those giant warders before me. I am curious to behold them."

"Your highness's commands shall be promptly obeyed," replied Xit, darting off toward the Wardrobe Tower.

"Ho there! ye dull and sluggish Titans," vociferated the dwarf, as he drew near the gateway beside which Gog and Magog were stationed. "Ho there, I say! Are ye deaf as well as stupid? Come with me instantly!"

"Wherefore should we go with thee, thou restless gad-about?" rejoined Gog, leaning on his tall partisan, and looking down good-humoredly at him.

"Question not, but follow," cried Xit authoritatively.

"Even if we cared to comply, we could not," rejoined Magog, the youngest and largest of the three giants. "Our post is at this gate, and we may not quit it till the guard be relieved."

"But I am sent by the King's majesty to bring you to him, rebellious Titans," cried Xit. "Disobey at your peril!"

"Is this one of the gamesome little bawcock's jests, think'st thou, Gog?" said the younger giant.

"I know not," replied the other. "His majesty is yonder—but if we stir from our posts without the Lieutenant's license, we shall be reprimanded."

"But my order is from a greater than the Lieutenant, or even than the Constable, and ye had best not neglect it," cried Xit, stamping his tiny foot impatiently on the ground. "Know, ye incredulous bawsons, that I am now one of the royal household."

"Nay, an thou affirmest that, I doubt all the rest," said Magog. "I stir not hence."

"Neither do I," added Gog. "Thou must invent a better tale than this, thou false innp, to lure us from our duty."

"On my soul! your stupidity is on a par with your stature, ye huge puzzle-pates," cried Xit. "Ye are keeping the King's majesty waiting all this time. Ye shall ride the wooden horse and brook the stinging lash, if you detain me much longer."

"An it be true that the King hath sent for us, we ought to go," observed Magog, with a perplexed look.

"Assuredly," returned Gog; "but we

have no certitude on the point. Ha! here comes Og to help us in the dilemma. What must we do, brother?" he added, as the third giant approached them with mighty strides.

"Stay where you are," replied Og. "The King will be here anon. Nay, Xit hath not deceived you," he added, seeing them look at the dwarf; "he was sent to bring you into the royal presence, but since then, his majesty having been informed, by the Constable of the Tower, that you are on duty here, would not have you disturbed, but is coming hither himself."

"His highness will be here in a trice," said Xit, perceiving that the royal party was drawing nigh. "Take pattern by me, and demean yourselves properly."

In another moment Edward and his attendants came up. The three gigantic warders were now standing together, and as their big burly frames were bent toward the youthful and fragile-looking King, it was like three sturdy oaks inclining to a slender reed.

"A boon! a boon! an please your majesty!" exclaimed the three giants, in concert. "A boon we crave at your royal hands."

"Name it, good fellows," replied Edward, well pleased by their appearance.

"Fain would we be allowed some part, however humble, at your majesty's approaching coronation," said Magog, who acted as spokesman for the others.

"The request is granted as soon as preferred," replied Edward graciously. "The Lord Chamberlain shall assign you a fitting part in the ceremony."

"Gramercy, my gracious liege," cried the three giants together.

"Bestow upon them ten broad pieces each, Sir John," said Edward to the Constable, "as an earnest of our future favor."

"Your majesty is over bountiful," rejoined Magog modestly. "Howbeit, I make bold to say that your highness hath not three truster subjects than my brothers and myself."

"Not three taller subjects, certes," rejoined Edward; "and I doubt not trusty as tall. There must be no pageant or court-show without these lusty fellows," he added to Sir John Gage.

"Tis what they are specially fit for, my gracious liege," said the Constable. "Your angust father loved to see their burly figures in a pageant."

"Your majesty's condescension makes us proud," said Gog. "We shall hold our heads higher ever afterward."

"No occasion for that," rejoined Xit. "Marry, your heads are too much i' the air already."

"Let us now to the Bloody Tower, good Sir John," said Edward to the Constable. "You promised to show me the chamber where the murder of the young princes was done."

"I will conduct your highness thither at once," replied Gage.

"Nay, I must have thy company, my merry little knave," cried Edward, seeing Xit look at him beseechingly. "I have conceived a liking for thee. Thy humor pleases me. Follow in my train."

Made supremely happy by the permission thus graciously accorded him, Xit strutted after the royal party like a peacock with its tail displayed in the sun.

IX.

IN WHAT MANNER MAUGER, THE HEADSMAN, FORETOLD THAT CERTAIN LORDS SHOULD DIE BY HIS HAND.

On reaching the wide, deep archway of the Bloody Tower, then secured at either end by strong gates and a ponderous portcullis, the royal party came to a halt, and a few moments were occupied by Edward in examining the beautiful groining and tracery of the vaulted roof. His curiosity satisfied in this respect, the young monarch was conducted by Sir John Gage to a postern on the east side of the gateway, which led to a small gloomy stone chamber, or rather vault, wherein, according to tradition, the victims of the ruthless Gloucester's cruelty were interred.

The Constable would fain have dissuaded the young King from entering this dismal vault, and the gate-porter who was with them appeared extremely reluctant to show it, but Edward had set his mind upon seeing the place, and was resolved to go in. There was nothing in the appearance of the chamber to reward the young monarch's curiosity. It was built of stone with a ribbed ceiling, and looked confined and gloomy, being imperfectly lighted by two narrow-grated embrasures. But it had a very strange occupant, and on beholding him, Edward at once comprehended why admittance had not been more readily accorded him.

The aspect and demeanor of this per-

sonage were savage and repulsive, and even the King's presence did not seem to inspire him with much awe, though he rose on Edward's appearance and made a clumsy attempt at an obeisance. The upper part of his frame was strongly though not stoutly built, the arms being remarkably muscular, but his lower limbs were less powerful, and he seemed to be halt of the right leg. His physiognomy was singularly repulsive, the nose being broad and flat, and the eyes fierce and bloodshot; the forehead bald, and the hue of the skin dull and earthy. His cheeks were clothed with a shaggy black beard, and the sable locks left on each side of his head were wild and unkempt. His habiliments were of red serge, but above his doublet he wore a leathern jerkin, which was sullied with dark stains, as if of gore. On his right hip he carried a broad two-edged knife, protected by a sheath. But the implement that proclaimed his revolting office was an executioner's ax. This he had not the grace to lay aside, but continued to lean upon it while standing before the King. Another ax, similar in size and form, was reared against the wall, and near it stood a two-handed sword, sometimes, though but rarely, employed in capital punishments. When the headsman arose, it instantly became apparent that the seat he had occupied was the block—and, moreover, that it was a block which had been frequently used.

While Edward gazed at the executioner with feelings of mingled horror and loathing, he bethought him of the Lady Jane Grey's description of the hideous caitiff, and recognized its justice. At the same time, Sir John Gage sharply rebuked the porter for allowing his majesty to be offended by such a sight.

"Nay, the fault was mine own, good Sir John," interposed Edward; "the man tried to hinder me, but I would come in. Is it sooth that the two hapless princes were buried here?"

"Here where I stand, sire," replied Mauger, striking the floor with his heel. "Their tender bodies were laid in the earth beneath this stone."

"Hold thy peace, fellow, unless his grace address thee," cried the Constable angrily.

"Nay, I meant no offense," growled the headsman; "his majesty's royal father was wont to talk to me, and I thought

I might do the same with King Harry's royal offspring. I once gave his late majesty a proof of my power which greatly amazed him, and I will do as much for his present highness if it shall please him to command me."

"Again I bid thee hold thy peace," said the Constable sternly. "Hath your grace seen enough of this dismal chamber?"

"Ay; but before quitting it, I would fain know what proof of power the varlet proposed to display to me," rejoined Edward, whose curiosity was awakened.

"Some juggling trick, most likely, your highness," said Gage.

"Not so, Sir John," rejoined Mauger. "I am no soothsayer, but long practice hath give me a certain skill, and I can tell by a man's looks if he be to die by my hand."

Edward looked surprised, and glanced at the Constable, who shook his head skeptically.

"Will it please your majesty to put me to the test?" demanded Mauger. "But I must be permitted to speak freely and without respect to persons, else I dare not do it."

"Are there any here willing to submit to the ordeal?" inquired Edward, turning to his attendants, all of whom had entered the chamber.

Several voices replied in the affirmative.

"I am to be free from all consequences if I proclaim the truth?" pursued Mauger.

"Thou hast my royal word for it," replied Edward.

"Then let any one who will advance, place his foot upon the block, and look at me steadily," rejoined Mauger.

"I will go first, having neither fear nor faith," said the Constable. And he did as Mauger had directed.

After looking fixedly at him for a moment, the executioner observed with a grim smile: "Your head will never be mine, Sir John."

"I never deemed it would, thou fell hound," replied the Constable, turning away.

"I will make the next essay," said Sir Thomas Seymour, stepping lightly forward, and placing his foot gracefully upon the block.

The headsman fixed his eyes upon him keenly for a moment, and then struck the flag with his ax.

A hollow and ominous sound was returned by the stone, as if the repose of the dead had been disturbed.

"That signifies that thou art to handle me on the scaffold, thou vile caitiff—ha?" cried Seymour, with a contemptuous laugh. "My nerves are unshaken. Does your highness hesitate?" he added to the Lord Protector.

"Not I, forsooth," rejoined Hertford, taking his place, "I have no more misgiving than yourself."

"Desist, I pray your highness. I like it not," cried Edward.

"Nay, I must needs disobey your grace, or my brother will say I am afraid," returned Hertford.

"That shall I, and think so too," cried Seymour.

"I pray your highness look me straight in the face," said Mauger.

And as the Lord Protector complied, he again struck the stone with his ax, occasioning the same hollow resonance as before.

"Soh! your highness is likewise doomed!" exclaimed Sir Thomas Seymour, with a laugh.

"It would appear so," rejoined Hertford, with a forced smile.

"Let us see what my destiny will be," said Lord Lisle, advancing.

And, setting his foot on the block, he gazed with exceeding sternness at the headsman, hoping to terrify him. Mauger, however, did not quail before the look, but, after a brief scrutiny of the other's countenance, again smote the stone with his fatal ax.

This time the sound proceeding from the flag was deeper and more awful than on the previous occasions.

"The knave ought to pay for his insolence with his ears," cried Sir John Gage angrily.

"I have his majesty's word that I am to go scot-free," rejoined Mauger. "I can not alter the decrees of fate, and am no more responsible for what may ensue than the senseless weapon I strike withal. But I do grieve sometimes; and it saddens me to think that a fair and noble young creature whom I beheld for the first time in the Tower, only three days ago, will most like claim mine office."

Edward shuddered on hearing this remark, for he could not help fearing that the caitiff alluded to the Lady Jane Grey. However, he forbore to question him.

"Are there any more who desire to make the experiment?" pursued Mauger.

"Ay, I would fain ascertain if my death is to be by decapitation," cried Xit, leaping on to the block, and regarding the executioner with ludicrous sternness.

"Hence!" exclaimed Mauger, pushing him with the handle of his ax, and causing him to skip off with all haste. "No such honorable ending is reserved for thee."

This incident, which created some merriment, dissipated the unpleasant effect produced by the previous trials; and directing that half a dozen rose-nobles should be given to Mauger, the King quitted the vault with his attendants.

X.

HOW KING EDWARD VISITED THE DUKE OF NORFOLK IN THE BRAG-CHAMP TOWER.

Preceded by Sir John Gage, and followed by the rest of his attendants, Edward next ascended a short spiral staircase communicating with an upper apartment in the Bloody Tower, wherein the dark deed was done that has conferred such fearful celebrity on the structure; and after examining the mysterious chamber, and listening to the Constable's details of the tragical affair, he tracked a narrow passage, constructed in the inner ballium wall, leading to the Lieutenant's lodgings. On arriving there, he was received with great ceremony by Sir John Markham, and shown over the building.

Throughout his investigations, the young monarch allowed no object of interest, historical or otherwise, to escape him, and displayed a quickness and a fund of knowledge surprising in one so young. Inquiries having been made by the King of the Constable respecting the state-delinquents at that time imprisoned in the Tower, Sir John Gage seized the opportunity of asking whether it would please his majesty to visit any of them, and especially the Duke of Norfolk. As may be conjectured, the proposition was not made without a latent motive on the part of the worthy Constable, who, being warmly attached to the Duke, hoped that Edward's compassion might be so much moved by the sight of the illustrious captive, that he would grant him a pardon. The Lord Protector evidently entertained a like impression, and his dread lest his royal nephew's clemency might be exer-

cised in behalf of the unfortunate nobleman was so great that he would have opposed the visit, had he not feared to incense Sir John Gage, with whom for many reasons he desired to continue on good terms. He therefore raised no objections when Edward agreed to go at once to the Beauchamp Tower, where the Duke of Norfolk was confined, but bowing gravely in token of acquiescence, observed: "Your majesty must steel your heart. Efforts, I foresee, will be made to move it. But you must not forget that the Duke of Norfolk is a condemned traitor, and still under sentence of death."

"I shall not forget it," replied Edward.

It was not necessary for the royal party to go forth in order to reach the tower in question, since a communication existed between it and the Lieutenant's lodgings by means of a paved footway along the summit of the inner ballium wall, and by which the chief officer of the fortress could visit the prisoners unperceived. This mode of access, which still exists, soon brought them to the chamber wherein the Duke was immured.

No intimation was given the prisoner of the King's approach. The door was unbarred by Tombs the jailer, and Edward and his attendants admitted.

The apartment entered by them was spacious, and sufficiently well adapted to the purpose to which it was applied. Connected with it were two cells, which could be locked at night, and the walls, which were built of stone and of immense thickness, were pierced by four deep recesses, with narrow apertures strongly grated without. That the chamber had had many previous tenants was proved by the numerous melancholy memorials covering its walls. Its present unfortunate occupant had sought to beguile the weary hours by similar employment, and at the moment when the royal party invaded his solitude, he was engaged in carving a large crucifix on the stones.

Despite the terrible reverses he had experienced, and the weight of years—he was then considerably past seventy—the Duke of Norfolk was still a very noble-looking personage. Though shorn of wealth and honors, disgraced and attainted of high treason, his grandeur of soul enabled him to bear his unmerited misfortunes with dignity and fortitude. His lofty and stately figure was still proud and erect as in the summer season of his pros-

perity. He had fallen on evil days, but calamity had no power to shake him. His looks had ever been proud, as was not unnatural in the first peer of the realm, and his deportment singularly majestic; and both looks and deportment continued the same under the present trying circumstances. It is true that deep traces of care were visible on his pallid brow, and that his features were stamped with profound melancholy, but these changes only heightened the interest of his noble countenance. His gray beard had been allowed to grow to great length, and his hoary locks were untrimmed. On his head he wore a flat velvet cap, destitute of brooch, jewel, or plume. No collar of the Garter, bestowed on him by his own sovereign—no collar of Saint Michael, given him by Francis the First, were placed round his neck. His attire was without ornament, and consisted of a long, loose, philemot-colored velvet gown, furred with sables, with a high collar and wide hanging sleeves, beneath which the tight sleeves of a russet doublet were discernible.

On hearing the entrance of the royal party he ceased his occupation, and at once perceiving it was the King, he laid down the mallet and chisel, and doffing his cap, cast himself at Edward's feet.

It was a touching spectacle to behold this reverend and noble-looking prisoner prostrate before the youthful monarch; but, with the exception of Sir John Gage, it failed to move any of the beholders with pity. Even Edward himself seemed to have followed his uncle's stern counsel, and to have hardened his heart against the unfortunate Duke.

Norfolk essayed to speak, but his emotion was too great to enable him to give utterance to his words, and a convulsive sob alone escaped him.

"Arise, my lord Duke," said Edward, coldly. "And I pray you put some constraint upon your feelings."

"Will not your highness suffer me to kiss your hand and pay you homage?" rejoined the Duke, retaining his humble position.

"Attainted of high treason as thou art, Thomas Howard, thou art incapable of rendering homage, and his highness can not receive it from thee," interposed the Lord Protector severely. "This thou shouldst know. Arise, as thou art bidden."

Recalled to himself by this harsh treat-

ment, Norfolk got up, and said, in a mournful voice: "This, then, is the end of my long services to the King my master! Heaven grant me patience—I have sore need of it!"

Edward could not fail to be touched by the Duke's distress, and would have spoken to him had not Hertford again interposed. "Thou forgettest the heinous offenses laid to thy charge, Thomas Howard," he said, "and of which thou didst confess thyself guilty in thy submission made to his late majesty. Thy offenses against thy royal master far outweighed any services rendered by thee toward him, and justly provoked his ire. Had the late King been spared another day, thou wouldest not be here now."

"I know it," rejoined the Duke; "but another and a mightier hand than thine, Edward Seymour, was at work for my preservation. My death-warrant was prepared at thy instigation, but it was not given to thee to accomplish thy work. My life has been wondrously spared—it may be for some good purpose. Thou, who mockest me in my distress, mayst be the first to perish."

"Your highness has brought this upon yourself, I must needs say," observed Sir John Gage to the Lord Protector.

"In regard to my confession," pursued Norfolk, "no one knows better than thou dost, Edward Seymour, by what devices it was wrested from me, and if it shall please the King's majesty to question me, I will explain why I was led to make acknowledgment of crimes whereof I was guiltless, and to sue for pardon when I ought to have been honorably absolved. Faults I may have had—as who amongst us is free from them?—but want of fidelity and devotion to my late royal master—on whose soul may Jesu have mercy!—was not amongst them. Witness for me the victories I have won for him over the Scots and French. Witness my wounds received at the siege of Jedworth and the assault and taking of Montdidier. Witness for me my expedition to Ireland, now some five-and-twenty years ago, when you, my Lord Protector, were humble enough, and proud of a smile from me—witness, I say, that expedition, wherein I succeeded in compelling the submission of O'Moore, and in pacifying the insurgents—for the which I received my sovereign's grateful thanks. Witness for me my missions to Francis the First, to prevent a complete

rupture with his holiness the Pope. My royal master was well pleased with me on both occasions, and so I may presume was the French King also—seeing that the latter decorated me with the collar of St. Michael. The collar is gone, but ye can not say I had it not. Witness also for me the quelling of the dangerous rebellion in the north, and the dispersion of the so-called Pilgrimage of Grace. Owing to my determined measures it was, that a second insurrection was crushed. My royal master thanked me then, and termed me 'his right hand.' Witness for me five-and-thirty years passed wholly in my master's service. Witness full fourteen years passed in the service of that master's father. And, if it had been permitted me, the remainder of my days should have been spent in the service of my master's royal son, whom Jesu preserve!"

"I thank your grace with all heart," said Edward.

"The best counsel my judgment could furnish hath been ever offered to your august father, sire," pursued Norfolk; "and it was offered disinterestedly. On more than one occasion I have poured out my best blood for him, and I would joyfully pour out the rest for your majesty."

"What says your highness to this?" demanded Edward of the Lord Protector.

"In enumerating his services to his sovereign," replied Hertford, "the Duke of Norfolk hath carefully omitted all mention of the pernicious counsels given by him against the professors of the Reformed faith, and of the secret efforts he hath made to bring the Church again under subjection to the See of Rome. He has forgotten to state that he was the principal deviser of the sanguinary Statute of the Six Articles, and that he was the grand persecutor of all professing the new opinions. Neither has he stated that in his last expedition to Scotland, in 1542, when he went thither as captain-general of the forces at the head of twenty thousand men, the campaign was without result, and the King deeply dissatisfied with him. Equally inglorious would have been the expedition to France in 1544, had not the King conducted it in person."

"At that time my enemies were at work against me," said Norfolk. "They envied me my master's favor, and were resolved to rob me of it. Foremost amongst my detractors and enemies hast thou ever been, O Edward Seymour! The ax has

been laid by thee at the root of one of the goodliest trees that ever grew on English soil, and thou hast hewn it down remorselessly. Beware of the ax thyself! Thou hast robbed me of my brave and chivalrous son Surrey, the soul of honor and loyalty! Never shall he be replaced! Never shall the young King's highness find such another, search where he may! I weep for my son," he continued, in a broken voice, "though I weep not for myself. A father's curse light on thee, Edward Seymour!"

"Your majesty will perceive what vindictive sentiments the arch-traitor nourishes," observed the Lord Protector.

"Some allowance must be made for a father's feelings," said Sir John Gage. "The loss of such a son as the Earl of Surrey may excite much passionate grief on the Duke's part."

"I thank you, good Sir John," said Norfolk. "Much courage is required to plead for the unfriended captive. One word more with thee, Edward Seymour, and I have done. Thou didst think to obtain possession of my estates. But I have balked thy rapacity. My royal master yielded to my prayer, and allowed me to bestow them upon the prince his son—and they were a gift that not even a monarch might disdain."

"We thank you much for your consideration of us, my lord Duke," said Edward, "though we had rather you had been influenced by better motives than appear to have governed your conduct in the affair. Howbeit, we are beholden to you, and to prove our gratitude we hereby offer you a full pardon."

"Sire!" exclaimed Hertford, startled.

"Interrupt us not, we pray your highness," continued the King, with much dignity. "We offer your grace a free pardon," he added to the Duke, who awaited the conclusion of his address with deep anxiety, "but we must clothe it with the condition that you renounce your errors, and embrace the Protestant faith."

"Your majesty hath said well," observed the Lord Protector approvingly.

"What answer makes your grace," asked Edward of the Duke.

"Your majesty's pardon will avail me little," replied Norfolk, shaking his head. "I attribute the heavy afflictions with which it has pleased Heaven to visit me to my toleration of many matters contrary to my conscience—but I will sin no more

in this manner. I will not change the belief in which I have been nurtured, even to purchase liberty and the restoration of my wealth and honors."

"Your grace is very stubborn," remarked Edward, with a look of displeasure.

"It is idle to argue with him, sire," said the Lord Protector. "Severer measures might work his conversion, and these shall be adopted if your highness wills it."

"Try them," cried Norfolk. "Bring the sworn tormentor here, and let him essay his implements upon me. He may wrench my joints asunder, but he shall not tear me from the opinions to which I cling. The crucifix is graven on my heart as deeply as on yonder wall, and can not be plucked forth, save with life."

At this juncture, Sir John Gage felt it behoved him to interpose in behalf of the unfortunate Duke.

"If your majesty will listen to one who ever spoke fearlessly to your august father," said the worthy Constable, "and whose sincerity was never questioned, though his bluntness may sometimes have given offense, you will abandon all idea of making the Duke of Norfolk a proselyte. Neither by fair means nor foul will his grace's conversion be wrought."

"You are in the right, good Sir John," cried the Duke. "I will die for my faith, if need be, but I will not forsake it."

"It will be labor in vain, therefore," continued the Constable, "to proceed in a task impossible of accomplishment. More than this, the course will be fraught with consequences inauspicious to the commencement of your reign, as I will venture to point out. The adherents to the old faith—of whom I am one—would consider any undue rigor shown their chief, as they still regard his grace of Norfolk, on account of his religion, as a blow aimed at themselves, and as an example of what they may in turn expect; whereby the minds of half, nay, more than half, your now loving and loyal subjects will be estranged, discontent will speedily manifest itself, and troubles ensue, not easily quelled, and greatly perplexing to the government. Entertaining this view of the matter, I humbly advise your majesty not to meddle with his grace of Norfolk's religion. By making a martyr of him, you will only serve the cause you desire to put down."

"If your highness is bent on making a proselyte of the Duke, try what reasoning and persuasion will do before having recourse to extreme measures," remarked Sir Thomas Seymour. "Let his grace of Canterbury be sent to him."

"I will not see Cranmer," cried Norfolk sharply. "He is my abhorrence. If he be forced upon me, I will shut mine ears to his discourse, and utter no word in reply."

"What is to be done with such a stiff-necked bigot?" exclaimed the Lord Protector, shrugging his shoulders. "Compassion is thrown away upon him."

"If the Duke's long services can not procure him any mitigation of his sentence," remarked the Constable, "at least let him enjoy his opinions undisturbed. Here in this dungeon, they can harm no one save himself."

"I love his grace of Norfolk sufficiently to feel great concern for the welfare of his soul," observed Edward. "I do not despair of opening his eyes to his errors, and rescuing him, even at the eleventh hour, from perdition. The separation of one so eminent from the communion of Rome would redound to the honor of the Reformed Church, and I have set my heart upon effecting it. The greater the difficulty, the greater will be the merit."

"I am glad to hear your highness announce such praiseworthy intentions," said Hertford. "They are sure to give satisfaction to the majority of your subjects."

"Again I implore your majesty to forbear," cried Gage. "You are ill-advised to commence your rule with persecution."

"How, Sir John!" exclaimed the Lord Protector. "Do you dare impugn my counsel?"

"Ay," rejoined the Constable firmly. "Moreover, I dare bid you take heed, lest you pull about your ears the house you have but newly reared. Body o' me! I dared speak my mind to King Harry, of whom I stood in some awe; and think you I shall not dare to utter it to your highness, of whom I stand in none? Nay, marry, but I will."

"Sir John! good Sir John! I pray you moderate yourself," cried Norfolk. "If I should unhappily be the means of dragging you into the pit into which I have fallen myself, it will aggravate my affliction. Let my enemies work their will

against me, I can bear it all without a murmur. But let me not feel that I have harmed a friend."

"Let me join my entreaties to those of Sir John Gage, that your highness pursue this matter no further for the present," said Sir Thomas Seymour. "Above all, let not any warmth of temper which the worthy Constable may have displayed prejudice him in your eyes."

"Nay, if my wise father could overlook Sir John's impetuosity, in consideration of his worth, I am not like to be more particular," replied Edward. "But he should reflect, that by over-zeal he may injure his own cause."

"Rebuke so just and yet so temperate, proceeding from lips so young, shows what may be expected from your highness's mature judgment," replied the Constable. "I thank you for the lesson, and will lay it carefully to heart."

"Let me not be backward in acknowledging that my own hastiness occasioned Sir John's display of temper," said the Lord Protector, "and therefore your majesty's just rebuke applies to me as well as to him. I pray you forgive me, good Sir John."

"Nay, your highness makes more of the matter than it needs," rejoined the Constable heartily.

"Since they are all making friends, the real cause of the quarrel will be overlooked," whispered Xit, who was still with the royal party, to Sir Thomas Seymour.

"Peace, knave!" cried the latter sharply.

"My indiscretion, I trust, hath not prejudiced the Duke's cause with your majesty," said Sir John Gage. "If so, I shall deeply lament it."

"Set your mind at ease on that score, good Sir John," returned Edward. "Second thoughts, they say, are best, and, on reflection, I have decided upon leaving his grace of Norfolk to the free indulgence of his own religious opinions, erroneous and pernicious as I feel them to be. If any change comes over him, I shall hail it with the liveliest satisfaction—with the joy of the shepherd at the return of a lost sheep. Means shall not be wanting towards this end, and good books shall be provided for him. It grieves me that I can not hold out any promise of liberation to his grace. So long as he entertains these opinions he must remain a

prisoner. It might be injurious to the well-being of our Church to let so powerful an enemy go free."

"I am content, and humbly thank your majesty," replied the Duke, bowing his head in resignation.

"I must repeat," said Edward, preparing to depart, "that it will be your grace's own fault if you be not speedily liberated, and restored to favor."

Norfolk shook his head mournfully, and bowed reverentially as the King and his attendants departed.

Soon afterward, the door was barred on the outside by Tombs. On hearing the noise of the bolts shot into their sockets the unfortunate prisoner heaved a deep sigh, and then took up his mallet and chisel.

"Men's hearts are harder than this stone," he muttered, as he resumed his sad and solitary task. "Something tells me that boy's reign will be a short one. If it shall please Heaven to spare me to see the right succession restored in the person of Mary, and the old belief brought back, I shall die happy!"

XI.

SHOWING HOW SIR THOMAS SEYMOUR PROSPERED IN HIS SUIT.

TOWARD evening, on the same day, the Princess Elizabeth and her escort, accompanied by her governess, Mistress Catherine Ashley, and the young King's preceptors, Sir John Cheke and Doctor Cox, arrived at the Tower. Sir Thomas Seymour, who had been on the watch for more than an hour, and whose impatience by this time had risen almost to fever-heat, no sooner beheld the troop of arquebusers, with the Princess at its head, crossing Tower Hill, than he flew to meet her, and continued by the side of her palfrey as she entered the gates of the fortress.

Elizabeth blushed deeply as her handsome suitor drew nigh, and exhibited a confusion from which Seymour drew a favorable augury. Moreover, his anticipations of success were confirmed by the glance he received from his esquire, who rode behind the Princess with Mistress Ashley and the young King's preceptors—a glance that proclaimed as plainly as words, that all had gone on smoothly and satisfactorily.

Never had Seymour looked more captivating to female eye than on this occa-

sion. When he chose to exert the full force of his remarkable attractions, he was almost—as his esquire had described him—irresistible. Elizabeth now found him so.

Some months previously, during the late King's lifetime, perceiving that the fair young Princess deigned to cast her regards upon him, Sir Thomas, whose temerity was equal to his good looks, had not hesitated to declare his passion. The declaration, however, was but coldly received, and he subsequently yielded to the temptings of ambition which pointed out the Queen-dowager as the better match. At the last moment, however, and when he was all but committed to Catherine, his passion for Elizabeth revived with greater intensity than ever, and, as we have seen, decided him, at the risk of losing the prize of which he felt secure, to make a final attempt to win her.

On the Princess's part, whatever prudent resolutions she might have formed, and however decided the refusal she designed to give, her determination failed her at the sight of her resistless admirer, and she listened to his honeyed words with a complacency that seemed to warrant the conclusions he drew as to her improved disposition toward him.

"Your esquire, Signor Ugo, is an Italian, it would seem, Sir Thomas?—at least, he chiefly spoke that language to me," she observed, as they passed through the gateway of the By-ward Tower.

"Mezzo-Italiano, altezza," replied Seymour, smiling. "A Tuscan on the mother's side."

"By my fay, a sprightly galliard!" she rejoined; "and much devoted to you, I should judge. He could talk of little else save his lord's merits and noble qualities, and harped so much upon the theme, that I was obliged at last to bid him change it, or hold his tongue."

"I am sorry he has offended your highness," returned Seymour. "In future, his manners shall be amended, or he shall no longer continue esquire of mine. But he hath heard me speak so often of you, and in such terms, that he may have fancied himself in duty bound to extol me to your highness. I gave him credit for more discretion."

"Nay, I might have been content to listen to his praises of you, Sir Thomas," observed the Princess, blushing. "But when he repeated what you had said of

me, I deemed it time to check him. Methinks you make too great a confident of this galliard. They of his country are proverbially faithless."

"But Ugo is only half-Italian, as I have just said," rejoined Seymour, "and I have bound him to me by ties of deepest gratitude. I have every reason to believe him faithful; but your highness may rely upon it, I will not trust him further than can be done with safety. And there are some secrets I shall keep sedulously guarded from him."

"You have given him a key to one he ought never to have been intrusted withal," remarked Elizabeth, half-reproachfully.

"Nay, if your highness views the matter thus gravely, I shall indeed be angry with the knave," rejoined Seymour. "But you may rest quite easy—whatever he may suspect, he knows nothing of a certainty."

"I am not to be deceived on that score," returned Elizabeth. "No man ever spoke as that galliard did, without authority for what he uttered."

"Hum! the impudent varlet must have gone too far," mentally ejaculated Seymour. "He shall never offend again in like sort," he added aloud.

"To chide him will not mend matters," said the Princess. "If any body deserves reproof for presumption, it is yourself, Sir Thomas. Signor Ugo is the mere tool of his lord."

"Signor Ugo shall pay dearly for it, if he loses me only a feather's weight of your highness's good opinion, which I value more than my life," cried Seymour. "If I have been too bold, the force of my passion must plead my excuse. Since I last beheld your highness at Enfield, your charms have had such an effect upon me that my judgment has scarce been under my own control. Every thought has been given to you—every emotion has been influenced by you. My existence hangs on your breath. It is for you to make me the proudest and the happiest of men, or to plunge me into the lowest depths of despair."

"No more of this, I pray you, Sir Thomas," replied the Princess, her bosom palpitating quickly, for she was not insensible to his ardor. "You will draw the eyes of the bystanders upon us, and some sharp and curious ear may catch your words."

"Nay, condemn me not to silence till I have learnt my fate!" cried Seymour, in accents trembling with emotion, which was communicated to the Princess as he approached her saddle. "Idolo del mio cuore! what response do you vouchsafe to my letter? Speak, I implore you, and put me out of my misery."

"To-morrow I will decide," said Elizabeth, in tones almost as tremulous as his own.

"No, now—now, adorata!" cried Seymour, pressing still closer toward her, and essaying to take her hand.

At this critical juncture the warning voice of his esquire reached him. They were now not far from the entrance to the palace.

"Zitto! zitto! monsignore," cried Ugo. "Eccola là!—alla finestra del palazzo—la Regina Caterina!"

Roused by the caution, Seymour looked up, and to his infinite annoyance and dismay, beheld Queen Catherine Parr, with the Countess of Hertford, the Marchioness of Dorset, Lady Jane Grey, and some other court-dames, looking down upon them from the open casements of the palace. Though it did not seem possible that the Queen-dowager could have heard what was passing between the pair, yet the enamored deportment of Seymour, his propinquity to the Princess, and the blushes and downcast looks of the latter, seemed scarcely to leave a doubt as to the subject of their discourse. The scornful and indignant glance given by Catherine to Sir Thomas, satisfied him that her jealousy was awakened. Elizabeth looked up at the same moment, and was covered with confusion on perceiving so many eyes directed toward her.

"Retire instantly, I entreat you, Sir Thomas," she said hastily—"you have placed me in a very embarrassing situation."

"Heed them not, fair Princess!" he rejoined, complying, however, with her injunctions, and removing from her side; "they will merely think some light and trivial discourse hath been passing between us."

"The Queen, my step-mother, looked as if she had a shrewd notion of the truth," rejoined Elizabeth.

"It may be well to lull her suspicions," said Seymour. "Treat the matter lightly, and laugh it off, if she questions your highness, as peradventure she may. She

can have overheard nothing, so you are quite safe on that head."

In another moment they reached the entrance of the palace, near which the three gigantic warders were stationed, Edward having expressly commanded that, during his stay at the Tower, they should be constantly placed on guard there. A crowd of henchmen, pages, ushers, grooms, and other functionaries had issued from the palace as soon as the princess's arrival at the fortress was announced, and they were now drawn up at the foot of the perron leading to the principal door to receive her. Alighting from her palfrey with the aid of Sir Thomas Seymour, Elizabeth entered the palace with Mistress Ashley, and was ceremoniously ushered by the marshal of the hall into the apartment assigned her. After making some slight change in her apparel, she descended to one of the state-rooms, where she was informed by Fowler she would find her royal brother. Edward was impatiently expecting her, and on her appearance he flew to meet her, embraced her tenderly, and gave her a hearty welcome to the Tower.

Scarcely had the amiable young monarch's raptures at the sight of his dearly-loved sister subsided into calm satisfaction, when he found a new subject for delight in the appearance of his two tutors. To the infinite astonishment of Fowler, who would have expressed his courtly dissatisfaction at the proceeding if he had dared, he ran toward them as he had flown to Elizabeth, and gave them both a very affectionate and uncere- monious greeting. Taking them kindly by the hand, he prevented them from kneeling, saying with much benignity: "I have received you in private, my respected preceptors, because I wish all ceremony to be dispensed with in regard to friends I so entirely love and esteem as yourselves. As far as possible, I desire our old relations to continue. At the earliest opportunity I shall resume my studies with you, and while so employed I shall altogether lay aside the king, and be again your pupil."

"Such words have rarely issued from royal lips, sire," replied Sir John Cheke, "and do as much credit to your head as to the heart that prompted their utterance."

"Do not flatter me, worthy Sir John," rejoined Edward, smiling. "Now that I

have got you with me, my dear preceptors, and my sister Elizabeth," he added, looking affectionately at her, "I shall be perfectly happy, and care not how long I may remain at the Tower. Since I have been here, Elizabeth," he continued to the Princess, who had now joined the group, "I have formed a strict friendship with our cousin, Lady Jane Grey. Her tastes, in all matters, coincide with my own. She likes reading, and is very devout. I am sure you will love her."

"I am quite sure I shall if your highness loves her," replied the Princess.

"You will be able to form an opinion upon her at once, for here she comes," observed Edward, as the subject of their discourse entered the chamber with the Queen-dowager, the Marchioness of Dorset, the Countess of Hertford, and most of the other court-dames who had witnessed the Princess's arrival from the windows of the palace.

Catherine's manner toward her step-daughter was cold and constrained, and her greeting anything but cordial. On her side, Elizabeth was no less distant and haughty. Her pride was instantly roused by the Queen-dowager's treatment, and she resented it with great spirit. Besides, she instinctively recognized a rival, and this feeling sharpened her sense of injury.

As yet Catherine had not had opportunity of upbraiding her fickle suitor by work or look, but in the very midst of the scene we have described he entered the chamber. To keep aloof from the dispute would have seemed to be Sir Thomas's wisest course, but he knew better. He did not miscalculate the extent of his influence upon either party. At a reassuring smile from him, the frowns vanished as if by magic from Catherine's brow, and her countenance resumed its wonted serenity. At a glance, perceptible only to herself, Elizabeth was instantly softened, and assumed a more conciliatory manner and tone toward her stepmother. Lady Hertford noticed this sudden and striking change, and failed not to attribute it to the true cause. An unguarded exclamation of Catherine on beholding Sir Thomas's marked attention to the Princess on the arrival of the latter at the Tower, had led Lady Hertford to suspect the truth, and subsequent observations confirmed the surmise. Still smarting from the affronts she had received from the

Queen-dowager, she now felt that revenge was in her power.

Catherine's coldness and asperity toward his sister had much pained the amiable young monarch, and he was just about to interfere, when Seymour's appearance dispelled the clouds, and turned the gloom into sunshine.

"On my faith, gentle uncle," he said, with a smile, "you bring good humor with you. We seemed on the verge of some incomprehensible misunderstanding here, which your presence has sufficed to set right. What witchery do you practice?"

"None that I am aware of, my gracious liege," replied Sir Thomas. "But were I an enchanter, my spells should undo mischief, not work it. I would put trust in the place of groundless suspicion, and gentleness in that of inconsiderate heat. By so doing, I might justly merit your majesty's commendation."

"You give yourself a good character, Sir Thomas," observed Catherine with some remains of pique.

"Not better than he is fairly entitled to, gracious madam," observed Edward. "If my uncle always exercises his talent for pleasing as beneficially as on the present occasion, he has a right to be vain of it."

"An please your majesty," said Fowler, advancing and bowing profoundly, "the marshal of the hall hath just entered to announce to your grace that the banquet is served."

"Marry, then, we will to it at once," replied Edward. "Fair cousin, your hand," he added to the Lady Jane Grey, "and do you, gentle uncle, conduct our sister to the banqueting-hall."

Secretly delighted, though drawing a discreet veil over his satisfaction, Seymour immediately tendered his hand to the Princess, much to the mortification of Catherine; after which the whole party, preceded by a troop of pages, henchmen, ushers, and marshals, repaired to the banqueting-hall, and entered it amid lively flourishes from the trumpeters stationed near the door.

At the banquet the Queen-dowager occupied the seat next the King, to which she had asserted her claim in the manner heretofore narrated, and of which no further attempt was made by the Lord Protector to deprive her. Sir Thomas Seymour, however, no longer stood be-

hind her majesty's chair, but placed himself between the Princess Elizabeth and the Countess of Hertford. Nothing of moment occurred at the entertainment, which was on the same scale of grandeur and profusion as those preceding it, and which numbered as guests all the members of the council, and all the nobles and other persons of distinction then staying at the Tower; but Catherine's jealousy was re-awakened by the ill-disguised attentions of Seymour to her youthful rival—attentions which, it was quite evident, were any thing but disagreeable to the Princess. The slighted Queen longed for an opportunity of launching her anger against them, but no pretext for such an outbreak being afforded her, she was obliged to devour her rage in silence.

Either Sir Thomas's prudence had deserted him, or the violence of his passion deprived his judgment of its due control, for at the close of the banquet he made no attempt to join Catherine, but again gave his hand to the Princess, and without casting even a look at the neglected Queen, or, it may be, not even thinking of her, followed his royal nephew and the Lady Jane Grey out of the hall. Catherine stood still, as if stupefied by his conduct, and pressed her hand against her heart to keep down the force of her emotions. She had not entirely recovered when Lady Hertford approached her.

"Methinks I can guess what is passing in your highness's breast," observed the Countess.

"What insolence is this?" cried Catherine haughtily. "By what right do you pretend to penetrate the secrets of my breast?"

"Nay, it is your highness's unguarded manner that betrays the state of your feelings," rejoined Lady Hertford. "Little penetration is requisite to discover that which must be apparent to all. My friendly intentions did not deserve this rebuff. I came to warn you that you are deceived—basely deceived by him in whom you place your trust. I overheard enough at the banquet to convince me of this. I could tell more—but my lips are now sealed."

"No! no! speak!—speak! I implore you, dear Countess!" cried Catherine, in extreme agitation. "You sat next him, and must have heard what passed—in pity speak!"

"Compose yourself, I pray your high-

ness," replied Lady Hertford, secretly enjoying her distress, though feigning sympathy. "I feel for your situation, and will lend you help, if you are disposed to receive it. If you would effectually cure yourself of this unworthy passion—for so I must needs call it, though Sir Thomas is my husband's brother—which you have allowed to obtain dominion over you, go to-morrow at noon to Lady Hertford's chamber in the north gallery, and you shall hear enough to convince you of your lover's perfidy."

"Hath Elizabeth agreed to meet him there?" demanded Catherine, becoming as white as ashes.

"Your highness will see," rejoined Lady Hertford. "If you will leave the matter to me, I will contrive that you shall be an unseen and unsuspected witness of the interview."

"Do what you will, Countess," said Catherine. "Prove him forsworn, and I will stifle every feeling I have for him, even if I expire in the effort."

"Proof shall not be wanting, trust me," replied Lady Hertford. "But I do this in the hope of curing your highness, and from no other motive."

"I know it, and I shall be forever beholden to you," rejoined the wounded Queen gratefully.

"It will be needful to the full success of the plan, that your highness put constraint upon yourself during the rest of the evening," observed Lady Hertford. "Let not Sir Thomas or the Lady Elizabeth fancy they are suspected."

"The task will be difficult," sighed Catherine, "but I will strive to perform it."

"Doubt not I will be as good as my word," said Lady Hertford. "Your highness shall be present at the rendezvous, and shall have the power to surprise them, if you see fit. I now humbly take leave of your grace." And she mentally ejaculated, as she quitted the Queen, "At length I have avenged the affront! No, not altogether—but to-morrow it shall be fully wiped out."

From the British Quarterly.

ICELAND AND ITS PHYSICAL CURIOSITIES.*

In speaking of Iceland, it is necessary to speak of Hekla. This mountain is the Hamlet of the island, and must, on no account, be omitted from any survey of its physical phenomena. On the ground of stature it can make no great pretensions, as it is only about five thousand and seven hundred feet in height; and, in regard to personal appearance, travelers sometimes feel unable to conceal their vexation at its want of majesty. But its northern position, its volcanic vivacity, and the peculiarity of its eruptions, have combined to bring it into sinister repute. Planted at a distance of about thirty miles from the southern coast, it forms a hill twenty miles in circumference at the base, and is crowned with three blackened

peaks, which are sometimes spotted, sometimes covered with snow.

To reach these is a task of difficulty. From Næfreholt, the Chamouni of the mountain, to the summit, is about seven miles, of which nearly four may be performed on pony-back. At first, you canter very pleasantly through green patches of pasture; then, threading a narrow gorge, you enter a great, silent, secluded amphitheater, which forms, according to tradition, a gateway to the regions of perdition; for it is beneath this volcano that Hela (Death) torments the spirits of the lost; and here time after time, (if the peasantry may be believed,) she has been seen driving the souls of the dead, particularly after some bloody battle has been fought. Next, passing over a long slope of volcanic sand, you dismount from the ponies,

* Concluded from page 225.

which the Icelanders tie head to tail, so as to form a living circle, and then address yourself to the real hardships of the ascent. Sometimes scrambling over the hard, sharp lava, which cuts the hands or knees like a knife; sometimes trudging, ankle deep, through the fine black sand and loose ashes; sometimes struggling over the slag, which slips from beneath the foot at every step, you reach the crater, which was scooped out of the mountain during the eruptions of 1845-6. As seen by Mr. Miles, its aspect was worthy of the grim goddess who is reputed to haunt the volcano:

"What a terrible chasm! Indeed, it seemed like hell itself—fire and brimstone literally—dark, curling smoke, yellow sulphur, and red cinders appearing on every side of it. The crater was funnel-shaped, about one hundred and fifty feet deep, and about the same distance across at the top. This was one of four craters where the fire burst out in 1845. After the eruption they had caved in, and remained as we now saw them. In a row above this one, extending toward the top of the mountain, were three other craters, all similar in appearance. Our progress now was one of great danger. At our left was the north side of the mountain; and for a long distance it was a perpendicular wall, dropping off more than a thousand feet below us. A large stone thrown over never sent back an echo. The craters were on our right, and between these and the precipice on our left we threaded a narrow ridge of sand not wider than a common footpath. A more awful scene, or a more dangerous place, I hope never to be in. Had it not been for my long staff, I never could have proceeded. The dangers and terrors of the scene were greatly increased by the clouds and cold wind that came up on our left, and the smoke and sulphurous stench that rose from the craters on our right. One moment we were in danger of falling over the perpendicular side of the mountain on the one hand, and the next of being swallowed up in the burning crater on the other. Our path was exceedingly steep, and for nearly a quarter of a mile we pursued it with slow and cautious steps. Old Nero saw the danger, and set up a dismal howl. A few moments after he slipped, and was near falling into the fiery pit. In five minutes an animal or a man would have been baked to a cinder. Pursuing our way by the four craters, our path widened, and half an hour more brought us to the top of the mountain. Our purpose was accomplished—we stood on the summit of Mount Hekla."

The view from this elevation is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable on the face of the globe. Such a mixture of beauty and desolation is not, perhaps,

to be witnessed from any other mountain-top. Painted before you, as in a colossal panorama, lie green valleys threaded by silvery streams—plains speckled with peaceful lakes—slopes covered with purple heather—snatches of dark-looking shrubbery which represent the forests of the land—to the south, the rippling ocean, from whose bosom the tall cliffs of the Westmann Isles rise perpendicularly to a height of two thousand feet; whilst to the north the eye wanders over an expanse of volcanic cones, smoking craters, domes of ice, fields of snow, hideous tracts of lava, streams of stones which once flowed like rivers—in fact, over a region so withered and shattered that it looks the picture of a "chaos in creation." It is here, indeed, that the giants of Frost and the spirits of Fire seem to have joined battle, and fought like the Berserkers of old, until exhausted by fury, they laid themselves down to rest for a season, their weapons still in hand, and wrath, inextinguishable wrath, yet raging in their hearts.

The eruptions of this volcano have been chronicled since 1004 A.D. Twenty-four black-letter years appear in its calendar. There have been intervals of seventy-four, seventy-six, and seventy-seven years between its paroxysms; but few Icelanders who attained the ordinary term of life could expect to do so without hearing more than once that the terrible mountain was in labor. In 1300 the annalists assert that Hekla was rent in its agony from top to bottom—yes, down to its very center, they say; but the awful gash, now marked by a deep ravine, was partially healed by the collapse of the rock and the falling in of stony masses. During the convulsions of 1766, Sir Joseph Banks states that ashes were carried to a distance of one hundred and eighty miles, that the cattle in the neighborhood were either choked by the noisome vapors or starved for want of food, and that when the stomachs of some were opened, they were discovered to be full of volcanic dust.

Besides Hekla, however, there are many burning mountains in this island, and some of them have played a still more mischievous part. From Krabla a stream of molten rock was ejected between the years 1724 and 1730, and rushed into lake Myvatn, where it killed the fish, dried up the waters, and continued to burn with a blue flame for several days. But there is no eruption so darkly re-

nowned in Icelandic history as that of Skaptar Yökul in 1783. Skaptar is a mountain in the south-eastern quarter of the island, or rather, it is a part of a cluster of mountains which seem to lay their heads together to bear up a huge snowy field apparently inaccessible to human foot. From an account published by Chief-Justice Stephenson, who was sent by the Danish sovereign to hold an inquest, as it were, over the disaster, (though his narrative has been charged with some exaggeration,) it appears that throughout the syssel, or county in which this Yökul is situate, the ground was seized with shivering-fits on the first of June, which increased in intensity from day to day, and seemed to forebode some hideous convulsion. On the eighth, pillars of smoke were seen to shoot up amongst the hills, and speedily formed a great black bank in the air, from which sand and ashes fell so profusely, that at Sida the light was quite obscured, and the ground in the neighborhood covered to the depth of an inch. Terrible were the subterranean noises which were then heard. The sounds were like the thunder of meeting cataracts. The inhabitants left their houses in affright, and pitched their tents in the open fields. On the tenth, jets of fire were observed amongst the peaks to the north, and then a torrent of glowing lava burst from the volcano. Rushing in a south-east direction, it approached the river Skaptar, and dashed into its bed. Imagine the conflict which ensued between the two streams! The struggle was fearful, but, hissing in his death-throes, the river-god at last succumbed. In less than four-and-twenty hours that rapid torrent, swollen as it was, had ceased to exist. Its place was taken by the fiery invader. The lava not only rapidly filled the gorge through which the river ran, though in some places the banks were nearly six hundred feet high and two hundred wide, but flooded the adjoining lands, and at Aa swallowed up pastures and houses with merciless voracity. Sweeping along the channel of the stream with awful impetuosity, the molten matter issued from amongst the hills, and seemed as if it would deluge the whole plain of Medalland. Fortunately a great lake, or, as some say, an unfathomed chasm in the river, lay across its path. Into this it poured with a horrible noise for several days in succession;

but when this reservoir was filled to the brim, the burning flood resumed its progress, and dividing into various currents, burnt up a number of farms and woods as it ran its mad but magnificent race. Now and then it spread over certain ancient lava tracts, and penetrating every fissure and cavern, produced the strangest effects; sometimes driving out the air through the chinks with a horrible whistle, sometimes melting and firing the old deposits, and not unfrequently blowing up the crust and hurling great masses of rock to a considerable height. Huge blocks of stone, torn from their site and heated till they became red-hot, were seen floating in the stream. The water which came down from the fountains of the Skaptar, and from the melting snows, was intercepted on reaching the lava, and, boiling, overflowed many pastures and woodlands which the molten deluge had spared. Besides this river, numerous brooks and streams were dammed up by the torrents of lava, and many farms and buildings were consequently submerged. At Skal the people had seen the fiery tide approach, and waited breathlessly to learn whether it would be necessary to flee. To their great relief it passed at a short distance; but on the twenty-first of June, the rivulets, which were distended by rain and denied their usual outlet, attacked the church and village, and next morning the steaming waters were surging with violence over the drowned hamlet. In its attempts to reach Skal the lava ascended the slope of the hill to some distance, rolling up its covering of moss as if it were a large piece of cloth folded by human hands. Numerous eruptions from the volcano between the eighteenth of June and the thirteenth of July fed the fire-streams with new material, and as the older effusions were now becoming stiffer and more consolidated, the fresher currents were seen rolling above them, until in some places the lava attained a thickness of six hundred feet. The Stapafoss waterfall on the Skaptar river was dried up; but the molten matter came down in its stead, and swept over the precipice in a splendid cataract of fire, filling up the enormous cavity at its base before it proceeded on its deadly way. At the commencement of August, the lava, which had now choked up the Skaptar river and swamped the neighboring grounds, struck off to the north-east,

and poured into the Hversflot—a stream almost equal in size and nearly parallel in course. Great was the consternation of the people who lived on its lower banks to see it begin to fume, to find it grow excessively hot, and then to observe it disappear altogether. What could they expect? They knew what had happened in the adjoining district, and gloomily awaited the appearance of the enemy. Down he came. Heralded by lightnings and thunders, signaled by pillars of fire and smoke in the distance, he dashed furiously along the bed of the river, streaming over its banks, and then, having reached the open country, spread his glowing waves across the plain to the distance of four miles within the space of a single evening. Continuing to flow until the end of August, the invader licked up some farms, drove the inhabitants from others, and spread devastation wherever he appeared. For several years afterwards the vapor still arose from particular spots, as if the fury of the intruder were even then unsatiated. It was not until February, 1784, after ejecting a prodigious quantity of lava from its entrails, greater, perhaps, than ever issued from volcano before, that the mountain returned to its ordinary condition.

The effects of this calamity were terrible. The atmosphere was so filled with smoke, sulphur, and dust, that it was difficult for the healthy, and for asthmatic persons almost impossible to breathe. The heavy rains which fell became charged with noxious materials, and incrustated the fields with an inky coating which poisoned the grass and polluted the streams. Vegetables of all kinds withered, and became so friable that they fell to powder with a touch. The mortality which ensued amongst the cattle of the island, not only in consequence of the scarcity of fodder and the fouling of the herbage, but also from the putrid state of the atmosphere, was prodigious. In the course of 1783 and 1784, it is calculated that one hundred and twenty-nine thousand nine hundred and forty-seven sheep, nineteen thousand four hundred and eighty-eight horses, and six thousand eight hundred and one horned cattle fell victims to that terrible volcano. The fish in some of the fresh-water lakes were destroyed, and cast up dead on the beach, while those at sea were driven from the coast. Certain birds, swans amongst the

rest, were expelled from the country. To the inhabitants the results were equally disastrous. Many fearful distempers arose, and amongst these was one which produced swellings in the limbs and contractions in the sinews, so that the sufferers became crooked in person, the teeth grew loose, and the gums mortified; the throat was covered with ulcers, and sometimes the tongue rotted entirely out of the mouth. In this, or in other ways, not less than nine thousand persons are supposed to have been murdered by Skaptar Yökul.

But the mountains of the island sometimes pour out water as well as fire. Clothed as many of their summits are in snow and ice, vast glaciers occupying their ravines, it is evident that if the subterranean fires should grow unruly, the overlying masses will melt, and there will be a rush of water into the hapless plains beneath. The volcano of Kötugía (to the south-east of Hekla) is famous for the floods it has discharged. On one occasion the deluge of water, bearing huge blocks of ice and stone on its foaming tide, swept away the houses of Höfdabreka, and carried the wooden church out to sea, where it was seen floating for some time before it fell to pieces. On another, all the inhabitants in the immediate vicinity except two were destroyed by a fearful inundation. The most appalling, however, of these eruptions occurred in 1755, the year of the great earthquake which overthrew Lisbon, shook a large portion of Europe, upset towns in Africa, and even propagated its throes to Asia and America. From the 17th of October to the 7th of November the Yökul was, in a state of tremendous excitement, pouring forth streams of hot water, which hurried ice and rock before them into the ocean, where the deposit became so great that it extended to a distance of more than fifteen miles, and even rose above the waves in some places, though the sea was previously forty fathoms deep. Mixed with these vomits of water were vomits of fire. Red-hot globes were hurled to a great height, and then shattered into a thousand pieces. The air was occasionally so darkened with smoke and ashes that a man could not see his companion's face at the distance of a yard, whilst at other times it was so brilliantly illuminated by columns of flame that midnight appeared to be turned into mid-day. The ground

frequently rocked, and the unearthly noises which proceeded from the Yökul appalled the stoutest hearts. Fifty farms were laid waste during these and the other eruptions which happened in the following year, and, to crown all, the mephitic gases diffused through the atmosphere brought on a frightful mortality which ought to have appeased the wrath of the mountain demon for centuries to come.

Occasionally, too, the Yökuls give rise to what may be called traveling fields of ice. These move slowly forward, encroaching in many cases upon lands which were once cultivated, and even devouring a parish now and then, as if to emulate the appetite of the volcano. Sometimes they retrograde at certain periods, and afterward advance. The Southern Skeidará is said to move backward and forward alternately for the distance of half a mile, and in 1727, during an eruption in the neighborhood, it was seen to oscillate, whilst numerous streams suddenly started from its base, and placed the spectators in great jeopardy. The Breidamark Yökul, however, affords the most remarkable sample of an itinerant field. Twenty miles long, by fifteen broad, with a maximum height of about four hundred feet, it covers what was once a fair and fertile plain. How was it formed? Not like the glaciers of a Swiss or a Norwegian scene, for there there are no burning mountains or scalding-hot springs to produce great floods of melted snow and carry down big lumps of ice. But in Iceland this does happen, and it will be seen that the blocks which are thus discharged into the valley will accumulate, whilst further accessions from the same source will gradually add to the extent of the sheet, and then the slope of the ground, the constant pressure *à tergo*, the lubricating of the soil by the snow streams, combined with other causes, will probably explain why the mass glides so regularly, with its stealthy ghost-like step, toward the sea.

But as our space is diminishing faster than the soil over which that icy wanderer is creeping, we must now be content to note a few more points of interest connected with the island in mere descriptive shorthand. Iceland has its Surtshellir caverns, extending for upward of a mile underground, with chambers where beautiful stalactites, formed by the once fluid

lava, or still superber icicles formed by the dripping water, hang from the roofs in the most "curious and fantastic shapes;" and from this cavern, which few natives will dare to enter, the people believe that Surtur, the enemy of the gods, will one day issue to set the universe on fire. Iceland, too, has its huge lava bubbles, which were produced in the material whilst plastic by the expansion of the gases, and now constitute caves—some fifty or one hundred feet in diameter—where frozen and vitrified pendants adorn the domes as they do in the Halls of Surtur. It has horrible passes also, like that of Bulandshöfði, where the track runs along the face of a nearly perpendicular mountain one thousand feet above the sea which is roaring at its base, and the traveler seems to cling like a fly to the side of the cliff; or again, as at Ennit, he must creep along at the bottom of a frightful rock two thousand five hundred feet in height, but only at low water, and with the chance of being crushed in a moment by the fall of great stones from the side of the precipice, numbers of natives having already been killed in the perilous passage. Iceland, again, is peculiarly a land of earthquakes, and during the paroxysms mountains have been cleft to their foundations, boiling springs have spouted from the soil, the wells have become white as milk, men and cattle have been tossed into the air, the darkness has become so great that all traveling was impracticable, the quiverings of the ground grew so incessant that service in the churches was suspended for weeks together, and in 1784 not less than fourteen hundred and fifty-nine houses were overturned, whilst five hundred and thirty more were greatly damaged. The inhabitants too are seized upon by various forms of disease. Owing to their fishy food, scanty supply of vegetables, want of cleanliness, and many local disadvantages, they suffer severely if any epidemic should be abroad.

In the year 1707, sixteen thousand individuals, more than one quarter of the whole population, perished from the small-pox. In 1797, six hundred persons were sent to the grave by that infantile complaint, the measles. The natives are peculiarly liable to the itch, and keep up a terrible scratching, though there is sulphur enough on the island to cure the whole human race, if it were thus vilely afflicted. But the most horrible of their

distempers is the Icelandic leprosy, which converts the sufferer with his seamed countenance, scaly skin, ulcerated body, fetid breath, and haggard looks, into a living corpse, too loathsome for his fellow-creatures to approach, and almost too burdensome for himself to bear. The climate of the country is not so harsh as its latitude might imply, though the summer is short, and during the long winter a native rarely travels further than his parish church. For eight months Dr. Henderson never ventured more than a quarter of a mile out of the capital, except on one occasion, when he paid a visit to a neighboring seat. Fortunately, the rigors of an Arctic position are moderated by the beneficent Gulf Stream, which breaks upon the island, and, dividing into two branches, leaves it a grateful legacy of warmth. It is in a northern locality especially that we can best appreciate the generousities of that noble ocean-river; for, as the polar currents bring down such a quantity of ice (with a few bears occasionally for passengers) that it has been known to form a belt thirty miles in breadth, and the whole space between Iceland and Greenland has even been filled with frozen masses; so, but for that stream of heated water, the atmosphere of the country would be sadly lowered in tone, and the sea would be so cooled that the fisheries, on which the natives depend for subsistence, might be destroyed. Nor is this great current less remarkable for the drift-wood which it kindly conveys from other quarters and deposits on the Icelandic shores. Without it the inhabitants would be sorely distressed for fuel. Coal like ours they have none themselves. Beds of Surturbrand exist, but these have probably been formed of drifted timber. Forests in this country are such ridiculous affairs, that it is difficult to contemplate one with a serious countenance. The trees may be about four or five feet in height. Some may reach six; Mackenzie mentions a few which ranged from six to ten; but where will you find many which can overtop a very tall man? A traveler feels quite merry when he discovers that he can crash through, stride over, or even trample an extensive wood under foot, as if he were a Gulliver in a corn-field, or an elephant in a shrubbery. A boy who has often smarted under the rod would feel perfectly enchanted when he saw that the trouble of his soul—the tree from which

the disciplinary twigs are always gathered—was here stripped of its strength, deprived of its pungency, and tamed down from a goodly piece of timber to a poor dwarf of a vegetable. It is the absence of wood, indeed, which gives a particularly naked look to the country, as if it were all shaven and shorn, and consequently, in the highest degree forlorn. Iceland, further, is a land whose interior is so little explored that the people believe its deserts and glacier regions are occupied by a race of outlaws; and though no traces of these *Utilegue-menn* have been discovered, yet their existence is assumed from the fact that multitudes of sheep vanish from the high pasture-grounds, coupled with the circumstance that sometimes wanderers who have ventured too far into the bowels of the country have never returned.

"Truly a wretched island!" many of us cosily situated Englishmen may be disposed to exclaim. It is a place where no corn is regularly produced, and in Madame Pfeiffer's time, only one bake-house existed in the country. The natives live chiefly on cod, and their principal beverage is milk; so that, should the fisheries prove bad, or the hay season unfavorable, a famine is almost certain to ensue. Unable to raise sufficient supplies, even for the scanty population, a war which should cripple their commerce for a few months, or simply cut off their imports of fishing-hooks, would reduce them to a state of lamentable destitution. There, if a peasant is ill, and needs a medical man, he may have to seek him at a distance of fifty, eighty, or one hundred miles; and in winter it may be requisite to open a road, and pioneer for the doctor with shovels and pickaxes. If a man wishes to attend divine worship, he may have to ride many miles to a church, twenty or thirty feet in length, which is used as a lumber-house by the incumbent, and as an hotel by travelers, the latter spreading their beds on the floor, and sometimes taking their meals from the altar; and when service is performed, it will be by a well-educated clergyman, who considers himself passing rich on ten to two hundred florins a year, and who shoes horses or makes hay, whilst his lady milks cows and tends sheep.

But the Iclander will tell us that his country has some splendid negative advantages at the least. It has no forts,

no soldiery, no policemen, (worth mentioning,) no custom-house officers, no income-tax gatherers, and happily for its peace, (so the general public may say,) no professional lawyers! Neither has it had a single executioner for some time past, for it is remarkable that no native could be found to undertake this odious duty; and, consequently, it has been necessary to export malefactors to the mainland, in order that they might be dispatched. He will tell us also—such is the strong attachment which man naturally conceives for his native spot, however uncouth and ungenial—that, though his country is blistered with lava and blanched with snow, though its hills may be without verdure and its valleys without corn, though its atmosphere reeks with sulphur and its streams may flow from boiling fountains, though he walks on a nest of earthquakes and sleeps amongst a host of angry volcanoes, and though, to all appearance, his little island might at any moment be blown up into the air, or let down into the sea; yet, after all, in his opinion, Iceland is the very “best spot on which the sun shines.”

“Still, even here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts
though small,
He sees his little lot, the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loathe his poor and scanty meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.”

Just one point more. At the present moment Iceland possesses an additional feature of interest—one which may possibly render it of great service to the New World as well as the Old. The difficulties of laying an electric cable across the Atlantic, and of working it with the requisite vigor when laid, have made it expedient to break the length of the journey by establishing intermediate posts. By fixing upon three stepping-stones, as it were, the ocean may certainly be overleaped by the galvanic fluid without much sense of resistance. Of these Iceland must be one. We conclude by giving Commander Forbes's opinion on the subject, at the same time expressing our obligations to

him for his lively and interesting work. It is sketchy in character, and scarcely fulfills the expectations which its title and appearance excite. Nor is the language at all eminent for its polish; but taking it as a sailor's narrative, purposely written with a free-and-easy pen, the reader will find much in its pages to entertain and instruct.

“The manifest advantages of a North Atlantic telegraph would be, that four electrical circuits would be obtained, none of greater length than six hundred miles; and as submarine telegraphs now working at greater lengths demonstrate the possibility of complete insulation and retardation up to that distance, whereas, when we get beyond the thousand miles, all is doubt and conjecture, to say nothing of the hazard attendant on the enterprise, and the advantage of having to relay a portion instead of the whole length of the line, in the event of a fracture, the superiority of this route can not fail to command attention. The honor of originating the North-Atlantic line belongs wholly to Colonel Shaffner, of the United States, who, in 1854, obtained a cession from the Danish Government of exclusive telegraphic rights in the Faroes, Iceland, and Greenland. His proposed route is as follows: From Scotland to the Faroes, two hundred and fifty miles; from Faroes to Iceland, three hundred and fifty miles; from Iceland to Greenland, five hundred and fifty miles; from Greenland to the coast of Labrador, six hundred miles. Now with regard to the objections that may be advanced against this line, there are only two worthy of notice—namely, the icebergs of these northern coasts and the submarine volcanic line of the south-western extreme of Iceland. The latter may be easily avoided by landing the cable on any of the many eligible spots between Portland and Cape Reykianos, and thence carrying the line across country to any part of Faxø Fiord. All this portion of the coast is free from icebergs, and the shore-ice occasionally formed in the winter is inconsiderable; and, besides, it has been already demonstrated in the Baltic and American lakes that shore ice does not interfere with the workings of submarine lines. With regard to any local electrical difficulties to be surmounted, it must be remembered that, as far as our present knowledge goes, they are only conjectural; and when it is added that the bottom in these regions is, for the most part, composed of sand and mud, and nowhere of a greater depth than two thousand fathoms,* the only wonder is that this North-about route was not first adopted.”

* The expedition since employed to sound this line found much less depth of water than had been anticipated.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

R I F L E D O R D N A N C E .

SINCE 1815 the infantry troops, armed with the smooth-bore musket, had gradually fallen behind the artillery, as the latter, owing to great improvements effected in the ordnance, and by removal of much dead weight from the limbers, gained materially in facility of maneuvering, and were enabled to alter their position in the field much as they pleased. At the same time great attention was paid to the ammunition and the perfection of the shrapnel, a destructive missile invented at the close of the last century, and the introduction of congreve rockets gave field-pieces a range such as was never dreamed of before. This disproportion between the two arms could not, however, be allowed to exist, and the gradual introduction of rifled fire-arms in the ranks rendered it an easy matter for the latter to attack batteries, while remaining in perfect safety themselves. As a natural consequence, every effort has been made to restore the artillery to its old supremacy, and it is our purpose in the present paper to describe what has been done generally, while carefully avoiding all scientific explanations and descriptions.

An increased range with field-pieces (we are here referring to the period before rifled ordnance was introduced) could only be acquired, as a general rule, by the enlargement of the guns which allowed of a greater charge of powder and heavier projectiles, but rendered them, at the same time, more difficult to move about in the field. The destructive power of the various projectiles increases, however, when it does not strike the mark as a unit, but divides in its vicinity into a number of death-dealing pieces. In order to explain this feeling to our non-professional readers, and, at the same time, obtain certain ground for the principal subject of our paper, we will first take a cursory glance at the guns and projectiles hitherto used, and, to a certain extent, still in use with field-artillery.

Field ordnance consists of cannon and

howitzers, the former having long barrels, and intended to shoot massive projectiles at the foe with considerable velocity; while the latter, with shorter barrels, and a conical chamber for the reception of the powder-charge, are fired at a considerable elevation, so that the projectile may be thrown over any covering ground into the enemy's ranks. For such practice we can easily see that an ordinary cannon-ball is not suitable, for, under the most favorable circumstances, supposing that it hit any thing where it fell, it could not kill more than two or three at the most. Hence, shells are fired from howitzers—that is to say, hollow bullets filled with powder, so contrived as to burst where they fall, and inflict considerable injury. Our readers can easily understand that, owing to the elevation necessarily given to the howitzer, the powder-charge must be very small, for the recoil acts on the carriage, and would soon render it unserviceable. The defect of the howitzer, and the impossibility of covering long distances, produced a desire among artillerymen to combine the percussion force of the level shot with the destructive power of the shell, and led, at the beginning of the century, to the introduction of the shell-guns and long howitzers. To enable our readers to form an idea of the difference of the four sorts of guns, we will observe here that the chief distinction lies in the length of the barrel, that of the field-guns being 17 to 18 shot diameters; shell-guns, 12 to 14; long howitzers, 10 to 11; and short howitzers, 6 to 7½. Naturally, too, the guns intended to fire shells must have a larger caliber than those that fire solid shot, and hence we find the following guns employed by the various armies:

	Weight of bullet.	Caliber.
The 12 pounder, 12 lbs.		about 5½ inches.
" 9 "	9	4 "
" 8 "	8	3.75 "
" 6 "	6	3.50 "

Of these guns, the 12 and 6-pounder

are generally used; 9 pounder are used in England, while the 8 pounder—special favorites of the French—have been recently abolished in that country. Heavier guns than these, for instance, 16 and 18-pounder, were exceptionally employed in the field by the Austrians during the last war, and by the Russians in the Crimea; but they are too heavy, and require too many horses, and hence are only valuable in strong positions. Shell-guns are only in existence as 12-pounders, and were hitherto principally employed in France, where the Emperor Napoleon, by the introduction of this gun, (called after him the *canon de l'empereur*,) as the only one taken into the field, certainly desired to obtain a very valuable simplification of the ammunition; but latterly rifled guns have, to some extent, taken their place. The long howitzers have nearly universally a caliber of $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and go by the name of 24-pounders, owing to an iron shot of that weight fitting them, or 7-pounders, (in Germany alone,) where stone shot of that weight were fired. Of short howitzers, lastly, there are several varieties: the 30-pounder, with a caliber of 6 to $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches, but these have been nearly abolished, as heavy and clumsy; the 24-pounder howitzer, with a caliber of about $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and the one in most general use, and the 12-pounder, employed as a mountain gun. The iron shells of these howitzers weigh respectively 22, $14\frac{1}{2}$, and $6\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.

Guns are loaded with a charge of powder generally one third the weight of the bullet and solid shot, canister, or shrapnels. Canister is a large form of sporting cartridge, that is to say, a quantity of iron bullets placed in a tin box, for greater convenience of loading. On firing, the box is broken, and the bullets fly forward, gradually spreading, like the shot charge from a fowling piece. The shrapnels are very differently made: they are hollow shot, filling the gun, and filled with a large quantity of leaden bullets and a small powder-charge, sufficient to burst the shell, but not to scatter the bullets in every direction, so that the latter, obeying the velocity imparted to the shell on leaving the gun, continue to fly forward. In order to make the projectile burst at the right moment, a "fuse" is inserted in a hole through the side of the shell, which gradually burns down till it reaches the powder-charge in the shell. This fuse

catches fire so soon as the gun is fired, and continues to burn as the projectile speeds through the air. We can plainly see from these facts that if a shrapnel is to injure the enemy it must burst before their front; it further follows that, if it is to prove effective, the right moment for its bursting must be accurately calculated. Hence the great difficulty in shrapnel firing is found in setting the fuse, and were it not for that it must be a most murderous projectile, and far superior to canister, as the shrapnel leaves the gun in a solid form, and naturally flies farther ere it bursts. Owing to these difficulties, and others on which we need not dwell, it has been found more advantageous to employ in the field shells, that is to say, hollow shot filled with powder, and also supplied with a fuse. As the powder-charge is considerable, the pieces of the shell, generally twelve or fifteen in number, do not fly forward, as is the case with the shrapnel, but in every direction, so that they can kill even if they have passed over the enemy's heads. Such was the general condition of field-artillery when the extraordinary improvements made in fire-arms attracted the attention of practical men to the absolute necessity of introducing rifled ordnance, in order to restore the old equilibrium. Before, however, we run through the attempts that have been made in this direction, our readers will, perhaps, be glad to understand in a very few words in what the advantages of this system consist.

In the first place, it is evident that when a cannon is once rifled it is no longer necessary to adhere to spherical shots, but conical projectiles can be employed, producing a notable improvement in the certainty of fire, as the abolition of the windage and the rotation of the projectile insure this, as we have already explained in our pages when discussing rifled fire-arms. A further advantage is, that by the use of conical shot the caliber, and, therefore, the weight of the gun, can be materially reduced, for a conical shot for a 6-pounder gun weighs just twelve pounds, and hence, as 12-pounders have hitherto been the largest guns taken into the field, the caliber can be at once reduced to six, and produce the same effect. As regards shrapnel firing, the improvement introduced by rifled ordnance will be remarkable. We have seen that the effect of spherical shells

depended on the moment of their bursting, and that again on the length of the fuse. A shell could only be effective if it burst right in front of the enemy, either on the ground or in the air, and it has always been found an enormous difficulty to achieve the result. For years artillerymen devoted their attention to percussion fuses, or such as did not catch fire in the gun, but exploded through the blow the projectile received in falling on the ground, or striking the object. The windage of the smooth bores, and the shaking the shell suffered by striking against the sides of the piece, offered, however, insurmountable obstacles. If the explosive mass of the fuse was made too susceptible, it burst harmlessly in the gun itself; if it was dull to catch, the bursting powder of the shell became exceedingly problematical. With rifled ordnance and conical bullets all this changes at once. The latter, flying out of the gun without any windage, and keeping their point forward during their flight, permitted the percussion composition to be placed at the point of the projectile, on the same principle as General Jacob's shell-bullet fired from a rifle, and which on trial produced such admirable results, blowing up powder-boxes at a distance of more than fifteen hundred yards. The effect of such projectiles in the field must prove terrible, for directly they strike an object they burst and spread destruction around. If such a shell were fired, for instance, through the side of a house occupied by the enemy, it must infallibly blow them all away, and if even it struck the ground short of the mark the pieces would still fly forward.

Canister-firing with rifled ordnance seems to present somewhat greater difficulties. As we have seen, the case must explode in the gun, and it would injure the rifling; if, on the other hand, the canister were made of thicker material, and intended to burst after leaving the gun's mouth, the bullets it contained would not scatter soon enough, and this might lead to serious consequences if the enemy were close up to the battery. These technical difficulties will have to be removed, for canister-firing is indispensable with artillery. The latest improvement has been in making the canister of zinc, which, owing to its proportionate softness, does not injure the rifling. It has been proposed, also, to rifle the canisters

so as to fit the grooves, but there are material difficulties connected with this. Still, there is no doubt but that in our age, so productive in inventions as it is, the time is at hand when the right system will be hit upon.

Although we have hitherto dealt exclusively with field-artillery, we may rapidly investigate the value of rifled ordnance for maritime and siege war. In the former case, the percussion shells to which we have alluded, if fired at the sides of wooden vessels, will produce a tremendous effect; and hence the exertions that are being made to turn out as speedily as possible iron-clad vessels, and to defend our coasts with Armstrong guns of heavy caliber. It is, after all, a very moot point whether the guns will not get the best of it, and such extraordinary improvements be made in them that it will prove impossible to build invulnerable vessels capable of floating. As for fortresses, stone walls will not stand any length of time before these tremendous engines, as was very successfully shown at the Eastbourne trial, when an enormous mass of masonry crumbled away under the withering fire of the Armstrong gun. In all future sieges we fancy that only those forts will have a chance of success which are built of earth and armed with guns of the heaviest caliber, thus converting the siege into a regular artillery action. At the same time, the little gun-boats armed with these enormous guns will offer an admirable defense against any projects of invasion, for one conical projectile fired through the side of a transport would produce fearful havoc among the crowded troops.

Having thus cleared the ground away, we will proceed to discuss the trials made with rifled ordnance, remarking at the outset, however, that these are still in a transitional state, and have not attained that perfection which is found in hand fire-arms. On the contrary, experiments are still going on in nearly every European state, although here and there patterns have been laid down for them. We shall not, consequently, attach any importance to the extensive range recently obtained with rifled ordnance, for we may fairly assume that if rifled muskets now carry eight hundred yards with certainty, or double the distance of the smooth bore, rifled ordnance will maintain the same proportion; but whether it is wise to fire

at an enemy three miles off, and only visible through a telescope, is another question, very easy to answer in our view. First, then, we will speak about breech-loading guns.

The first really practical attempts with rifled ordnance were not made till a long time after Delvigne's invention had opened up a new era for rifled fire-arms. It is easy to understand that with muzzle-loading ordnance the abolition of the windage by the system of expansion would be very difficult to achieve, as cannon-balls intended to batter down obstacles must be composed, to a great extent, of iron, and hence attention was directed to the very old fashion of loading at the breech. The first experiments were made almost simultaneously by the Sardinian General Cavalli and Baron Wahrendorff, a Swedish forge-master, and both combined rifling with this mode of loading, the only difference being that Wahrendorff's projectiles were coated with lead, while Cavalli selected the conical form at once. In 1846 Cavalli experimented with a gun having the caliber of an old 30-pounder, the projectile weighing about sixty pounds, and obtained a range of eleven hundred and eighty yards beyond that of an old-patterned gun of the same caliber. In the following year Sardinia ordered twenty cast-iron mortar-guns of the Cavalli system for the armament of the fort of Genoa, and continued the experiments on field-guns, which were employed, as we have seen, with considerable effect, at the siege of Gaëta. About the same time, Sweden armed the fort of Waxholm with Wahrendorff breech-loaders of an improved system, and in 1850 England ordered a quantity of 8-inch guns from Sweden for the defense of Portsmouth.

Wahrendorff, however, did not confine his attention to heavy ordnance, but constructed 6 and 12-pounders, which attracted the attention of the Prussian artillery, and led, in 1850, to extensive experiments, whose result has been the recent introduction of a great number of breech-loading guns into the field batteries. The great reason why Wahrendorff's guns were so admired in Prussia was, that his mode of loading was very similar to that of the breech-loading musket which had done such excellent service in the Badois revolution. We are not able to obtain much information as to the trials made in Berlin, but we have it on good

authority that a Wahrendorff 12-pounder, with only a charge of one pound of powder, never once missed at eight hundred yards a target only four feet square. Various improvements have since been made, and this gun stands deservedly high in the opinion of military authorities.

In France, the first experiments with rifled ordnance were made in 1851, at Vincennes, with bronze guns of very small caliber, loaded at the muzzle with lead-coated projectiles, on the Delvigne system. Experience soon demonstrated that this was a mistake, and was soon given up in favor of the Cavalli system, with certain modifications. In England the first trials were made in 1852, with breech-loading guns, but the attention of the authorities was diverted from them for a time through Lancaster's invention, until, in 1854, Mr. Armstrong proved so successful with his breech-loading gun, that he has remained before the public ever since. The construction of the piece has been so amply discussed in the English papers, that we can say nothing new of it here. Still, we would warn our readers not to pin their faith blindly on the Armstrong. Reports are rife as to the field-artillery having proved a failure in China, in spite of the flourish given them in dispatches, and it is an undeniable fact that, with guns of heavy caliber, Sir William Armstrong has not yet succeeded as we might wish. The insuperable difficulty with all breech-loading arms is to close the breech so hermetically that no powder gas can escape: this may be possible for the first few rounds; but the repeated concussion inevitably puts the mechanism out of gear, the grooves become clogged with deposit, and the gun is speedily rendered unserviceable. If this be the case, as we have heard it was in China, it stands to reason that the 100-pounder battery-guns will suffer much more seriously, and we therefore warn our readers not to suppose that we can now sit down idly, in the confidence that we have produced the very best guns that can be turned out. A friend who was engaged in the Schleswig-Holstein campaign, and had opportunity of watching the practice of the needle-guns, told us that after a while it became so difficult to close the breech, and the powder-gas flashed out so furiously, that the troops could no longer raise their piece to their shoulder, but fired from

under the arm. Such a defect with the Armstrong guns would surely prove very serious in a regular action.

At the same time, we do not for a moment deny that the practice made with the Armstrong gun has been astounding, as can be easily seen from the following comparison: A 32-pounder gun, which weighs 56 cwt., has only a range of 3000 yards, with a charge of 10 lbs. of powder; while the Armstrong 32-pounder, weighing only 20 cwt., with a charge of but 10 lbs., has attained a range of upward of 10,000 yards. Little value, however, should be attached to such enormous distances, as they can only be attained by an elevation of about 30 degrees. Still, we must not leave out of sight the precision of fire at distances ranging from 3000 to 4000 yards, and the percussive force of the projectiles, which the iron-clad walls of the *Trusty* floating battery were unable to resist. In the presence of these facts, and the unsettled condition of the Continent, the English government were justified in carrying on energetically the preparation of Armstrong guns for the coast defenses, while reserving the right of effecting any improvements or modifications that may present themselves.

Another gun, which made a great sensation in its time, but which is now hardly spoken of, is the Whitworth. There is no doubt but that its inventor is one of the cleverest mechanics we possess, and as far as regards neatness of finish and adaptability of means to the end, there are few to surpass him; but he is unfortunate in his temper. Not satisfied with improving fire-arms and ordnance, he has entered into a war of words with every one who ventured to doubt the excellence of his inventions, and this war has too often degenerated into personal squabbles, which have lowered his reputation. The great point with guns is, in the first place, simplicity of construction, so that, in action, the gunners may have nothing to trouble them beyond their allotted duties. In the Whitworth gun, the projectile is hexagonal, to fit the grooves exactly, and the powder charge is contained in a tin case, which has to be taken out each time after firing. Moreover, the caliber of the gun is small, and it is altogether too complicated for field practice. It is the same with Whitworth's rifle, which certainly makes splendid practice, but no sane man would propose

to arm troops with so excellently fashioned an instrument, which requires great care lest it should get out of order. In spite of Captain Ross having won her majesty's prize at Wimbledon, the troops have not been armed with that weapon. One thing, perhaps, is in favor of the Whitworth gun: as the projectile is not coated with lead, it would be more easy to load with it at the muzzle in the event of any accident happening, while, on the other hand, a great objection to the gun still remains, in the weight of metal the boring necessitates, and the rapid wearing out of the edges of the grooves. It is a curious fact, too, that with each round fired from the Whitworth, a diminution of range is perceptible, or exactly the contrary to what has been noticed with other guns. Some writers have tried to explain this by the increased windage produced by the expansion of the metal; in our opinion, however, it depends on the augmented friction of the sharp-edged projectile. Although many other breech-loading guns have been tried besides the four to which we have directed our attention, we omit any description of them here, as we only wish to lay before our readers what has been proved practically advantageous. We will now proceed to investigate those rifled guns which are loaded at the muzzle.

We have already stated that so far back as 1851 experiments were made in France to construct ordnance on the Delvigne system, because the authorities doubted the durability of breech-loaders. In 1852, Lancaster's gun took the world by surprise, for it introduced a system to notice which seemed to do away with all defects. We will describe the Lancaster gun shortly here, for, although it was not a rifled gun proper, the form of the bore was intended to give the projectile a rotatory motion. The barrel was elliptical, and the projectile was an iron-pointed shell, with a percussion fuse of a conical form. The Lancaster guns, which were of very heavy caliber, the tube being eight feet long, with the diameter of a 65-pounder carronade, were specially intended to arm ships, coast, and siege-batteries, and were really tried in 1854 and 1855, both in the Baltic and before Sebastopol. The reports about the extraordinary effect of these monster guns were fabulous, and it was stated that a range of four and a half miles had been

attained with ease and certainty. But the reports and the guns were soon silenced, for the actual result proved to very be slight—as, for instance, Sir Howard Douglas informs us that before Sebastopol the Lancaster guns at five hundred and eighty-two yards only gave a very slight degree of precision, and at twelve hundred and eighty yards were as uncertain as the wind. The guns, too, repeatedly burst from the projectiles sticking in them, and the attempt to improve them by the employment of cast-steel did not succeed; they have now almost entirely disappeared.

Far better results were obtained in France with the muzzle-loading rifled gun, in the introduction of which the Emperor Napoleon took a very great interest. The experiments at Vincennes, and those in Sardinia, with the Cavalli guns afforded the basis for these exertions, and as the final result, mainly due to Colonels Tamissier and Treuille de Beaulieu, the Emperor was enabled to establish a pattern for the new artillery, which the last war proved to be thoroughly practical.

The barrels received eight grooves, sixteen millimetres broad, and five millimetres in depth, with a twist of two metres. The cylindro-ogival projectile, in accordance with the Cavalli system, is provided with six wings (ailettes) of zinc, which are not parallel, however, but placed three above, and the same number below, on the cylindrical portion of the projectile, and are of the shape which the experimental firing showed them to assume after quitting the mouth of the gun. As these projectiles have a certain amount of windage in the gun, both the percussion and ordinary fuse can be applied to them. When this system was established, the caliber was determined in a highly practical manner—namely, that the field-artillery only received guns of the caliber of the 4-pounder gun, while those with a 12-pounder and 24-pounder bore were set aside solely for siege and naval batteries. The 4-pounder projectile, when charged, weighs not quite twelve pounds, and is fired with a powder-charge not equal to one fifth its own weight. The French artillery took several batteries of these guns into the field in 1859, and though their practice, for very explicable reasons, may have been exaggerated, even on the side of the Austrians, it is quite

certain that on all occasions they opened an effective fire at distances to which the Austrian smooth-bored pieces could not reply, and that they committed very great injury among the reserves, and at the battle of Solferino very soon compelled the Austrian cavalry stationed at Medole to retreat.

These practical experiences gradually induced all the armies of the great powers to make a trial with the rifled guns, and they have been introduced, not only throughout Europe, but even in Egypt. It would lead too far if we attempted to register all these experiments, and we will only remark that the mode of loading varies. As regards the French system, we may observe that trials have recently been made with Minié's expanding system, and, among others, that meritorious officer, Colonel Charras, has turned his attention to it. He applies the system by keeping the cylindrical portion of the iron cone hollow—he surrounds it with lead, and produces the expansion by several holes in the iron, through which the powder-fuses act on the lead coating, and force it into the grooves.

Before we take a comprehensive back look at the result of our observations, we will say a few words about two points which deserve attention; the material of which the rifled cannon are made, and the deviation of the projectiles, as the former has a material influence on the progress of artillery, while the latter point is an element foreign to the smooth-bore guns, and exerts an influence over the special manufacture of the guns.

The material of which ordnance was formerly exclusively cast was bronze (a mixture of ten parts of copper with one of tin) and cast-iron; the former being specifically heavy, soft, and dear, the latter hard and brittle, but cheap. These qualities in both metals rendered their application to rifled ordnance extremely difficult; for, if the great specific weight of bronze is advantageous, in so far as it gives heaviness with slight circumference, and if the powerful effect of the gunpowder is paralyzed by the toughness of the bronze, while its softness facilitates the rifling—on the other hand, the grooves are worn out remarkably quick through the very softness of the material. Bronze, therefore, is no durable material for rifled ordnance; and the French have found this out at their expense, all their guns be-

ing of bronze, and rendered unserviceable with remarkable rapidity.

Cast-iron is hard, and though troublesome to manipulate, the grooves, when once formed, do not easily wear out; on the other hand, its brittleness is dangerous, as the absence of the windage produces a very forcible development of gas, whose consequence is, too often, the bursting of the piece. If this difficulty is sought to be alleviated by a reinforcement of the metal, the gun becomes heavy and clumsy, and even then the chances of bursting are not entirely removed.

From this explanation it is easy to comprehend that a suitable material was very soon sought for, and that, on the other hand, the greater extension of rifled ordnance went hand and hand with that tendency. Cast-steel and welded iron were soon discovered to be the best material; the former being distinguished by its firmness, combined with a proportionate softness, well adapted for working; and welded iron through its notoriously enormous toughness. The employment of cast-steel, however, could not be carried out to any great extent until the mode was discovered of producing it in large blocks, from which heavy guns could be formed. This improvement in the manufacture of cast-steel was made in Essen, by a Mr. Krupp, who turned out in 1853 blocks weighing from 8000 to 10,000 pounds. Even though a Lancaster gun, made of this material, burst in 1854, this resulted not so much from the trial of the piece as from an exceptional circumstance. The lower part of the barrel was merely covered with a coating of cast-iron, and the tube burst at the very point where this mantle ceased, as it impeded the external expansion of the cast-steel.

All other trials speak wonderfully in favor of cast-steel, and it is allowed to be four or five times as valuable as bronze for rifled ordnance. The natural result of this is a very rapidly increased employment of cast-steel for rifled ordnance. The Prussian new guns are made exclusively of that metal, and in France, where the experiments made in 1859 of converting smooth-bored bronze guns into rifled ordnance were found extremely unsatisfactory, cast-steel is also being universally employed. In all other countries, where attention is being directed to rifled ordnance, we believe that the same metal is in general use.

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As regards the employment of welded iron, the idea of augmenting the resisting power and permanence of guns by its use has long been followed out. As, however, welded iron can not be obtained in large blocks, its employment has been restricted, and the gun has either been made of strong iron bars welded together and covered with a cast-iron case, or else the body of the piece is made of cast iron, and then reinforced by welded iron rings, as is the case with Whitworth's heavier ordnance. Sir W. Armstrong has also recently introduced a new system of building up guns, from which the most favorable results are anticipated. Still we believe that, in the long run, cast steel will gain the superiority over iron, even in its most perfect form. At any rate, bronze will be placed on the shelf for the lighter field-guns, though for a while the heavier pieces will be converted and employed as guns of position.

The second point we have to notice is the permanent deviation to the right of the projectiles of rifled ordnance, which was first specially noticed in the trials of the Cavalli guns. Every rifled gun displays this defect, as it is the result of the special turn of the grooves, generally running from left to right. In order to explain this in the simplest manner, the reader need only take a metallic cylinder, and revolve it from left to right on a smooth surface: he will notice it take a bias to the right, and the same effect will be produced in water also. With the conical projectile, the air beneath it in its flight produces a resistance, which gradually directs it to the right hand. This, of course, only sets in gradually, for the propelling force of the powder drives the projectile onward simultaneously with extreme velocity. If, for instance, the deviation of a projectile to the right amounts to one foot in the first second, and its velocity, in the same period, to nine hundred feet, at the end of that distance it would be one foot out of the true line. In the second second the projectile deviates further to the right, but its initial velocity decreases, and hence, at the termination of the second second, the projectile is more than two feet out of its course, and the reader can easily see that, the further it flies, the greater this deviation must become. Calculation, or, better still, practical observation, of the mean deviation at various distances naturally supplies the means to correct this, and the accuracy of

the aim depends on the judgment of the gunner. In some pieces the tangent scale is so arranged that it can be moved to the left: on the French rifled guns notches are made in the right-hand trunnion, calculated according to the distances. Both systems lead to equally satisfactory results. In Prussia the arrangement has been so carefully studied that the gunners hit a mark two thousand yards distant with extraordinary precision.

It is palpable that rifled fire-arms, whose twist runs from left to right, must also suffer from the same deviation of the missile; but we attach no importance to that, as the deviation only amounts to one inch in the first six hundred yards, and is only reckoned by feet beyond that distance. As no one would think of firing at an individual foe beyond six hundred yards off, (an enormous distance in itself,) he can easily correct the trifling deviation, while beyond that distance he would certainly aim at large masses, in the assurance of hitting somebody. Hence, any artificial correction of the deviation appears to us very superfluous in rifles, especially as the barrel does not rest on a steady support, but is in the generally anxious hands of the soldier, which in itself frequently injures the precision. Still, we would call the attention of the volunteers to the instrument employed in Hanover, which reduces firing almost to a certainty. As a general rule we may mention, also, that the deviation is less in fire-arms on the expanding system, with elongated projectiles, especially when they are fired with heavy charges, and this is a further reason why the large caliber of the Enfield should be preferred to the Whitworth.

We think we have proved our assertion that the introduction of rifled ordnance will restore the old prestige of the artillery, and, at the same time, wonderfully simplify its mechanism, as the three varieties of ordnance—cannon, Paixhans, and howitzers—will be merged into one, and the only other guns employed will be short howitzers and mortars for vertical firing. It is impossible to say whether the breech or muzzle-loading system will gain the upper hand, although we are strongly in favor of the latter, because we think that any unnecessary complication should be avoided in the field. Still, we believe that Armstrong guns will prove of great value in batteries of position, and specially on board ship, for the men will be enabled

to stand under cover, and the size of embrasures and port-holes can be very considerably reduced. It is to be regretted that we have no certain information about their working in the field: we have certainly read most flattering accounts of them in the public press, but, on the other hand, private letters inform us that they committed great ravages among our own men, owing to the metal rings dropping off. As regards the 100-pounder guns, we have received equally unsatisfactory reports, and we believe that more than one professional artilleryman is disposed to regard them as a failure. Still, we are willing to consider the Armstrong gun generally as a step in the right direction, and think that government acted wisely in rewarding the inventor so liberally as they did.

It has been the fashion with professional philanthropists to regard these progressive improvements in Germany as an insult on humanity and the enlightened spirit of the nineteenth century, but we think this a very unfair way of looking at the question. So long as a Napoleon sits on the throne of France, he will strive to render his nation superior to England by all means at his command, and the *Gloire* proved to us that it would be most unwise to allow him to continue his preparations without rendering ourselves at least equal to him. He was first in the field with his rifled howitzers, and tested their value in more than one well-fought field. The Tyrolese Chasseurs, regarded as the finest sharpshooters in Europe, could not hold their ground before his guns, which hurled their shell into ranks which fairly presumed themselves safely out of action. In every other respect our artillery was superior to his, save in material, and we have very speedily and magnificently rectified that evil, if our guns turn out as is expected from them. Still, it is an unpleasant thought that the Emperor Napoleon, who his life through has devoted himself to the improvement of the French artillery, should have adhered to the old system of muzzle loading, and we can not refrain from the suspicion that he tested the Armstrong and other breech-loading guns, and found them wanting. If they possessed the qualities we so readily ascribe to them, the Emperor Napoleon is much too practical a man not to place his artillery on an equality with ours. We allow that

in the Italian war his guns turned out failures in several instances, but that resulted from the fact that, in his anxiety to form heavy park, he ordered the old bronze guns to be converted. Since the return of peace he has been hard at work making cast-steel guns, but we have not heard that he has introduced breech-loading ordnance to any considerable extent. Hence we should not be sorry to hear that experiments were being made at Woolwich with cast-steel muzzle-loaders, so that we might have something to fall back upon in the event of the worst.

For our part, we believe honestly that rifled ordnance is as yet in its infancy, and that, twenty years hence, we shall look with amazement at the clumsy weapons on which we prided ourselves in the year of Napoleonic grace 1861. Hardly a day passes in which we do not hear of some new and extraordinary invention, which probably fails owing to the eagerness of the patentee to bring it out, but contains valuable suggestions for the future. It is so, we are inclined to think, with Mallet's monster, which, though ridiculed as a mistake, we understand, on good authority, will make its reappearance some day. It is a harsh but necessary fact that, as civilization progresses, the means of destroying it advance *pari passu*, and it is, perhaps, fortunate that it should be so, as the more destructive the engines of war become, the greater guarantee we have for the insurance of peace. The poetry of warfare is dying out, and in its place a stern practical spirit is springing up, which, regarding war as an evil emanating from the ill-regulated passions of a few men, is determined to have a heavy reckoning with them when the hour arrives. Or, again, take the suppression of the great Indian mutiny, performed in so wonderfully short a time: it was owing in great measure to the general armament of our troops with Enfield rifles, which hurled destruction into the ranks of the rebel Sepoys.

There is but one point we are disposed to quarrel with in the public appreciation of rifled ordnance, and that is the admiration of enormous range. It was supposed, for instance, that Mr. Whitworth's breech-loading gun must be good because he fired a shot an extraordinary distance, but the way in which that result was obtained was left out of sight. By reducing the caliber, we allow that a remarkable range may

be attained, but the percussive power is sacrificed. One successful discharge from Mallet's mortar would be more effective than a Whitworth battery pounding for a week, and the Enfield musket has produced the greatest ravage at comparatively short ranges. The largest possible caliber and the utmost degree of precision are all that are needed from modern fire-arms, and the authorities, therefore, acted wisely in not exchanging the Enfield for the Whitworth rifle, simply because the latter possessed a more extensive range. Those who are aware of the efforts made to produce this alteration know what a fortunate escape we had.

Our readers will naturally object that Mr. Whitworth's rifle gained the prize at Wimbledon, and defeated the Enfield. We concede this, and will go so far as to say that it will always do so. If our troops were equal to Captain Ross, and able to hit a man at one thousand paces, it would be a different thing; but in action distances are not of so much consequence. In the first place, the powder obscures the scene in a very short period, and men grow too much excited to judge very accurately. On the other hand, the Enfield has a very considerable bullet, and is not liable to get out of order, and in both these respects the Whitworth is inferior to it. We can perfectly well understand why our rifle volunteers, as a rule, should prefer the Whitworth, but we repeat, without fear of contradiction, that it is not a weapon adapted for ordinary troops.

It is curious to speculate on the nature of the next war between two civilized powers, and the changes that will necessarily spring up owing to the extension of rifled ordnance and fire-arms. Battles will, in all probability, be terminated by the bayonet, but ere the final charge a frightful slaughter must take place. Owing to the reduced weight of the rifled guns many more pieces will be taken into the field, and can be directed to all points should the occasion arise. We shall never hear again of such achievements as Hongoumont, for two or three percussion shells would drive the defenders out like sulphur does bees from a hive; and then, again, cavalry will have entirely laid down their old character, and descended to escort duties. Of what avail would the most brilliant cavalry charge be against guns which can fire three rounds a minute,

and would empty every saddle ere there was a chance of reaching the battery? As we said before, war is becoming in-

tensely prosaic, and individual exploits will give way to the employment of heavy masses and a crushing artillery fire.

From Memoirs of Napoleon.

ROMANCE OF HISTORY IN REAL LIFE.

IN the year 1806 it was difficult to find over the whole continent of Europe, a single corner which afforded shelter against the despotism of the Emperor, when it was his pleasure to exercise it. Italy was in his power, Germany almost subjugated, and even as far as the *steppes* of Russia, there was no place which could be said to secure a refuge for the proscribed. French domination extended even to the lion of Saint Mark. The "Code Napoleon" punished the gondolier of the Brenta, and prohibited him from singing his *barcaroles*. Amongst the numerous foreigners then residing at Venice, was the Marquis de Salvo, a Sicilian nobleman, about twenty years of age, who had quitted Sicily and Naples, and was traveling in Italy. The Marquis was even at this early period of his life distinguished for his talents and knowledge of the world, and he was most cordially received by all the foreigners of rank then in Italy. Of this number was the Countess Attems, the daughter of Baron Herbert, Internuncio from Austria to Constantinople, whose house was the resort of the best company in Venice. A younger sister of the Countess had arrived a short time previously from Germany, for the purpose of recovering her health. This lady was Mrs. Spencer Smith, whose husband was the ambassador from England to Stuttgart. Mrs. Smith seldom quitted her apartment, but those who knew her declared that she was distinguished for grace and beauty, that her mental attainments were of a very superior kind, that she spoke seven languages with perfect purity, was an excellent musician, and was familiar with the

literature of every language she spoke. All that the Marquis de Salvo heard respecting this young lady rendered him extremely desirous to become acquainted with her. On the occasion of the performance of a new piece at the theater, Mrs. Spencer Smith accompanied her sister to her box, when the Marquis, apprised by the Countess of her intention to be present, was gratified by the introduction he so anxiously sought.

Shortly after the Marquis de Salvo's introduction to Mrs. Smith, General Lauriston, one of Napoleon's aides-de-camp, arrived in Venice to exercise the functions of governor. M. de la Garde then filled the post of director-general of the police. One evening the Marquis de Salvo went to pay a visit to the Countess Attems—he found her drawing-room deserted. Astonished at this solitude, he inquired the cause of it, and was informed that M. de la Garde, had that evening sent an *invitation* to Mrs. Spencer Smith, requesting her to *call on him next morning at his office*. The effect of this invitation, which Mrs. Smith in her frankness had thoughtlessly made known, was a signal for every one to desert her, as a person whose society it was almost dangerous to frequent, since she had drawn upon her the attention of the director-general of the police of Venice. The Marquis, indignant at this desertion of Mrs. Smith, generously offered to escort her to the office of M. de la Garde. The director-general of the police received her with every mark of respect, and took pains to dispel the alarm she appeared to be in, assuring her that the suspicions which attached to her name in Paris, evidently originated in

some mistake: probably from the circumstance of her sister receiving so much company. He concluded by suggesting the propriety of her quitting Venice, and recommended her to reside near Padua, where her sister could easily visit her. Mrs. Smith readily promised to take his advice. Her satisfaction at this dreaded interview terminating so calmly, was, however, soon disturbed.

On the following evening, the house of the Countess was abruptly entered by some gendarmes with a brigadier at their head, who unceremoniously ordered Mrs. Smith to confine herself to her own room, where they should guard her as a prisoner. M. de la Garde informed the Marquis de Salvo, who waited upon him without delay, to ascertain the cause of this unexpected harsh measure, that shortly after his interview with Mrs. Spencer Smith on the preceding day, he had received fresh instructions from the cabinet of the Emperor himself. These orders required him to remove the lady from Venice, and to conduct her with an escort of gendarmes to Milan. There she was to be interrogated by the viceroy, and afterward conveyed to France—probably for the purpose of being imprisoned in the citadel of Valenciennes. "The name of Smith," added he, "is probably one cause of the severity shown to this lady, who is the sister-in-law of Sir Sydney Smith, and the wife of Mr. Spencer Smith, the ambassador from England to Stuttgart. Recollect the affair of Drake, and you will then have a key to circumstances which appear mysterious."

The Marquis de Salvo, shocked at the contemplation of the rude trials that this charming woman was threatened with, resolved at all hazards to secure her escape. He found it no easy matter to obtain Mrs. Smith's sanction to his project, the generous devotion of which she fully appreciated. She wrote a letter entreating him to abandon his intention, reminding him of the hopelessness of the attempt and of the inevitable ruin to himself, and characterized the plan as the offspring of the ardent and impassioned imagination of a man of twenty, whose services never could be repaid by her gratitude.

The doubt thus slightly glanced at of the purity of his intentions, was emphatically disavowed by the Marquis. He referred to her relationship to Sir Sydney Smith, at that time engaged in protecting

his own sovereign, as a sufficient cause for his risking any danger in her behalf. He should by this service be showing his gratitude to England, the country which had done so much for his unfortunate master. With respect to his own personal sentiments, he assured her that he regarded her with no other affection than that of a brother. He pledged his sacred word of honor, that as soon as she should be in safety and restored to her family, he would leave her without asking to remain another hour near her. The Marquis was the more confirmed in his determination to secure Mrs. Smith's escape, since he well knew that she must otherwise be imprisoned in the citadel of Valenciennes. The Emperor's displeasure had been excited against her in consequence of Drake's affair. Her husband had, happily for him, reached England: but Napoleon had received intelligence, either true or false, which represented that his wife was on the continent as the agent of her husband. Her extraordinary talents, and the number of languages which she spoke with facility, added to her beauty—which was in itself a powerful fascinator—all tended to confirm the Emperor's suspicions, and prompted him to adopt measures so extremely severe toward a female. The Marquis de Salvo reasonably feared that the lady's captivity would be rendered most rigorous, and these apprehensions having been confirmed by something which he heard prior to leaving Venice, he renewed most emphatically to the Count and Countess Attems the solemn assurance that he would save their sister. The Countess overruled her sister's scruples, and the Marquis at length received permission to make arrangements for the execution of his project. He possessed great courage and coolness. One of his first steps was to secure the safety of the two sons of Mrs. Smith, one of whom was seven and the other five years of age, and who might have been retained as hostages after the escape of their mother. It was then about the fifteenth of April. That season of the year is most delightful in Venice, and Mrs. Spencer Smith's children were frequently to be rowed in a gondola. One day the Marquis accompanied them to Fusina. Having reached that place, he said to their tutor: "Here are one hundred louis: take a post-chaise, get into it with your two pupils, and proceed as speedily as

possible to the Countess of Strassoldo's at Gratz in Styria; remain there until Mrs. Smith shall again join her children. Depart without delay." The tutor, an honest German, who was devoted to his patrons, obeyed the Marquis and fulfilled his commission.

On his return to Venice, the Marquis advised Mrs. Smith to write to the principal authorities, stating that she did not consider it safe to undertake so long a journey with no companion but her female servant, and requesting permission for a friend of her family to accompany her—that friend being the Marquis de Salvo. In answer to Mrs. Smith's letter General Lauriston replied: "That he was most happy to find his instructions did not oppose his ready acquiescence in her demands." The Marquis de Salvo accordingly renewed permission to accompany Mrs. Smith. On the twenty-fifth of April, 1806, Mrs. Spencer Smith quitted Venice for Milan, escorted by four gendarmes, and a brigadier named Amédée. This latter rode in the carriage of the prisoner, together with the Marquis, and Louisa, the waiting-woman. General Lauriston and the director-general of the police, in consideration of Mrs. Smith's state of health, had authorized the gendarmes to stop in the fortified towns, when the prisoner should request them to do so, and even to halt for several days if required.

It was at Verona that the Marquis counted on carrying into effect his plan of escape. There was in that city a friend of his childhood whom he loved as a brother, and upon whom he believed he could implicitly rely. This friend was Count Grimani. The Marquis had directed the Countess in English, to say that she was fatigued and required rest. On alighting from the carriage, the Marquis de Salvo hastened to the hotel of Count Grimani. It was closed! He learned from the porter at the gate that the Count was in the country, more than three leagues distant. He immediately wrote a letter to the Count Grimani, in which he said: "An affair, in which my life and my honor are engaged, compels me to appeal to your friendship. I have need of your assistance; but it is necessary to keep this a profound secret; and since you are not in Verona, it is also requisite that our interview should not be known. Come here to-night. At one o'clock, you will find

me in the Arena." The Marquis repaired at the hour fixed by him to the place of rendezvous, and found, to his dismay, that his friend was not there. After waiting some hours during a stormy night, he returned home in despair. In passing the post-house, he stopped to inquire for his postillion, who he found had arrived. He had brought the answer of Count Grimani, who had discovered by the incoherent style of the Marquis's letter that the affair in which he requested his assistance might possibly compromise him. He did not deem it prudent to serve his friend at the risk of his own safety. The Marquis de Salvo angrily tore in pieces the letter of Grimani. "And this is what is called a friend!" cried he, bursting with indignation.

Next morning, at breakfast, the Marquis had to inform Mrs. Smith that the hopes of that night had been thwarted. She endeavored to calm him, as he was much irritated at the conduct of his friend. They staid at Verona till the following morning. Then the little caravan took the road to Brescia, where it arrived on the first of May, 1806. The refusal of Count Grimani was the more vexatious, as there remained for the fugitives no asylum to elude pursuit, allowing that they could steal away from the gendarmes. This circumstance above all others increased the difficulties; for it was in the chateau of Count Grimani that the Marquis reckoned upon concealing Mrs. Smith. Suddenly, however, a thought crossed his mind. The Lake of Guarda occurred to him, with its shady banks, and, above all, its boats—those boats which had so often, during the preceding year, conveyed him to parties of pleasure at Riva. A few moments sufficed for him to arrange every thing in his mind, and he communicated his plan to Mrs. Smith in English. On arriving at Brescia, he endeavored to obtain lodgings which might be favorable to the execution of his project. He wished to obtain apartments on a ground floor; but in this he did not succeed, and he was obliged to content himself with a very inferior lodging at the Due Torre inn. It was on the first floor.

The next step was to put the brigadier of the gendarmes off his guard. Luckily Amédée was of a gay, easy temper, and the Marquis soon succeeded in cajoling him. He pretended that he was apprehensive of being observed by Prince Eu-

gène, to whom he was under obligations, in the act of escorting a state-prisoner. That he was anxious on this account to separate from Mrs. Smith at this point, and to rejoin her after she had passed through Milan. Amédée, flattered by the confidence thus shown him, readily promised to break the matter to the lady, and to allow the Marquis to bid her farewell afterward without the presence of a witness.

The Marquis immediately procured a horse, rode to Salons, and hired two boats. One of these boats was for himself and Mrs. Smith; the other was to convey the post-chaise, which was also ordered with the horses. These arrangements occupied nearly three hours. On the other bank of the lake were the passages of the Tyrol, Saltzbourg, and the frontier of Styria. The Marquis returned to Brescia, made several purchases, wrote a long letter explaining all to Mrs. Smith, and then went to her. Amédée kept his word; she was alone, though still guarded. The Marquis then gave his instructions, the most important of which was, that Mrs. Smith should fasten a cord to her window at nine o'clock that night, for the purpose of drawing up a packet and a rope-ladder. The Marquis, after leaving the lady, employed the rest of the day in preparing this ladder. Before evening he had completed one of ten or twelve feet long, and sufficiently strong to bear the fugitive. At nine at night he repaired to a little narrow obscure passage, opposite to the inn of the Due Torre. From thence he saw a light in Mrs. Smith's apartments. The window on the left belonged to the chamber adjoining her room, and which the gendarmes never quitted. Her own window was softly opened when the nearest clock struck nine, and the Marquis saw the cord descend. He approached with caution, but it was scarcely necessary, the street being deserted at that hour, and the weather being bad. The Marquis tied a packet to the cord, and it was quickly drawn up again. He then returned to his hiding-place. This was a barn, in which was the cabriolet and the horse, which he had hired for forty-eight hours. The barn was close to the gate through which they must pass to go to Salons. The Marquis threw himself upon the straw to endeavor to sleep, for he foresaw that if he was not shot the following morning he must remain many days

without rest. The packet which he had carried to Mrs. Smith contained a suit of boy's clothes, the rope-ladder, the letter explaining every thing she would have to do, and a vial, in which were five and twenty drops of laudanum. The laudanum was intended as a narcotic potion for the waiting-woman, if she should decline to aid the flight of her mistress. The hour appointed for Mrs. Smith's escape was eleven. At length the clock struck half past ten, and the Marquis ventured from his retreat. He had on a large military cloak and hat; he walked with the greatest confidence, in order to avoid suspicion.

On reaching the narrow lane opposite the inn of Due Torre, which had already served to conceal him, he trembled, and fancied for a moment that all was discovered. The window next to that of Mrs. Smith, which belonged to the room occupied by the gendarmes, was open, and no light appeared. Was this done the better to surprise them? At this instant eleven o'clock struck from all the churches of Brescia. The Marquis then saw a light glimmer through the white curtains of Mrs. Smith's window. The sash was raised, and the lady appeared in the balcony dressed in male attire. Louise threw a packet to the Marquis, and then lowered a casket which contained Mrs. Smith's jewels. All this was done in profound silence. At length came the moment which the Marquis dreaded. Mrs. Smith, after a short prayer, got over the balcony, and, placing her feet on the ladder, began to descend; but the unsteadiness of the ladder, the height of the window, the danger to which she was exposed, all made such an impression upon her, that she felt her senses failing. Agitated by the dread of falling, and the fear of being discovered, Mrs. Smith let go her hold of the ladder, and dropped into the arms of the Marquis, who fell to the ground with her, but without sustaining any hurt. Whilst they were both recovering themselves, two men passed singing on the other side of the street, without even noticing them. In a few moments the fugitives reached the barn in safety. Mrs. Smith wept. "O poor Louise! if you knew how nobly she has acted. She at first wished to follow me, but afterward, when she saw that was impossible, she told me that lest she should make any answers which might lead to a discovery of my track, she had drank the laudanum. 'This,'

said she, 'will make me sleep, and will prevent my saying a single word which may endanger you.' And before I could prevent her," continued Mrs. Smith, "she had swallowed the whole contents of the little vial. I am alarmed for the consequences."

After they reached the barn, the Marquis recollected that he had left the rope-ladder at the window of the inn. He hoped that Louise had removed it before break of day; but after what he had just heard, he thought it was not likely she could have done so, and the first person passing by might give the alarm. He ran to the inn of the Due Torre; but the ladder was gone from the window. After looking about he found that it had been cut, and was lying on the ground below the window. Louise had returned to the balcony to see if her mistress was out of danger, and perceiving the ladder, she immediately understood all that was to be done. On his return, Mrs. Smith remarked that it was nearly three o'clock, and proposed to depart immediately. "How can we?" said the Marquis; "Brescia is a closed town. We can not get out before the opening of the gates. But, stay! a thought strikes me!"

He took from the cabriolet a blue cloth cap with a gold band and tassel, and having put it on his head, he handed the lady into the cabriolet. Mrs. Smith, it will be recollected, was in male attire. He seated himself by her side, wrapped up in his cloak, and the cabriolet was in a few moments at the gate of the city. "Hollo! how is this?" exclaimed the Marquis, with an oath. "What! the guard of the gates not at his post! I will cashier him!" The man appeared, half undressed, with the key in his hands. "Who is there?" cried he, in an affrighted tone. "The colonel of the third regiment," answered the Marquis, assuming a gruff tone of voice. "You received notice last evening that I was going into the country to-day. I will punish you." "Colonel, I assure you that I knew nothing of the matter." "Go and open the gates, and do not stand babbling there." The guard opened the gates, holding his cap in his hand, and having again closed them, he returned to bed, whilst the fugitives drove rapidly to Salons. On arriving there they entered their boat, and took the direction of Riva. They now breathed again, and were able to render thanks to Heaven.

But new disasters awaited the fugitives. In order to obtain fresh horses at Trent, it was necessary that Mrs. Smith's passport should be shown. That of the Marquis bore his real description, but it contained the word *cameriere*, which he had altered to *cameriera*. Mrs. Smith having resumed her female attire, the officer would probably have let them pass, but it happened to be the commissary of police who examined the passport. Probably out of humor at being roused from his bed, he examined the passport very minutely, and discovered that it was a false one. However, as he must have a more careful examination of the parties, and as by not giving the order for the horses which were required, he was very certain to find them again on the following morning, he postponed until eight o'clock the further examination of the passport, and returned to bed. "There is no time for hesitation," said the Marquis, "we must proceed on foot, otherwise we are lost." Mrs. Smith was overcome with fatigue; but on seeing the imminent danger in which she stood, she determined to follow the advice of the Marquis. He had observed the countenance of the master of the inn; he appeared to be a kind-hearted man. He went to him and made some other inquiries about the road they were to take. The worthy man observed: "It is impossible that the young lady can undertake the journey on foot in the middle of the night. You are not here under any *surveillance*," added he; "if you will give me your word of honor that you have committed no offense against the government of my country, I will furnish you with a cabriolet. I can also spare you a horse, which will very well bear a long journey. Depart, then, and may Heaven protect you!"

He himself put the horse to the vehicle, and having assisted the lady and the Marquis into the carriage, mounted it himself in order to answer with his name to the guard at the gates. In this manner they passed without difficulty. It was two o'clock in the morning when they left Trent. The good landlord of the inn left them at a distance of one league from the city. Mrs. Smith was greatly incommoded by the jolting of the vehicle. At intervals they heard at a distance an indistinct sound like the rolling of a carriage, and the smacking of a whip. This sound proceeded from the direction of Trent.

At length it came so near upon them that Mrs. Smith became greatly terrified. They were then on a summit above a very deep valley, in which flowed a little river, or rather a torrent. On the other side was a steep and well-wooded mountain. The Marquis did not hesitate; he saw at some distance behind him a calèche full of men in uniform. Were they then pursued? This was probable, if not certain. From the position of the two carriages, the Marquis could clearly distinguish every thing, whilst the sun shone in the eyes of those that approached, so that they could not perceive him. "Do not be alarmed," said he to Mrs. Smith, and, taking the horse by the bridle, he led him down rapidly to the bottom of the valley, and having urged the animal across the little torrent, he entered a thicket formed by the young trees which grew at the foot of the mountain. The rolling of the carriages was soon heard on the heights. The noise was at first loud, then it became more distant, and at last it ceased altogether. The Marquis sallied forth to reconnoiter. On his return, he said: "I have found a footpath, which may almost be called a road. The carriage can pass through it; we must take this way, for it is advisable we should avoid the towns and high-roads." He then explained to Mrs. Smith that his object was to gain the frontier of Styria, by passing along the border of the territory of Saltzbourg. The trial which they had made of their passport at Trent, was not calculated to give them confidence on passing through the cities. It was necessary then to proceed by by-roads, and above all things to guard against being met and recognized. The escape had been known for three days past. A description had been circulated of their persons, and the situation of the fugitives was in every respect more perilous than it had been before their flight from Brescia. Mrs. Smith was aware of this, and she gave renewed proofs of that fortitude of mind which she had evinced throughout her misfortunes. She ascended the mountain on foot. When they had reached the summit, they perceived with delight a solitary house which appeared to be a farm. The heat was excessive, and the unfortunate lady had nothing to quench her thirst but a little water, so heated by the sun, that it was scarcely drinkable. They arrived at length before the door of

the house. It was closed, and the barking of two or three dogs was at first the only answer they could obtain. At length, a window above the door was opened, and a young woman asked them in no very gentle tone what they wanted.

She was, after a short parley, induced to let them in, and placed before the exhausted travelers some refreshment. They had scarcely finished their repast, when a man of repulsive manners, and armed as is the custom on the mountains, made his appearance. This was the master of the house. He eyed the guests with suspicion, and questioned them very closely; presently his attention was directed to Mrs. Smith's little casket of jewels, which he suddenly seized upon and opened. The sight of its contents confirmed him in the idea that the strangers were adventurers—possibly thieves, and even murderers.

This unfavorable opinion he very coarsely expressed, and poor Mrs. Smith was overcome with terror.

"You are not common travelers," exclaimed he. "It is my duty to arrest you, young man, and to go to the neighboring town for assistance to conduct you to the prison of Trent."

He advanced toward the Marquis, whose pistols were in the cabriolet, and who now trembled on thinking of the consequences which might result from being conveyed under such suspicious circumstances to Trent, whence he had fled on the preceding night. "Hear me," said he to the man, drawing him aside, "take care of what you are doing." And with ready invention, fabricating a story, he told him that they were emigrants, that the jewels were his wife's property, and concluded by offering him twenty piastres to allow them to depart. "If you would give me forty, I would not," answered the man. "It is plain that you are eluding justice. Come, go before me," added he, at the same time taking one of his pistols. "Obey, or I will shoot you."

The Marquis refused to move, and the man was about to take him by the arm to force him forward, when his wife, moved by the tears of Mrs. Smith, interceded so urgently in their behalf, that at length her husband's pity was moved, and he himself put the horse to, with which they were to resume their journey. It was already late; but in spite of all the offers and entreaties of Mrs. Smith, he refused to allow them to pass the night in his

house. "Begone!" he said. "All I can do for you is to let you depart. May Heaven pardon me if you are guilty!"

The Marquis and Mrs. Smith resumed their journey; it was then quite dark. They traveled on until nearly daylight amongst the mountains, and in the morning found themselves near a fortified farm, of which there were many at that period in the Tyrol. At this farm they breakfasted. They then again set out on their melancholy and dangerous pilgrimage. They bent their course toward Berthold-Scalden, which is a watering-place. It was necessary to avoid passing through the town. The Marquis was slightly acquainted with the suburbs of Berthold-Scalden, and drove toward the lake of Zell. They arrived at a small inn situated on the margin of the lake, where there happened to be lying a variety of journals upon the table. Eager to see if any description had been given of them, the Marquis seized the first which lay before him. It happened to be a Trent paper. He read under the head Milan, that the police of Trent declared Mrs. Spencer Smith and the Marquis de Salvo to be fugitives, and authorized any of the inhabitants of the kingdom of Italy to arrest them, if they should be discovered, and to send them under a safe escort to Milan, where the Marquis would be brought to trial for having favored the escape of a prisoner of state of the French Empire. Unwilling to alarm Mrs. Smith by explaining to her the new danger that had arisen, he merely informed her that they must immediately depart. At this moment the sound of military music was heard. The Marquis advanced to the window, and beheld in a little meadow near the house several squadrons of cavalry. On inquiring of the landlord of the inn, he learned that they were troops that had been about a week in Berthold-Scalden, and that they occasionally came to exercise on the banks of the lake. The Marquis knew a great many officers in the Bavarian as well as in the French regiments. He was obliged to renounce all idea of passing these troops; a fatality seemed to pursue the unfortunate fugitives. "What is to be done?" ejaculated Mrs. Smith, weeping. "I will deliver myself up, and do you save yourself into the Tyrol: a man may easily escape." The unfortunate lady knew nothing of the Trent journal, which the Marquis had

thrown into the fire. "We must cross the lake," said he, "and find refuge in the neighboring mountains. Courage, I beg of you, and all will be well again." But at that moment he himself had not much hope.

They crossed the lake, and steered their boat towards the hermitage. The Marquis's plan was to solicit an asylum of the recluse, which he knew he could grant without peril to himself. This was their only alternative. They passed two days in the chapel, which was situated in the midst of a wood of fir trees, and but little frequented by the inhabitants of Berthold-Scalden. In the evening of the second day they heard the sound of military instruments. As soon as the sun had gone down the Marquis crossed the lake to obtain some information. The regiments had continued their march towards Saltzbourg, and the fugitives could now proceed. They determined to depart immediately, and, cautioned by the advice of the hermit, they avoided Berthold-Scalden, by going round it. Next day they passed through Rastadt, a large town, in which they stopped to dine. They were then not more than two leagues from the frontier of Styria. "At length we are safe!" ejaculated the Marquis.

Alas! they were now less safe than ever. After having dined they cheerfully resumed their route, and reached without difficulty an interior barrier which opened on the road to Styria. They confidently presented their passport. The guard read it, then began to laugh, ran to his desk, took out another paper, compared them together, and again laughed very heartily. When people laugh, there is generally nothing alarming; nevertheless the fugitives inquired the reason of his hilarity, and the man, still laughing, presented to them the paper which he had compared with the passport, and on reading it they commenced laughing as heartily as he did. The Marquis thought they were mystifying him. At length he learned the truth, which was sufficiently amusing. The young Princess de F.....g had fallen in love with a bookseller's clerk at Vienna. This feeling of tenderness was mutual, and the two lovers had fled in order to escape from the power of the lady's family, and from the Imperial authority, which is always exercised to punish unequal matches of this kind. The

Austrian government had sent a description of the two fugitives to all the large cities of Germany, France, and Italy, accompanied by an order to the chief authorities to transmit the description of the two individuals to all the places through which they were likely to pass. The guard of the barrier of Styria had received this description in common with others. It represented the young lady to be fair, and the young man dark. This circumstance had excited his risibility; for he thought it droll that they should have come so unsuspectingly to deliver themselves up; especially the young man, who had reason to apprehend severe chastisement. Mrs. Smith, showing to the guard the two descriptions, explained to him that the fair and the dark complexions were the only points of resemblance between the fugitives and themselves, who were inoffensive travelers. The man was convinced of what she said, but nevertheless would not take upon himself the responsibility of letting them go. He proposed their going to Saltzbourg, where their passport could be examined. In this dilemma no other resource seemed to offer itself to the Marquis than that of disguising themselves as shepherds. At that season of the year the sheep were moving in large flocks to their summer pastures, and the Marquis thought they might easily pass as belonging to some party of shepherds. Mrs. Smith submitted, though with some reluctance, and the Marquis returned to Rastadt to purchase their disguises. As ill-luck would have it, the man of whom the dresses were purchased was attached to the police. He questioned the messenger employed by the Marquis, and elicited the truth. He said nothing, but sold the two dresses. However, when the fugitives were about to set out, in gay spirits at the apparent success of their maneuver, they were rudely seized and taken back to the inn they had just quitted, where they found a commissary of police. He eyed the lady for a long time with an air of insolence. "What is your name?" he at length inquired. "Mrs. Spencer Smith, daughter of Baron Herbert, the Internuncio from Austria to Constantinople, and wife of the ambassador from England to Stuttgart." Mrs. Smith immediately perceived that she could only serve herself and her companion by avowing the truth. She was now upon the

Austrian territory. The government might not be sufficiently strong to save her; but the subalterns might be overawed by her tone of authority, and let her go. In fact, the commissary seemed for a moment overwhelmed by this litany of great names, though he looked as if he did not believe she was telling truth. "And why this costume?" "Because I choose to wear it. That is a matter which does not concern you!" "Humph! and where are you going?" "To the residence of my sister, the Countess Strassoldo, at Gratz, in Styria." "Who is this man who accompanies you?" "My valet-de-chambre." "I can not come to any decision in your case," said the commissary. "You must accompany me to St. Maria." All this time the Marquis was under guard in an adjoining chamber. But he had heard the questions and answers, and that was sufficient for his guidance in his examination. Next morning they all departed for St. Maria; Mrs. Smith in a carriage, and the Marquis on foot between two soldiers. St. Maria is a very small garrison town of the Tyrol. On arriving there the commissary related the affair to a superior officer, who was commandant of the town, whose first impression was that this female was an adventurer; he went to Mrs. Smith, and interrogated her himself with that politeness which a man naturally shows to a pretty and engaging woman, but he seemed to change his tone when she described herself to be Mrs. Spencer Smith. "You assume a respectable name, Madam," said he, "and this imposture may bring you into trouble. You are not Mrs. Spencer Smith. Tell me the truth, and perhaps I may serve you." "And am I not Mrs. Spencer Smith, sir?" said she, with a smile. "Have you then so treacherous a memory? Can you have forgotten, sir, that when Mr. Spencer Smith, the English ambassador at Stuttgart, came last year to Inspruck, his wife, who was with him, gave a ball, to which many officers were invited? Several of them could not get admittance in consequence of the smallness of the apartments; and that one of these gentlemen, Baron de —, yourself, sir, came recommended by a lady of Inspruck. Through that recommendation you obtained a preference over many of your friends." The Baron now recognized the graceful form of the lady to whose hospitality he had

been so much indebted, and eagerly endeavored to make amends for his recent ungallant treatment of her by offering her his utmost aid. He went to the commissary of police, to whom he certified, upon his word of honor, that this lady was Mrs. Spencer Smith. "Indeed!" said the commissary, "so much the worse for her; I have just been reading the *Trent Gazette*, which my secretary has handed to me. Read this paragraph." The Baron here read the paragraph which the Marquis had seen at the inn on the lake Zell. He knew not what to do. France could reach her victims wheresoever they might fly. "We must not compromise ourselves in this affair," said the commissary of police; "I must send the lady and her valet-de-chambre to Salzbourg. But it is needless to make enemies any where; therefore you had better conduct her thither as a mark of respect." "Not I," said the Baron. "I will not play the part of a gendarme to so lovely and amiable a woman." "Would you wish her to have four soldiers and a corporal for her escort?" "Certainly not." "It must be you or they, there is no choice. I will inform her that we can not take upon ourselves the responsibility of allowing her to proceed."

They departed for Salzbourg, which, by the recent treaty of Presbourg, belonged to Austria. The Marquis mounted the box along with the coachman, and during the journey, which lasted a day and a half, he waited at table as expertly as if he had been accustomed to the duties of a valet. On arriving at Salzbourg, the prisoner, for such she still was, was conducted to the principal inn in the town, and the Baron went to apprise the authorities of Mrs. Smith's arrival, having first placed two sentinels at her door. The director-general of the police at Salzbourg was a shrewd, clever man. He probably thought it ridiculous that a woman should be charged with political offenses, and, though very polite, he threw a little sarcasm into his interrogatory. "Who is the man who accompanies you, madam?" "My valet-de-chambre." "His name?" "Francesco Raimondo." "How long has he been with you?" "Three months." The director-general left the apartment, making a very low bow.

The Marquis was guarded in one of the chambers of the house. He was con-

ducted to the hotel of the police, where an interrogatory was commenced which threatened to prove dangerous to him. At the termination of which a tall thin old man entered, who, by his bunch of keys might be recognized as a jailer. The Marquis was consigned to his safeguard, and in a few moments he found himself in a chamber ten feet long by seven wide, under the castle, at two hundred feet below the ground. They brought him some soup, bread, and water, and then left him to enjoy himself at his ease. Toward evening a man entered his prison, said to him in Latin: "Your mistress is saved, my friend; she has departed for Lintz." "Is it true?" exclaimed the Marquis. "Heaven be praised!" "Truly," said the man, smiling at the facility with which the prisoner understood his Latin, "you are a very attached, very devoted servant; but for yourself, who will save you, my friend?" "God," answered the Marquis, making an allusion to the motto of his house.* Some moments after, he was ordered to attend the cabinet of the director. "Do you know the Marquis de Salvo?" he inquired abruptly. "Certainly. I know him well. He is my master," said the Marquis, without appearing disconcerted. "Why did you leave him?" "By his order, to follow Mrs. Smith, and to endeavor to save her; and my only regret is, that I have not entirely succeeded." "At what town did you leave your master?" "At Venice." They remained in silence for some time; the director of the police then rang a bell in a peculiar way, as he had done on the first occasion, and immediately a man came in whose looks were not more propitious than those of the other jailer. He conducted the Marquis to another place of confinement, which he entered by a low wicket-door. The dungeon contained only two seats and a litter of straw; it had all the appearance of a place whence a prisoner could hope to be released only by death. For the first time M. de Salvo felt his confidence begin to fail him. He stretched himself on the straw litter, and fatigue and anxiety of mind soon threw him into a profound sleep. He had slept for a considerable time when the jailer entered, and respectfully requested him to follow him to the director of the police. The

* *In Deo Salus*. The device of the Salvo family, and the origin of their name.

latter, as soon as the Marquis entered his cabinet, flew to embrace him. "My dear Marquis," said he, "why did you oblige me to treat you with such severity? This was not fair." The Marquis, fearing that this was a snare to entrap him, at first denied that he was himself. But the director showed him a letter from Mrs. Smith, who had arrived at Lintz, where she was to remain until the receipt of Count Stadion's answer, and where the Marquis was to join her. Nothing could have happened more luckily, for the Marquis had well-nigh paid for all, inasmuch as the police of both Venice and Milan were in pursuit of him. A description of his person had been posted up in all the throughfares, and those who should conceal him were threatened with severe punishment. He was now liberated, and he immediately set off for Lintz, where he joined Mrs. Smith, and after the lapse of two or three weeks the answer arrived from Vienna. It was arranged that Mrs. Smith should assume the name of Muller, and embark at one of the northern ports. She immediately left Lintz and proceeded to Gratz, where she joined her sister, the Countess Strassoldo.

It will be recollected that when at Venice Mrs. Smith rejected the offer of

the Marquis de Salvo, he assured her of his disinterestedness, by promising that as soon as he should have restored her to her family he would not even ask the reward of spending another hour in her society. As soon as they arrived at Gratz, the Marquis hired a post-chaise and went to fetch Mrs. Smith's children, who were at some little distance from the town. Presenting the two boys to their mother, he said: "Here are your children and your sister; you are now safe under the roof of your family: I therefore bid you adieu. I leave you, and I hope I have convinced you that a man of honor is capable of performing a generous action without the hope of reward."

Mrs. Smith, overpowered by her feelings of gratitude, held out her hand to him. She begged that he would remain in safety under her sister's roof, and not again expose himself to the dangers which he had incurred for her sake. He complied with her request. Shortly afterward they proceeded to Russia, and embarked at Riga on her return to England. On his arrival in London the Marquis de Salvo received the thanks of Mrs. Smith's family, and Queen Charlotte, the consort of George III., publicly expressed her satisfaction of his conduct.

MR. HERBERT COLERIDGE. — We announce with much regret the premature death of one whose early promise gave high hopes of future eminence. From his father, Henry Nelson Coleridge, and his mother, Sarah Coleridge, the daughter of the poet and philosopher, Herbert Coleridge seemed to have inherited all the genius of that gifted family. His career at Oxford was crowned with the highest attainable honors. He took a double first in the Easter of 1852. On leaving the University he was called to the bar, but literature continued to occupy his leisure. He became Secretary to the Philological Society, and was associated with the Dean of Westminster in a project for rescuing from oblivion and restoring to the English language words used by the best writers of the seventeenth century, but not acknowledged by Johnson and his successors. For the last five years, we believe, his life and energies have been gradually undermined by the fatal disease which so often accompanies genius and sensibility, and which has now brought him to an early grave. — *London Daily News*.

A new steamer has been constructed in England and successfully tried, which is developing the advantages of some recent discoveries. The *Mooltan* is 370 feet in length, 39 feet beam, with depth of hold 31 feet, and of 2600 tons burden. Her steam is made from four moderate-sized boilers, with 4800 feet surface and 100 feet of fire-bars. Her cylinder is "jacketed" on a new principle, which enables the use of dry steam first, and afterward when expanded. Her speed is 12 to 13½ knots, with the consumption of only one ton of coal per hour. The most remarkable thing about her is the adaptation of the well-known principle of the water or hydraulic ram, the invention of Montgolfier. A head of water is raised by a small donkey machine, and an effective pressure is obtained of 700 pounds to the inch. This force is conveyed by a very simple gearing to various parts of the steamer, and used to start and reverse the engines, to weigh anchor, and to steer the ship. A child can handle the tiller in a storm as well as eight or ten men in the usual way.

From Chambers's Journal.

THE ANTE-NUPTIAL LIE.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

On the morning of my twenty-third birth-day, I awoke early, and with a profound sense of happiness and thankfulness. My five years of married life, without having been a realized dream or sentimental idyl, had inclosed the happiest and worthiest period of my existence. Tracing the details of it, I rejoiced to think my worst difficulties were overcome, and that strong affection and deep-rooted esteem had changed an anxious course of duty into blessedness and fruition.

My husband, Mr. Anstruther, had yielded to my earnest wish to celebrate our wedding anniversary in our country home, and had granted me just three days, snatched from the toil of active parliamentary life, to taste my holiday; and I was tasting it slowly, but with intense enjoyment, as I stepped out that morning upon the dewy lawn, and devoured, with my aching London sight, one of the loveliest park landscapes in all England. I looked in the distance upon low ranges of hills, blue in the early misty light, and granting, here and there, peeps of the adjacent sea, sleeping quietly beneath the rosy amber of the eastern sky, and immediately at my feet upon flower-gardens planned and cultivated with all the exigence of modern taste, and glowing with a hundred dyes. My mind recurred involuntarily to the narrow court in which my father's house was situated, and to the dreary prospect of brick and mortar—of factory-chimney and church-steeple, which for eighteen years had bounded my horizon; and if the recollection brought with it the old inevitable association, I was able to thank God that now no pulse beat quicker, no traitorous thrill responded.

How strange it seems that fate should come upon us with such overwhelming suddenness, that we are not suffered to hear the approaching footstep or see the outstretched arm, but are struck down

instantly by the blow which might perhaps have been withstood, had a moment's warning been granted! I went back to the house that morning with the most absolute sense of security and happiness; but on the threshold of the breakfast-room I met my husband, and the first glance at his face told me something was wrong. His face was always grave—it was now stern; his manner was always reserved—it was now severe.

I had approached him naturally with smiling face and outstretched hand, anticipating his congratulations; but I stood still at once, as efficiently arrested as if he had held a drawn sword at my breast.

"That is right," he said; "come no nearer!" Then, after a pause, he added, "You have been up some time; let us have breakfast at once;" and he opened the door of the room for me to enter. I took my place, and went through the accustomed forms without a word. I saw he wished me to eat and drink, and I did so, although the effort nearly choked me. Indeed, I was thankful for the few minutes' respite, and was striving to command my resources for the approaching conflict with all the strength of mind I possessed. I was not altogether ignorant of what had come upon me; there could be between us but that one point of disunion, that one cause of reproach; and surely, surely, neither God nor man could condemn me as without excuse upon that score!

While I ate, he walked deliberately up and down the room, making no pretense to eat; and as soon as I had finished, he rang the bell to have the table cleared, and then sat down before it opposite to me. "We have friends asked to dinner to-day to celebrate the double anniversary of our marriage and your birthday—have we not?" he said, leaning his arms heavily on the table, and gazing steadily into my face. "I shall not meet them. I fear it will be impossible for me ever to recognize you as my wife again!"

I think he expected that the cruel abruptness of this announcement would strike me swooning, or at least convicted, at his feet; but it did not. My heart did for a moment seem to stand still, and every drop of blood faded from my cheeks, but I did not tremble or flinch under his hard scrutiny. I was even able to speak.

"Tell me at once," I said, "the meaning of this. You are under some delusion. What have I done?"

As I spoke, his face softened; I could see, in spite of the iron mold of his physiognomy, the instinctive hope, the passionate yearning produced by my manner; it was very evanescent, however, for almost before I had gathered courage from the look, it was gone, and all the hardness had returned.

"I am not the man," he said, "to bring a premature or rash accusation, especially against the woman I have made my wife. I accuse you of having deceived me, and here is the proof."

He opened his pocket-book slowly, and took out a letter. I recognized it instantly, and my heart sank. I had sufficient self-command to repress the cry that rose instinctively to my lips, but no effort could keep back the burning glow which dyed face and hands like conscious guilt.

My husband looked at me steadily, and his lip curled. "I will read the letter," he said.

The letter began thus: "You have told me again and again that you loved me: were those words a lie? You shall not make good your Moloch offering, and sacrifice religion and virtue, body and soul, youth and happiness, to your insatiate craving after position and wealth. This man is too good to be cajoled. What if I showed him the pledges of your love? taught him the reliance that is to be placed on your faith? Why should you reckon upon my submission to your perjury?"

The letter ran on to great length, mingling vehement reproaches with appeals and protestations of such unbridled passion, that as my husband read them his voice took a tone of deeper scorn, and his brow a heavier contraction.

The letter was addressed to me, on the back of the same sheet on which it was written; it was not dated beyond "Tuesday evening," but the post-mark, unusually legible, showed May 10, 1850—just

three days before we were married. My husband indicated these facts with the same deliberation that had marked his conduct throughout, and then he said: "I found this letter last night in your dressing-room after you had left it; perhaps I ought not to have read it, but it would now be worse than mockery to make any excuses for so doing. I have nothing more to say until I have listened to your explanation. You tell me I am under a delusion—it will therefore be necessary for you to prove that this letter is a forgery."

He leaned back in his chair as he spoke, and passed his hand over his forehead with a gesture of weariness; otherwise, he had sustained his part in the scene with a cold insensibility which seemed unnatural, and which filled me with the most dreadful foreboding of failure and misery. I did not misjudge him so far as to suppose for a moment that he was as insensible as he appeared, but I perceived that his tenacious and inflexible nature had been cut to the quick both in its intense pride and love, and that though the wound bled inwardly—bled mortally, perchance—he would never utter a cry, or even allow a pang.

Alas! alas! he would never forgive me. The concealment, the deception, as he would call it, which had appeared to me justifiable, would seem crime and outrage in his eyes. I lowered my head beneath his searching gaze, and remained silent.

"You have nothing to say?" he inquired, after a vain pause for me to speak. "You can not deny that letter? God is my witness," he said solemnly, "that I wish to be a merciful judge. I may hold extreme views of a girl's folly, a woman's weakness: you would only be vain and faithless, like your sex, if you had played with this young man's feelings and deceived his hopes. Is this your explanation?"

It was a very snare of Satan offered for my fall—one easy lie. "I deceived him, but never you." And the way of forgiveness was open. I saw he was clinging to the hope with a concentrated eagerness it was impossible for him entirely to disguise. Oh! was it necessary for my punishment that the hard task should be made harder by that relenting glance?

I only hesitated for a moment; the discipline of the last five years had not left

me so blind and weak as even in this supreme emergency to reject truth for expediency. However he might judge me, I must stand clear before God and my conscience.

"No, Malcolm," I said desperately; "the truth is rather as it first appeared to you. I have been guilty in this matter, but my fault is surely one that you will consent to pardon; for even were it greater, I think our five years of happy union might turn the scale in my favor."

"Yes," he said; "you have borne with the difficulties of my temper with angelic patience, until the passion which induced me to marry you, despite of many obstacles, was weakness in comparison with the love I had for you—yesterday. Only tell me I have not been your dupe throughout—only——" He broke off abruptly. "I can bear no more fencing round the point," he said harshly; "one word is enough—did you love this youth?"

"I did, from childhood, with all my heart and soul."

"Up to the date of that letter?" he asked quietly, but the muscles worked round the clenched lips.

"Yes, and beyond it," I found courage to say; but hardly had the words been spoken, when I felt I had exceeded the limit of his endurance. An involuntary oath escaped his lips.

I saw there was no hope for me in deprecation and irresolution; I must speak to the point, and decisively. "I have a right to be heard before I am condemned," I said, "and I claim my right. I confess I loved the youth who wrote that letter, but it would have been a miracle had it been otherwise. You know from what a life you rescued me; a prisoner in the dull rooms above my father's book-store, without a pleasure, a friend, a hope in life. You were astonished at my proficiency in unusual studies: if at that time an active brain had not driven me to intellectual labor, I should have gone mad in the midst of my austere and desperate loneliness. I was scarcely fifteen when Duncan Forsyth, a kinsman of my father's, came to study medicine in our city university, and to live as boarder in our house. I say it was inevitable that such a connection should in due course ripen into love. He was young, gifted, and attractive, but it would have needed but half his endowments to win my heart

then. I was nothing but a blind, passionate child, neglected utterly till he flattered, caressed, and wooed me. I think he loved me with all the faculty of love he had, and for a time we were very happy. To me, it was a delicious dream—Have patience with me, Malcolm; I must tell all the truth. My dream, at least, was brief enough; I soon awoke to discover, it little matters how, that the lover I was canonizing in my imagination, as the type of heroic virtue, was unworthy. For a while, I would not believe; when conviction became inevitable, I clung desperately to the forlorn-hope of reform. It was in vain; his vices were too confirmed and tyrannous for even my influence—and it was great—to overcome. Then I gave him up. I thought the struggle would kill me, for my foolish soul clung to him desperately, but I could not mate with drunkenness and dishonor. My father who had approved of our engagement, and who did not know or believe the facts concerning him, upbraided and coerced me: Duncan himself, relying on my weakness, tried all the skill he had to move me, till I was nearly frantic in my misery.

"It was just at this crisis that you first saw me, visited my father's book-store, and desired to be made known to me. What followed, I need not tell. You told me you loved me well enough to marry me, despite of social inferiority, if I thought I could love you in return—if I had a young girl's free heart to give you. You insisted upon this, Malcolm—I dare not deny it—and I came to you with a lie in my right hand! Here lies my offense, and, God knows, I do not wish to palliate it; but before you utterly condemn me, consider the temptation. My father forbade Duncan the house, and threatened me if I dared to tell you the truth concerning him; but I hardly think that would have moved me, had I not persuaded myself also that I was justified in deceiving you. Had I told you I loved Duncan Forsyth, you would have given me up, and shut against me all the vague but glorious hopes such an alliance offered; but more than all, I knew this unworthy love must soon die out, and that my deep recognition and reverence for your goodness and excellence would end in an affection stronger and deeper than the weak passion of a girl. Before God, I vowed to do my duty; from that hour, I have

striven, with his help, to keep my vow; and save in that preliminary falsehood, Malcolm, I have never wronged you."

My husband had recovered his self-command while I was speaking, but the last phrase seemed to overthrow it again. "Wronged me!" he repeated, and the intonation, quiet as it was, thrilled me like physical pain, it was so hard and unrelenting. "I wish to be calm, Ellinor," he continued, "and therefore I will speak briefly. You seem to think you have extenuated yourself by your confession. To my heart and mind you are condemned past forgiveness. Nay, do not plead or protest," he said, with a haughty movement of restraint, as I was about to approach him; "it is a point for feeling, not casuistry to decide. You understand fully the delusion under which I married you. I imagined I took to my arms a pure-hearted girl, fresh and innocent as her seclusion warranted me to believe her; instead of that, I find myself to have been cajoled by a disappointed woman, with a heart exhausted by precocious passion. You think it excuse sufficient that it was your *interest* to deceive me; to my mind, the fact adds only insult to the injury. Ellinor, you have ruined the happiness of my life. While I have been resting on the solace of your love, worshiping you for your sweet patience with a temper roughened by many causes unknown to your inexperience, it has all been the insensibility of preoccupation, or at best a miserable calculation of duty. So gross is your sense of conjugal faith, that because your treachery has been only of the heart, you dare to say you have never wronged me, and to call upon God to approve your virtue because the lapse of time and better influences, I trust, have enabled you to school a disgraceful passion, and offer a measure of regard for the immeasurable devotion I have felt for you."

He paused in spite of himself, unable to proceed, and before he could prevent me, I had thrown myself at his feet. It was in vain to argue—to fight against his hard words; I could only implore.

"Malcolm," I cried, "you can not believe what you say. Your affection has been the chief happiness of my happy life; you could not desire, you could not exact from a wife a deeper love, more entire and minute, than I feel for you. Forgive this one deception, Malcolm; believe me now."

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I would fain have been eloquent, but sobs choked my voice. I was completely overcome; and when he forcibly extricated himself from my hold, I fell almost prostrate at his feet. He lifted me up coldly but courteously, and placed me on the sofa.

"Pardon me," he said; "this excitement is too much for you, and can do no good. When you are calmer, we will conclude this matter."

There was the same cruel decision of tone and aspect in his manner which had marked it throughout the interview, and which convinced me he still adhered to his original purpose. I felt my situation was desperate, and that the time for prayers and tears was over. Were all my hopes of the future—his happiness, too, in which was involved my own—to be dashed to pieces against the rock of his unjust severity? Was it required of me to submit passively to disgrace and misery? In a moment, I too had taken my resolve, and conquered my agitation; I rose up nerved and calm, and spoke accordingly.

"One word before you leave me," I said. "However this ends between us, you do not, I suppose, desire to inflict upon me unnecessary shame and exposure. I request you, as a personal favor—it may be the last I shall ever ask—to postpone your decision till to-morrow, and help me to-day to entertain our friends as much as possible in the accustomed manner. Do you hesitate, Malcolm?"

His face flushed; some impulse seemed to incline him to refuse, but he checked it. "It shall be as you desire," he said coldly; and left me alone—alone with the conviction of a blasted life!

For a few moments, with my hands clasped over my eyes, to shut out the redundant sunshine, I sat trying to realize my position. Granting that the threatened separation was effected with a so-called due regard to my honor and future relations with society, all that I valued and cared for in life would be irremediably destroyed. What honor remains to the wife repudiated by an honorable husband? What chance of happiness for her when at the same time he is the center of her affection, of all her worldly ambition and hope? Doubtless, I was tolerant to my own transgression, but I alone knew the force of the temptation. I alone knew—what, alas! I felt my husband would never believe—how near extinction was the old

love smoldering beneath its own contempt, and how strong was the gratitude and esteem he had already excited. Oh! could I but convince him of my love for him! I rose up and paced the room. I felt he judged me harshly, was severe even to cruelty; but then I knew the innate inflexibility of his temper, and his rigorous sense of truth and duty. I knew how love, pride, and self-esteem had been all alike wounded, and I pitied him even in the extremity of my misery almost more than I pitied myself. Still, I would not accept my ruin at his relentless hands; I was a true wife, and would not submit to the position of a false one. I had vowed to love and honor him till death parted us, and nothing but compulsion should make me abandon my post.

I scarcely know how I got through that day; but the necessity for self-command was so stringent, that I could not but meet it. Fortunately, our guests were only a few country neighbors, for it was in the height of the London season, and I in some measure supported myself by the belief that their unsuspecting cordiality was not likely to make any discoveries. Mr. Anstruther's hospitality was always splendid, and his deportment as host peculiarly gracious and inviting, and if there was any difference on this occasion, it would be impalpable to all but a very keen observer. I perceived, indeed, a change in the aspect of the countenance I had long studied so closely, and beyond that, the intonation of his voice when addressing me fell hard and constrained upon my shrinking ear. It was over at last; and I saw our last guest depart smiling and congratulatory, with the consolation at least left me that I had acted my part successfully.

The next day, the trial was renewed. Mr. Anstruther wrote me a few words, saying it was his intention to return to his parliamentary duties that day, and that he deemed it advisable I should remain in the country. His final determination and all accessory arrangements should be made known to me through the family lawyer, which would spare the pain of a second interview. "Cruel!" I said to myself, crushing the letter in my nervous hand, and for a moment a passionate feeling rose in my heart that I would suffer things to take their hard course, and leave duty and effort unattempted. It was but a brief paroxysm; for, at the same instant,

I saw a tiny, white-robed figure flitting across the lawn toward my open window, and the sweet shrill voice of our little daughter crying aloud: "Mamma, mamma, may I come in?" I stepped out and met her; stooped down and kissed the eager, upturned face; and with that quiet kiss I renewed my vow, and strengthened it with a prayer.

"My darling," I said, "go into papa's study, and tell him mamma is coming to speak to him, if he is not busy." She ran away on her errand, and I followed at once; I did not mean to be refused. It was well I did so, for he had already risen, as if to leave the room, and had taken the child in his arms, to carry her away with him. As I entered, his face flushed with a mixed expression of anger and pain; but he was soon calm again, sent away our little girl, and then placed me a chair. "There is no occasion for me to sit," I said, with a voice as steady as concentrated resolution could make it; "I shall not need to detain you long. I come to say, Malcolm, that I am quite willing to obey you so far as to remain here while you return to London, but that I must positively refuse to have any interview with your lawyer."

"You refuse!"

"I do refuse, and that finally," I pursued, "for it would answer no end. I could only tell him what I come now to tell you, that no power save physical coercion shall separate me from you. I know it is in vain to extenuate my fault in your eyes, but it is at least one on which no legal proceedings can be raised: you can not divorce your wife because she told you an ante-nuptial lie. It remains to you to abandon or malign her, but I will be accessory to no mutual arrangement. My duty is by your side while life lasts, whether in weal or woe, and I will hold my post. That is, henceforth I will consider this our home, and will remain here, unless driven from it. I am now, as before, your true wife in heart and soul, as in word and deed; as anxious to fulfill my sweet duty to you, with no hope in life so strong as your forgiveness."

I had said my say, and was going, for I dared not trust myself longer, dared not even look into my husband's face to read the effect of my words, but he arrested me with a peremptory motion.

"Am I to understand, Ellinor, that you mean to defy my determined purpose; and

in spite of alienation and contempt, to insist upon the shelter of my roof, or rather to exile me from a place which would be intolerable under such circumstances? Do not be afraid, if you will consent to a formal separation, that the terms of it shall fail in all possible delicacy and liberality, but I can not live with the wife who has cheated me of her first kiss."

"I am resolved," I answered. "I am able to say no more. I think I see my duty plain, and I mean to strive to do it. You must follow your own will; it will be for me to endure."

He paced the room in strong excitement.

"I can not bear it," he said; "it would eat my life out! You shall have our child, Ellinor, if she is the motive of this strange unwomanly resolution: far be it from me to torture the heart of the mother! She shall be yours unreservedly, and her interests shall never suffer one whit. You know how I love that little creature; there was but one thing dearer: judge then, by this, of my intense desire to sever the connection between us."

"Cruel! unmerciful!" I exclaimed, with an impulse of bitterness I could not resist, but I stopped as soon as the words had escaped me: to upbraid was no part of my purpose.

"It is in vain," I said, "to think to move me by any words, however hard. I have nothing more to say. Let me go, Malcolm;" and I turned and fled from the room.

PART II.

THEN began as hard a struggle as any woman could have been called upon to endure. My husband went up to town that same day, and Parliament sat late that year. During all that time he never wrote to me, nor, save from a casual notice of him in the papers, did I know any thing of his movements. The intolerable suspense and misery of such a separation may be conceived. My love for him, indeed, was no mere dutiful regard, but of that profound yet passionate nature which men of his stern and reticent character seem calculated, by a strange contrariety, to excite. Add to this, that I knew myself to be exposed to the pitying wonder and suspicion of the world at large.

Mr. Anstruther's character stood above imputation, but I at the best was but a

successful *parvenue*, and had at length no doubt stumbled into some atrocious fault beyond even his infatuation to overlook. The very servants of the household whispered and marveled about me; it was inevitable that they should do so, but all this added bitterness to anguish.

Worst of all there was a wistful look in Florry's childish eyes, and a pathos in her voice as she pressed against my side, to stroke my cheek, and say, "Poor mamma!" which almost broke my heart with mingled grief and shame. She, too, had learned in her nursery that her mother had become an object of compassion.

It was the deep sense of pain and humiliation which my child's pity excited, which aroused me to make some attempt to relieve my position. I sat down, and wrote to my husband. I wrote quietly and temperately, though there was almost the delirium of despair in my heart. I had proved that an appeal to his feelings would be in vain, and I therefore directed my arguments to his justice.

I represented to him briefly that his prolonged neglect and desertion would soon irretrievably place me in the eyes of the world in the position of a guilty wife, and that for my own sake, but still more for the sake of our daughter, I protested against such injustice. I told him he was blighting two lives, and entreated him, if forgiveness was still impossible, at least to keep up the semblance of respect. I proposed to join him in London immediately, or to remain where I was, on condition of his returning home as soon as Parliament was prorogued.

I waited with unspeakable patience for a reply to this letter, and the next post brought it. How I blessed my husband's clemency for this relief! My trembling hands could scarcely break the seal; the consideration of the sad difference between the past and present seemed to overwhelm me—it was not thus I had been accustomed to open my husband's letters, feeling like a criminal condemned to read his own warrant of condemnation.

The letter was brief, and ran thus:

"As the late events between us have been the subject of my intense and incessant deliberation since we parted, I am able, Ellinor, to reply to your letter at once. I consent to return and attempt the life of hollow deception you demand, under the expectation that you will soon become convinced of its impracticability,

and will then, I conclude, be willing to consent to the formal separation which it is still my wish and purpose to effect."

"Never!" I said, crushing the hard letter between my hands, and then my passion, long suppressed, burst forth, and throwing myself on my knees by my bedside, I wept and groaned in agony of soul. Oh! I had hoped till then—hoped that time might have softened him, that the past might have pleaded with him for the absolution of that one transgression. Had my sin been indeed so great that the punishment was so intolerable? And then I thought it all over again, as I had done a thousand times before in that dreary interval, weighing my temptations against my offense, and trying to place myself in my husband's position. I did not wish to justify it; it was a gross deception, a deliberate falseness; but then I was willing to prostrate myself in the dust, both before God and my husband, and to beg forgiveness in the lowest terms of humiliation and penitence. But the pardon granted me by the Divine, was steadily refused by the human judge—against his hard impenetrability I might dash my bleeding heart in vain. What should I do? What should I do? Which was the path of duty? And frail and passionate as I was, how could I hold on in such a rugged way? Had I not better succumb?—suffer myself to be put away, as he desired, and close the door of hope on what was left of life? My child—he said he would give me up my child. Then resolution arose renewed. For that child's sake I would not yield. I could not endure the thought of separating her from such a father's love, care, and protection, and of chastening with sorrow and humiliation her opening girlhood. No; with God's help, she should yet honor and revere her mother. However my husband judged me, that one fault had not cut me off from all moral effort hereafter. I would not be vanquished by it. I would, as I had said, keep my post as wife, insist, if need be, on external forms, and leave no means untried of patience, meekness, and womanly art, to melt down the iron barrier between us.

I should weary the reader if I detailed all the minute plans I formed, but at last I rose up from the prayers by which I strove to strengthen and sanctify my purpose with a firm heart and a new-born hope of success. That evening, I sent for Florry to keep me company in the draw-

ing-room; I told her her favorite stories, played her her favorite tunes, and joined with her in singing a simple evening-hymn, which was her supreme delight. Then I took her up to the nursery myself, and bade her good-night with as much of the serene feeling of old as perhaps I could ever hope to know again.

I also, holding my husband's letter in my hand, told the assembled servants I expected their master home to-morrow, and gave the necessary orders in such a natural and collected manner as must have gone far to disarm their suspicions. Then the long night—then the expected day. I knew the hour when he must necessarily arrive, and, taking Florry with me, I went to a certain part of the grounds which commanded a view of the public road. I was externally calm; the morning's discipline had made me that, but the subdued excitement was intense. Florry ran and chattered by my side as children do, little guessing, poor innocents, the cruel strain they often make on their mother's patience. It chanced, as sometimes happens, that the very intensity of our anxiety caused us to miss our object; the train was evidently behind time, and our attention, so long kept at full stretch, began to slacken, so that when Florry, who had wandered to some little distance from me, espied the carriage, it was so near the park-gate, that there was no chance of our reaching the house before it. I was vexed at my purpose being thus partially defeated, and, taking the child's hand, hurried back by the shortest route.

Mr. Anstruther was waiting us in the accustomed room. Still holding Florry's hand, I went in to face the dreaded meeting. The first glance at his face nearly overcame me, he looked so worn and harassed; true, that might have been from parliamentary hours and hard committee-work, but it is a plea a woman's heart can rarely withstand. Florry ran into his arms, talking eagerly of how glad we were to see him, and how dull poor mamma had been without him, and the momentary diversion gave me time to rally my failing calmness. "We are very glad you are come home, Malcolm," I said at last, approaching him, and laying my hand on his. "Are you very tired? Do not trouble to dress before dinner to-day."

Perhaps my self-possession was overdone, so difficult is it in such cases to keep the golden mean; for I saw the un-

usual color mount even to his forehead, and he replied in a hurried voice, as he slightly returned the pressure of my hand, "I could scarcely sit down to table in this state—I shall not keep you waiting long;" and with Florry in his arms—I could see how he tightened his embrace of the child—he left the room.

I did not sit down and weep, although I was sick at heart. I had imagined it would be something like this, and had fortified myself to endure it. I sat there thinking, till I heard him come down stairs, and then I went into the drawing-room. Immediately on my entrance, dinner was announced, and he offered his arm to lead me to the room, just as he had always been accustomed to do when we were alone. There was no hesitation, no perceptible difference in his manner; I saw he had made up his mind to do it. During dinner, we talked but little, but even in days of old he had been wont to be absent and taciturn. Florry came in with the dessert, and her sweet prattle was felt to be a gracious relief by both. I soon rose and took her away with me, keeping her with me, and amusing her with talk and music until her bed-time. My husband joined me at the usual time, and though he did not voluntarily converse, he replied to any thing I said without apparent constraint. Before the servants, his manners were scrupulously as of old; indeed, so undemonstrative was his natural character, that it required no very great effort for him to appear the same. I indeed felt a radical difference, which cut me to the heart: the hard tone, the averted or chilly glance convinced me of the reality of our altered relations. Could I live such a life as this?—so near, yet so far off. I had a vague perception that every day we spent like this would make the separation more complete and fatal. Had I not better make one last attempt, before I was chilled into silence and fear of him? Perhaps he resented the dignified and all but peremptory tone I had assumed in my letter, and was still to be moved by entreaty and penitence. Acting on the vague hope, I put down the work on which I had tried to engage myself, and went up to the sofa on which he was lying.

"Malcolm," I said, leaning over the head of it, partly to sustain my trembling limbs, partly to secure a position of advantage, "is this the way we are to live

together? I can not resign myself to it without a word, without knowing better what are your feelings toward me. Am I to believe you will never forgive me? Do you hate me?"

He rose impatiently from his recumbent attitude, so as to be able to look into my face. "What do you mean by forgiveness, Ellinor?" was his answer, "the old love and esteem restored? Your own sense must convince you you ask an impossibility—a broken mirror can't be pieced again. Don't let us rake up the miserable ashes of our feud. I am here at your desire, willing to maintain your credit in the eyes of society. I have yielded so far out of regard for our little girl, of a solemn consideration of my own marriage-vows, and your exemplary performance of a wife's external duty. Do your duty, now, Ellinor, and obey me when I charge you not to urge me on this topic again; it is unwise."

"This night shall be the last time," I said; "so suffer me to ask you one more question. Do you doubt my assurances of affection for yourself? Can you believe, in the face of the evidence of all our married life, that, however I deceived you in the beginning, I did not soon bring to a wife's duty a wife's entire and passionate devotion?"

"Ellinor," he exclaimed with sudden excitement, "you are mad to torment me thus! You compel me to say what had better remain unsaid. I repudiate your boasted love, which you parade as if it were the triumph of virtue. Had it been mine, as I believed, and you swore it was before God, it should have been the crown and glory of my life; as it is, I care nothing for a sentiment provoked by habit, and cherished as a point of calculated duty. One word more: you think me cruelly intolerant, but I must follow the bent of my nature. Some lies I could forgive—or even, perhaps, some grosser sins—but yours cheated me into an irrevocable act, and defrauded me of the best and strongest feelings of my nature. Do I hate you? No, I can not hate Florry's mother, and my own intimate and cherished companion; but I hate myself for having been befooled so grossly, and almost loathe the wealth and its accessories for which you perjured your soul."

I was silent, but it was by a powerful effort. I could scarcely restrain myself, with all my power of self-control, from

saying: "Now that I understand you fully, let us part; I could not brook the mockery of intercourse." But the thought of Florry closed my struggling lips. "For her sake, for her sake," I repeated to myself. "The last hope, the last, the last chance of happiness is gone, but duty remains." I looked up at my husband, deadly pale, I knew, but calm. "Are you resolved," I asked, "to separate from me eventually? I claim it from your honor to answer me that question now."

"I care little," he said bitterly. "The sharpness of the sting must abate some day, and we shall become indifferent, like our neighbors; meanwhile, the effort may be salutary. No," he added haughtily, as he perceived I was not satisfied with the reply, "I am willing to pledge my word that I will never force you into a separation on this account. So long as you think proper to claim my protection, it is yours, only we must avoid such scenes as these;" and so the case stood between us.

From that time, my life became a hard monotony. To all appearance, there was no change in our relations; we went the same round in social life as of old, and, as I have said before, my husband's natural character gave little scope for self-betrayal. Occasionally some outside comments reached us, but they were generally expressive of the belief that Mr. Anstruther's temper was becoming more morose than ever, and of pity for the poor wife who was allied to it. He certainly did become more irritable and exacting. I could see daily the bitter effects that his disappointment in my sincerity produced, how his fine nature was growing warped and soured. It was not so much toward myself that these effects were manifested—he kept too rigid a control over our relations; but it grieved me to notice it in his impatience with his inferiors, and even with our little tender Florry, and in his cynical and cruel judgment of the world at large. He had always been very much absorbed in political affairs, and ambitious for distinction, but now he seemed to throw heart and soul without reserve into the arena, and to struggle for the stakes with the eagerness of a gambler. There had ceased to be any communion between us. In past days, hopes and schemes had been discussed with me, and I was proud to

believe my influence had often availed with him for good. I can not describe the intensity of my misery at this time. Not to speak of alienation and mistrust in the midst of daily intercourse, which alone contains almost the bitterness of death, I saw myself the cause of deterioration in one dearer to me than life, and He who meted my punishment to my offense knows that no heavier cross could have been laid upon me. Once or twice, I again attempted expostulation, but I soon learned to desist; it was of no avail, but to provoke some hard reply, which would otherwise have remained unspoken. Then I turned to my daughter: it was for her sake I endured this life, this daily martyrdom, and I would not miss my reward. I devoted myself to her education, so far as my numerous avocations allowed, for I was scrupulous in the performance of all the duties of my station, and in any which my husband would suffer me still to perform for him. I strove with intense anxiety to make her attractive to her father, and to cultivate her affection and esteem for him. That he loved her passionately, I knew, but, as was his wont, he manifested the feeling but little; perhaps in this case he was checked by her inevitable preference for her mother, or by the difficulty of ever having her to himself. To me, she was the one solace and spur of existence, and life began to brighten when, resigned to suffer myself, I dreamed and planned her future.

Thus, more than a year passed on monotonously; fruitlessly, so far as I could see, for my husband was as far off from me as ever. Sometimes, indeed, I hoped I had extorted some portion of respect from him by the sustained performance of my routine of duty, but his heart seemed turned to stone.

At last the gloomy depth was stirred. O God! I had prayed for the movement of the healing angel's wing, not for a stroke of judgment.

One evening during the session, I was sitting up awaiting his return from the House. I was not accustomed to do so, but on this occasion, I was deeply interested in the result of the night's debate, and added to that, I was uneasy about Florry, who had been slightly ailing all day, and seemed increasingly restless as the evening advanced. When he came in, he looked surprised to see me up, for it was already nearly three o'clock in the

morning, and I could see that he seemed wearied and annoyed.

"You are anxious, I suppose," he said, "for the news I bring? Well, the ministers are thrown out."

I knew he, and indeed, the country in general, had been quite unprepared for such a result, and that personally it was a severe mortification to him. As I involuntarily looked at him with an expression of earnest concern I hardly ventured to express, I saw his face soften. Perhaps in that moment of vexation, he yearned for the sympathy of old. Should I dare to risk another appeal?

"Malcolm," I said; but at the now unfamiliar name, his brow clouded again, and I finished my speech with some measured expressions of regret. I knew I should damage my cause if I were to attempt to press into my service a momentary weakness he was ashamed to feel. I could not, however, command my feelings sufficiently to speak of Florry, and after leaving him, I flew up stairs to my child's room, and putting down my candle, sunk on my knees by her bedside. Oh! how my heart ached! I felt this life was killing me, and that one of my moments of abandonment was come. Before, however, I gave full vent to my tears, I paused midway, as it were, to look at Florry, and that look dried them up. I felt my cheek blanch, my eyes start; I felt—who has not felt it?—a premonitory horror chill my blood. I had left her pale and restless an hour before, now her face was tinged with a crimson heat, her lips dry and parted, and she was moaning heavily. I touched her burning hand, her burning brow, and the shadow of that awful calamity seemed to fall before me. I did not moan, I did not even appeal; despair straitened my heart.

Mr. Anstruther I knew was still up. I went down-stairs with a strange quietness, and reentered the room.

"I do not wish to alarm you," I said, and my own voice had a strange sound to me, "but Florry is not well. She has been ailing all day, but her appearance now frightens me. Will you send some one for a physician at once?"

I waited for no reply, but went back to the room. The fire in the grate was laid, but not lighted; I kindled it. I changed my evening-dress for a morning-gown, doing all mechanically, as if under a spell I could not resist. Then I sat down by

the bed-side to watch my child and await the doctor. I seemed to hold all my faculties in suspense; no tear must blind my eye, no tremor unnerve my hand, until this agony had reached its crisis: then let life and hope go out together.

My husband and the doctor came in after what seemed to me an intolerable interval, but at first I only saw but one. Who knows not in such cases how the very soul seems hanging on the physician's first glance, drinking life or death from it? I drank death. The steady professional gaze did not deceive me, but the stroke was beyond my taxed endurance, and I fell senseless on the floor.

Thak God, it was but a brief weakness. For the few days that that sweet life was left to me, I held my post unconscious of fatigue, enabled to comfort and sustain, and even smile upon my darling through her brief struggle with death. God bowed my stubborn heart and strengthened me with the might of submission. I seemed, in the strong light of this fiery trial, to see the past more clearly, to acknowledge that I had not humbled myself sufficiently under the chastisement of my own sin.

It was midnight when she died. I was holding her in my arms, hushed and grief-stricken, when I saw that unspeakable change pass over the sweet face which tells the sinking heart the awful hour is come. Her laboring breath fluttered on my cheek, the look of love that still lingered in the glazing eyes fixed upon my face died out, and I was childless.

My husband was standing at the foot of the bed, watching the scene with an agony all the keener that he suffered no expression of it to escape, but as the last faint struggle ceased, and the baby-head fell prone upon my breast, I saw the strong frame quiver, and drops of perspiration start upon his forehead.

"God forgive me," he said in a stifled whisper, "for every harsh word spoken to that angel child!" Then as his eyes fell, as if involuntarily, upon me, the expression of stern anguish softened for a moment to one of pitying tenderness. "Poor Ellinor!—poor mother!" he added, "you think me a hard man, but God is my witness, I would have saved you that little life at the cost of my own."

"It would have been but a cruel compromise," I answered; "and yet—O my darling! how I have loved you!"

My husband had turned away a moment, as if to pace the room, but at the sound of my cry of irrepressible anguish, he came back hastily to the bedside, and bending over me, tried to separate me gently from the dead child in my arms.

As I felt the touch of his hand, his breath upon my cheek, caressing, warm as of old, it recalled, even in that moment of supreme bereavement, the passionate yearning of my heart, and yielding to the uncontrollable impulse, threw my arms round his neck.

"Only give me back what is in your power," I cried—"give me back your love and trust—our old happiness, Malcolm, and even the death of our child will not seem too hard a sacrifice!"

There was a moment's breathless pause, then he raised me in his arms, and strained me to his heart in a close, vehement embrace.

"God forgive me," he said, "for what I have made you suffer! If your love has survived my long intolerance, I may well trust you, Ellinor. If I have the power left to comfort you, be to me again all, and more than all that I remember in the sweet past. A hundred times during the last few melancholy days have I been on the point of confessing my injustice, and entreating your forgiveness; only it seemed to me a mean thing to take advantage of the softness of sorrow. Life is not bearable without you, Ellinor; only satisfy me once more that I have not worn out your heart—that it is not magnanimity, but love."

I did satisfy him. We began henceforth a new life, chastened, indeed, by the shadow of a little grave, but a life, I trust, humbler and more blessed than the old past had been.

SKETCH OF CHARLEMAGNE.

AMONG the many distinguished personages whose portraits have been engraved to embellish and add interest to THE ECLECTIC in years past, we have seldom gone far back in the ranks of renowned men to select a face. In the present case we look back over the wide historic plains and mountains of more than a thousand years, and behold the name and form and character of Charlemagne, the monarch emperor, towering up in colossal grandeur, high above all his compeers, like the pyramid of the Egyptian Cyclops. We have thought to give his face and form an artistic resurrection, to gratify our readers, in looking upon an ancient man and monarch, who wielded mighty armies and swayed the scepter of kingdoms, and who created for himself a historic fame, as lasting as the annals of time. In addition to this, there is a wide personal and family interest in the historic renown of Charlemagne, whose lineal descendants have acted a conspicuous part in the current of events as the broad stream of time has flowed down

from the days of this great ancestor to the present time. His blood still flows in living veins, in many human forms at the present day, in our cities and over our land, well known for their talents, character, patriotic and Christian virtues, and the genial influence they have exerted upon the age in which they live. We record this as among the motives which have led us to travel so far back along the track of ages to find a portrait-face to embellish our present number. We record also some personal annals in the history of Charlemagne, to add interest to our readers in a man who lived more than a thousand years ago. If he was among the living now, he would be the most famed of human antiquities, and only a few years older than that oldest of ancient patriarchs, Methuselah.

In looking at the personal character and position of Charlemagne, as he appears in the historic aspect of the age in which he lived, it is obvious to remark, that there is something indescribably grand in the figure of many of the bar-



En steel by John Surtees: Phil.

for the Engraver.

The original by Masson.

CHARLEMAGNE.

baric chiefs—Alariks, Ataulfs, Theodoriks, and Euriks—who succeeded to the power of the Romans, and, in their wild, heroic way, endeavored to raise a fabric of state on the ruins of the ancient empire. But none of those figures is so imposing and majestic as that of Charlemagne, the son of Pippin, whose name for the first and only time in history, the admiration of mankind has indissolubly blended with the title of Great. By the peculiarity of his position in respect to ancient and modern times—by the extraordinary length of his reign, by the number and importance of the transactions in which he was engaged, by the extent and splendor of his conquests, by his signal services to the Church, and by the grandeur of his personal qualities—he impressed himself so profoundly upon the character of his times, that he stands almost alone and apart in the annals of Europe. For nearly a thousand years before him, or since the days of Julius Cæsar, no monarch had won so universal and brilliant a renown; and for nearly a thousand years after him, or until the days of Charles V. of Germany, no monarch attained any thing like an equal dominion. A link between the old and new, he revived the Empire of the West, with a degree of glory that it had only enjoyed in its prime; while, at the same time, the modern history of every continental nation was made to begin with him. Germany claims him as one of her most illustrious sons; France, as her noblest king; Italy, as her chosen emperor; and the Church, as her most prodigal benefactor and worthy saint. We quote from Parke Godwin's *History of Gaul*. All the institutions of the middle ages—political, literary, scientific, and ecclesiastical—delighted to trace their traditional origins to his hand: he was considered the source of the peerage, the inspirer of chivalry, the founder of the universities, and the endower of the churches; and the genius of romance, kindling its fantastic torches at the flame of his deeds, lighted up a new and marvelous world about him, filled with wonderful adventures and heroic forms. Thus, by a double immortality, the one the deliberate award of history, and the other the prodigal gift of fiction, he claims the study of mankind.

It would be interesting to trace the youth and education of this colossal indi-

viduality; but his younger days, like the beginnings of nations and races, are veiled in darkness. Einhard, his secretary and friend, who wrote his life and the annals of his age, confesses ignorance of his early years, and no one else has been able to supply the deficiency. He was born either at Aachen or Ingelheim, about the year 742; yet his name is mentioned but twice before he assumed the reins of government, once at the reception given by his father to Pope Stephen II., and once as a witness in the Aquitanian campaigns. By these incidents, it is rendered certain that he was early accustomed to the duties of the palace and to the martial exercises of the Franks. At the same time, the long intimacy of Pippin with the great prelates of the day, who were many of them men of learning, makes it probable that he acquired from them whatever culture they could impart. Nor can we doubt that his mother Bertrada, or Bertha, a woman of energetic character and strong affections, watched over the development of his moral and religious nature, exposed to so many dangers both in the army and the court.

In ascending his throne, Karl found the cardinal points of his foreign and domestic policy laid down for him by the three great men, his ancestors, whose large capacities and splendid achievements had slowly built up the power of their house. Those points were the maintenance of that Germanic constitution of society which had rendered the advances of the Austrasians into Gaul almost a second Germanic invasion; to anticipate, instead of awaiting, the inroads of surrounding barbarism, so as to extinguish it on its own hearth; and to cultivate and extend alliances with all peaceably disposed nations, and particularly with the great spiritual potentate who controlled the destinies of the Church. Charlemagne's first civic act was to preside at the Council of Rouen, which renewed the canons against unworthy priests; and in his first capitular he entitled himself "King by the grace of God, a devout defender of the Holy Church, and ally in all things (*adjutor*) of the apostolic see." War, however, almost immediately diverted him from civic labors, showing that he was an Austrasian as well as a churchman, determined to maintain the ambitious projects of his fathers. Scarcely had the council closed, when he was compelled

to summon a mall of warriors to consider the state of Aquitain, agitated by new troubles.

This illustrious monarch, the restorer of order and obedience in a state of society when only the most commanding talents and heroic steadfastness of purpose could have availed him in a struggle against anarchy and ignorance in their worst forms, was the grandson of Charles-Martel, king of the Franks, and lived 742-814, master of an empire which embraced all France, a part of Spain, more than half of Italy, and nearly all Germany. To feel his greatness adequately it must be remembered that all the ancient landmarks of social order had been overthrown with the colossal Roman power, and that the whole civilized world was covered with its ruins and infested with its crimes. The ancient seat of empire was divided among a score of petty tyrants; the Saracens had overrun Spain and threatened the farther west; the northern kingdoms were only known as the cradle of adventurous armies, whose leaders in after-years organized the feudal governments of Europe; Russia did not even exist; and England was just emerging from the confusion of the Heptarchy. Some two centuries before, 507-511, Clovis had founded the Frankish monarchy and established himself at Paris, but his power was that of an absolute military chief, and he was succeeded by a line of phantom-kings, whose action is scarcely distinguishable from that of the barbarous fermentation proceeding around them. At length, Pepin-Heristal and his son Charles-Martel, slowly paved the way for a new authority, the former by familiarizing men's minds with justice and goodness in the sovereign, and the latter by his heroic resistance of the Saracens, and the promise of an irresistible power in the government. The successes of Charlemagne were the natural issue of these circumstances under the command of his ambition and vast genius, favored by the compliance of the popes; who were willing to encourage a Christian protectorate in the west as a counterpoise to the eastern empire of Irene, and the dreaded power of Haroun-al-Raschid. A catalogue of the principal events and dates is all that we can give in the space to which we are limited. In 768 Charles succeeded to the government conjointly with his brother Carloman; and on the death of

the latter in 771, became sole master of France by wisely refusing to divide the authority with his nephews. In 770 he subdued the revolt of Aquitain. In 772 he marched against the still idolatrous Saxons, and commenced a conflict which he maintained for upward of thirty years. In 773 he crossed the Alps, and was shortly crowned King of Lombardy, and acknowledged suzerain of Italy by the Pope, with the right of confirming the papal elections. In 778 he carried his arms into Spain, and pursued his victorious career as far as the Ebro, but was surprised on his return in the pass of Roncesvalles, where many of his knights perished, and among the rest Orlando or Roland, his nephew, the hero of Ariosto. In 780 Louis-le-Débonnaire, his youngest son, was crowned by the pope King of Aquitain, and Pepin, his second son, King of Lombardy, both at Rome. Between 780 and 782 he visited a terrible retribution upon the Saxons, and compelled their chief to accept Christian baptism. Toward 790 we find him establishing seminaries of learning, and doing all in his power to elevate the character of the clergy, the most of whom had hitherto known little but the Lord's prayer; besides engaging in projects for the acceleration of commerce, the general improvement of the people, and the promotion of science. Before the end of the century he had invaded Pannonia, and extended his dominions in this direction to the mountains of Bohemia and the Raab. In 800 he was crowned at Rome emperor of the west; and in 803 was negotiating a union with Irene in order to consolidate the eastern and western empires, when the empress was dethroned and exiled by Nicephorus. From this period to his death, which took place at Aix-la-Chapelle, in the seventy-first year of his age, and the forty-seventh of his reign, he was engaged in fortifying the coasts of France against the Northmen, and various matters relating to the security and the prosperity of the empire, including the settlement of the succession. In person and manners Charlemagne was the perfection of simplicity, modesty, frugality, and in a word, of true greatness; he had the reputation of a good father, a tender husband, and a generous friend. He was indefatigable in all the duties of government, and whether in the camp or the court, had fixed hours for study, in which he took

care to engage his courtiers by forming them into an academy. "For shame!" he exclaimed, to one who came before him attired more elegantly than the occasion demanded, "dress yourself like a man; and if you would be distinguished, let it be by your merits, not by your garments." His nearest friend and companion was the illustrious Aleuyn, and his fame was so widely spread that the only man, perhaps, of kindred genius in that age, the great caliph, Haroun-al-Raschid, courted his good will, and complimented him by an embassy bearing presents. Before his death he confirmed the succession in the person of his son Louis, by an august ceremony. Placing the imperial crown upon the altar, he ordered Louis to take it with his own hands, that he might understand he wore it in his own right, under no authority but that of God. Perhaps we can not conclude better by way of further illustrating the character of Charlemagne than with his words of advice to this prince: "Love your people as your children," said he, "choose your magistrates and governors from those whose belief in God will preserve them from corruption, and see that your own life be blameless."

Charlemagne was born in the palace of the Frankish kings in Aix-la-Chapelle in 742, and died there in 814. He was entombed in the mausoleum, Chapelle, which he had erected for the purpose as his burial-place. He caused it to be erected in the form of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher at Jerusalem. It was consecrated by Pope Leo III. with great splendor. Three hundred and sixty-three archbishops and bishops were present. The tomb in which once reposed the mortal remains of this monarch, is still to be seen, covered with a large slab of marble under the center of the dome, which we

visited a few summers ago. After his death his body was placed in the mausoleum, on his throne, as if alive, clothed in imperial robes, holding the scepter in his hand, with the crown upon his head and his sword by his side, while the pilgrim's pouch which he wore when living, was attached to his girdle. One hundred and eighty-three years after his death, the tomb was opened, and all these imperial paraphernalia were found upon the monarch well preserved. The marble chair-throne is still to be seen, but the crown and robes may be seen at Vienna. The skull of Charlemagne is still preserved in a silver case. The rest of the bones were discovered carefully preserved in a chest, and examined in 1847. The following notice appeared in a foreign paper a few weeks since, under the head of *The Bones of Charlemagne*: An inspection of the bones of Charlemagne took place at Aix-la-Chapelle the other day. The remains were found in excellent preservation. Careful photographs were taken of the wrappers in which the remains of Charlemagne had rested for so many centuries; they were of a beautiful silken tissue. The larger wrapper, rich in color and design, was recognized as one of those *draps de lit* which were frequently mentioned by the Provençal troubadors, as well as by the contemporary German Minnesangers, as *Pallia transmarina, P. Saracenicæ*. It is, no doubt, a product of industry of the Sicilian Saracens from the twelfth century. The second smaller wrapper, of a beautifully preserved purple color, has been traced to Byzantine industry; the Greek inscriptions woven into the silk texture make it probable that the stuff was manufactured in the imperial gymnasium at Byzantium, in the tenth century.

FEATS OF THE REINDEER.—At the palace of Drothningholm, in Sweden, there is a portrait of a reindeer, which is represented, on an occasion of emergency, to have drawn an officer with important dispatches the incredible distance of 800 English miles in forty-eight hours. The event is stated to have happened in 1669, and tradition adds that the deer dropped down lifeless on its arrival. M. Pictel, a French astronomer, made some experiments in the year

1769, in order to ascertain the speed of the reindeer when exerted to the full, for a short distance. Of three deer yoked to light sledges, the first performed three thousand and eighty-nine feet eight inches in two minutes—that is, at the rate of nearly nineteen miles an hour; the second did the same distance in three minutes, and the third in three minutes twenty-six seconds.—*Cassell's Popular Natural History.*

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

APPLETON'S NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA OF GENERAL KNOWLEDGE. Edited by George Ripley and Charles A. Dana. Vol. XII. Mozambique—Parr. New-York: D. Appleton & Company. 1861. Pages 788, with a copious index.

WE have received from the enterprising publishers Vol. XII. of this great American Dictionary of general knowledge. To indicate some idea of the extent of this single volume, we have only to say that the number of topics in the index amounts to more than thirteen hundred. In these are comprised the names of persons and places of renown, biographical sketches, countries, kingdoms, cities, rivers, lakes, people, science, etc., etc., which begin with the letters Mo. to Parr inclusive. Under these varied terms and topics are found full statements and records and explanations which inform the reader concerning them, and impart the desired knowledge sought for. We have called the attention of our readers to the successive volumes of this work as they have appeared from the press of the Appletons, and are bound in justice to the merits of the work, and to the talents, research, and industry of the editors, most cordially to commend the work to the liberal patronage of the public.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co. have sent us a neatly executed volume just published by them. **UNITED STATES TACTICS** (by authority) for the instruction, exercise, and maneuvers of the United States Infantry, including Infantry of the Line, Light Infantry, and Riflemen, prepared under the directions of the War Department, and authorized and adopted by the Secretary of War, May 1, 1861, containing the school of the soldier, the school of the company, instructions for skirmishers, the general calls, the class for skirmishers, and the school of the battalion, including the articles of war and a dictionary of military terms. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1861. Pages 450.

This book is a very able, thorough, and timely publication, and the United States Government might well purchase five or ten thousand copies for distribution and immediate use among all the companies and regiments of the army, and would be a good investment. A thorough study of the book would make the men intelligent soldiers, and the officers more accomplished and successful in the great business of war and battles.

In the *Memorials of the Chauncys*, a remarkable and curious volume of some 300 pages, by Professor Fowler of Amherst College, the family lineage is carefully traced down from Charlemagne to the present time, a period of one thousand and forty-seven years. The living descendants of the great Emperor are among our most respected and intelligent citizens, filling high stations of influence in past years and till now. It might be interesting to note down the regular succession of names and place through the whole series, but our limits hardly permit. The seventh descendant from Charlemagne,

was Chauncy de Chauncy, a nobleman of France, who came over to England with William the Conqueror. The Chauncy family filled important places in the history of England for many years, under her monarchs, till the thirteenth descendant of this Norman nobleman, Charles Chauncy, landed at Plymouth, New-England, and became the second President of Harvard College. From him have descended all the Chauncys of this country, among whom were the late Charles and Elihu Chauncy of Philadelphia, and the present Nathaniel Chauncy Esq., of the same city, and William Chauncy, Esq., of New-York, and a prominent member of the New-York Historical Society, and others of the same honored name still living. The lateral branches of this renowned family under other names are many and highly honored over the land. Thus like an expanding gulf-stream along the broad ocean of humanity, has this remarkable family race ran down through a thousand and forty-seven years since the death of its great founder, Charlemagne, in 814, and forms a curious historic chapter in our common humanity.

CONGRESS HALL, SARATOGA.—We beg to call the attention of our readers, especially those who, for health or relaxation from the cares and duties of business life, may have occasion to visit Saratoga this summer, to the card and statement of the Messrs. Hathorn & McMichael, the attentive and enterprising proprietors and conductors of Congress Hall. Very much of the comfort and pleasure of a summer sojourn at a watering-place depends upon the surroundings and internal arrangements of a hotel where large numbers are convened as one great family, sitting at the same range of tables in the dining-room, and interchanging civilities and courtesies in spacious and pleasant parlors. We have been familiar with Saratoga and with Congress Hall for many years. We have observed the kindness and attention to the comfort and wants of their guests, which uniformly characterize the proprietors of Congress Hall, on the arrival of strangers, and their efforts to promote the happiness of all who seek a sojourn at the Hall. Under the care of Messrs. Hathorn & McMichael, we are sure, both from observation and experience, that visitors will find, in personal comfort, a pleasant home, and agreeable and intelligent society—all that they can reasonably ask or expect.

GROVER AND BAKER'S SEWING-MACHINES.—In all human families of note, some one member is oftentimes distinguished for talents, capacity, and elements of character above all the others. The same is true in the great family of sewing-machines. There is a variety of qualities, of usefulness, and goodness in them, all which entitle them to a name and a place in this celebrated family. But the place of preëminent distinction and high perfection in the achievements of sewing, belongs emphatically to **GROVER & BAKER'S CELEBRATED NOISELESS FAMILY SEWING-MACHINES.**

1. They have passed the grand ordeal of public

trial and test of their value, and have come off victorious in the race of fame.

2. They are noiseless and swift in their operations, like some of the most useful elements in nature.

3. It has the essential qualities of strength, uniformity in stitching, and elasticity, which combines all that is required.

4. This machine executes a beautiful seam which will not rip or unravel in the wear of time.

5. Its management and manipulation is simple, easy, noiseless, supplies its own wants from the spools from the merchants counter, fastens its own thread, and is endowed with as much active intelligence as could be expected of such a wonder-working machine.

6. Grover & Baker's machine is a growing favorite in all families where it is tried. It does not vex and ruffle the temper by getting out of order, but, performs all the work required of it, so noiselessly, neatly, beautifully, perfectly, that it stimulates to amiable feelings towards Messrs Grover & Baker as large benefactors of every family which uses it, and creates a debt of gratitude not soon or easily discharged. All this, and more also, we learn in our own family, by one competent to judge of its merits.

PRINCE LOUIS OF HESSE DARMSTADT.—Now that the second of the royal daughters of England is about to bestow her hand upon a foreign prince, it will not be uninteresting to our readers to have a short account of the ancestry and antecedents of her majesty's new son-in-law, in order that they may know something of the family among whom the Princess Alice is so soon to be received as a daughter. The Grand Duchy of Hesse Darmstadt is one of the lesser German States, which generally adhere in their policy to the interests of Austria and Bavaria. The original territory of Hesse, now divided between Hesse Cassel and Hesse Darmstadt, in the old classical days of Tiberius and Germanicus formed part of the territory of the Catti, and was evangelized by Boniface, the apostle of Germany, before the reign of Charlemagne. Till about the middle of the thirteenth century, the history of Hesse was mixed up with that of Thuringen; but in 1263 it was made independent, and was assigned by contract to Henry, son of Sophia, Duchess of Brabant, who became the common ancestor of its future Landgraves. At the death of Philip I., about the time of the reformation, it was subdivided into four petty states; but the representatives of two becoming speedily extinct, Hesse proper ultimately settled down into two states, whose main branches are flourishing to this day, under the names of Hesse Cassel and Hesse Darmstadt. The Grand Duchy of Hesse Darmstadt was founded by George I., youngest son of the above-mentioned Philip. Its importance was considerably augmented at the time of the French revolution, when Louis X. effected an exchange of territory, which doubled the area of its duchy and its population also. Subsequent additions were made also in 1806, when Louis joined the confederation of the Rhine, and on that occasion Hesse Darmstadt was raised to the dignity of a Grand Duchy, and its ruler took the title of Louis I. In 1815 the Grand Duke joined the Germanic Confederation, and at the present time Hesse Darmstadt stands ninth in rank, enjoying three votes in the full council and one in the minor council.

Its territory consists of two large portions, separated from each other by a long strip belonging to Hesse Cassel and the city of Frankfurt, and extend-

ing from east to west. It lies between Prussia, Nassau, Bavaria, and Baden, and contains an area of about 3300 square miles, divided into three provinces, known as Starkenburg, Rheinhessen, and Oberhessen. Hesse Darmstadt is partly mountainous and partly level; some portions are agricultural, and others rich in mineral treasures; and as a whole the country would not appear to be behind the rest of its neighbors in the manufactures and commerce. In religion Hesse Darmstadt is mainly Lutheran and Calvinistic, though it contains above 200,000 Roman Catholics. In 1833 the military establishment of the grand duchy was fixed at 6288 men, and the war establishment at 9469; the latter was raised to 10,514 in 1855. Its population, according to the census of 1851, was 554,314.

The present reigning Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt is Louis III. The heir-presumptive to his title is his next brother, Prince Charles William Louis, father of the affianced husband of our youthful princess. Prince Frederick William Louis (the bridegroom elect) was born Sept. 12, 1837, and is consequently in the 24th year of his age. He is described in the *Almanach de Gotha* for the current year as "*Capitaine à la suite au premier Reg. de la Garde Prussienne d'enfant, grand-ducale, et chef du regm. des hussards Russes de Kliahtitz.*" As the Grand Duke has no children, the Prince must ultimately inherit the sovereignty, if he survives his father and uncle. Prince Louis is nephew of the present Empress of Russia, who is sister of the Grand Duke.—*London Review*.

A CURIOUS piece of ecclesiastical furniture recently found in a monastery near Florence, is about to be sold at the auction mart in Paris; it is what is called a *confessional à surprise*, and is said to have been constructed in the early part of the 16th century. On one of the panels is a remarkably well-executed image of the Saviour, and to this is attached a spring, which by means of pressure on a brass stud, caused the panel to be replaced by another, which bears a frightful figure of the Evil One, with horns on his head, terribly glaring eyes, and moving jaws garnished with formidable teeth. At the same instant a horrible noise is produced by a pair of bellows and some organ-pipes, which, says the account, completes the terror the apparition would cause to a credulous sinner.

A VERY LUCKY SHOT.—The *Journal des Landes* records one of the results of migratory habits in birds. A Medoc farmer and sportsman shot in 1860, not an albatross, but a crane on the wing southward. Stored in its maw was abundant "provent" for the voyage, which on scrutiny, struck the fowler as exhibiting wheat of a rather superior and rare variety. Sown last spring, it has yielded so heavy a crop as to be now in great request all over Gascony for seed. It is called *blé de la grue*.

THE PARIS MONITEUR AND THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS ALICE.—The writer of the London letter in the French official *Moniteur* remarks on the projected marriage of the Princess Alice: "This is not the first connection contracted between the present reigning family and the house of Hesse. An aunt of Queen Victoria, the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of George III., married the Landgrave of Hesse Homburg, a petty state which, at the death of the reigning prince, will fall to Hesse Darmstadt; and as the Empress of Russia is the daughter of the

late Louis II., Grand Duke of Hesse, this alliance will establish very intimate family relations between the Courts of St. Petersburg and London. It is not, consequently, altogether destitute of political interest."

NEWS OF THE LIVINGSTONE EXPEDITION.—The *Cape Monitor* of the 21st February brings us grateful news of Dr. Livingstone. Mr. Baldwin, the celebrated hunter, the second white man who has penetrated to the Zambesi from the Cape Coast, having, after an eventful and successful hunt, reached the Moselikarsee country, finding that his people refused to accompany him any further, left his wagons there and started on foot with his gun, compass, a map, and Dr. Livingstone's description, for the Victoria Falls. He hit the river three miles above the Falls, and was severely cross-examined by the natives, who were infinitely puzzled, first at seeing him plunge into a river swarming with alligators, and next at his statement that he had never seen Dr. Livingstone, whose name deeply interested them, though he had come there by his description of the route. On his return from the Falls they took him prisoner and kept him so for several days, when, to his wonder and astonishment, Dr. Livingstone himself arrived, accompanied by his brother Charles and Dr. Kirk, with a retinue of seventy Makololos, armed with double-barreled guns. "The Doctor," says the *Monitor*, quoting the account of Mr. Baldwin, who after being released returned to the Cape, "was on his way to Sekeletu, from Tete to Linyanti, seventy-six days on foot from Tete. The only animals they had with them were two donkeys, the use of which Dr. Kirk and Mr. C. Livingstone were often glad to avail themselves of; but Dr. Livingstone had footed it the whole distance. He was in good health and excellent fettle." In this curious rencontre between the two travelers we have an interesting trait of the docility of the natives. When the Doctor used his good services to extricate Mr. Baldwin from duress, they gave the following explanation of their motives for placing him under arrest. "This man," they said, "comes here in a most wonderful manner, and the first thing he does is to jump into the river, which is like death. Next he goes to the Falls, and attempts to go where a monkey would not dare to venture. We were sure he would kill himself, and then some one would come and ask where he was, and they would not believe he had killed himself, but would say we killed him. So we took care of him as he was seeking his death." Mr. Baldwin, released from bondage, remained with his liberator for several days, and then started on his way back from the Cape, bringing with him confirmation of the report of the death of the Rev. Mr. Helmore, his wife, and three children, as also of Mrs. Price and one child. Mr. Baldwin states that Dr. Livingstone told him he had penetrated to latitude one hundred and forty-one degrees south, and discovered Lake Shirwee, ninety miles long, and another lake, which, from description, must be more than three hundred miles long, in the neighborhood of which is a table mountain twenty miles long; the surrounding country most salubrious, and good for cattle, sheep, etc. Here also it is interesting at this critical epoch in American affairs to know that a great quantity of cotton is grown by the natives. Sugar, coffee, and all tropical productions thrive, and a finer field for colonization is not to be found in the world. We may look forward with the deepest interest to Dr. Livingstone's own account of these fresh discov-

eries, and to the time when they will be turned to practical use.

GOOD COMPANY AND DIGESTION.—All those manifold efforts and stratagems by which food is first secured, then prepared by the elaborate ingenuity of cooks, then digested by the elaborate machinery of the digestive apparatus, and then conveyed to various organs by the wondrous machinery of the circulation—are set going to bring a little liquid into contact with the delicate membrane of a cell visible only under the magnifying powers of the microscope. Every organ of the body is composed of millions upon millions of these cells, every one of which lives its separate life, and must be separately fed. To feed it thousands of men dig and plow, sow and reap, hunt and fish, rear cattle and slaughter them; thousands act as mere agents and carriers of the food; thousands act as cooks; and each has to satisfy the clamorous demands of his own hungry cells. The simpler plants floating in water, or the simple parasites living in the liquids of other animals, feed without this bother and this preparation. The higher organisms have to devote their energies to secure and to prepare their food, because their simple cells can not secure it, and must have it. In man, self-indulgence and indolence often weaken the digestive machinery, which has therefore to be stimulated into activity by condiments, by flavors, and by mental exhilaration; his meal becomes a banquet. The stimulus of festal excitement, the laugh and conversation of a joyous dinner, spur the lazy organs of digestion, and enable men to master food which, if eaten in solitude, silence, or sorrow, would lie in a heavy lump on the stomach. Eating seems a simple process, until a long experience has taught us its complexity. Food seems a very simple thing, till science reveals its metamorphoses.—*All the Year Round*.

ACCORDING to the *Manchester Guardian*, England is indebted to this country, through the operations of trade in 1860, more than one hundred millions of dollars—a sum much greater than has been generally supposed. It adds: "America is likely to draw bullion from this country, and thereby augment the rate of interest."

It is calculated that every single bale of cotton which reaches England gives actual employment there to the value of one hundred dollars. No wonder there is considerable alarm in that country at the condition of American affairs. If they are not careful, they will not only lose the cotton, but the beef and pork.

A STEAM whistle has been fitted up at the lighthouse on Partridge Island, near St. John, in the Bay of Fundy, which can be heard eight miles to windward. It will sound once a minute during fogs.

THE destruction of human life in India by wild beasts is almost beyond belief. Within the last two years nine hundred and ninety-nine children have been killed by wolves in the Punjab, and a large number of adults. Although the government pays a considerable sum for the destruction of wild animals, they do not seem to diminish in numbers. In 1859 there were killed 12 tigers, 192 leopards, 187 bears, 1174 wolves, 2 hyenas—total 1567. In 1860 there were killed 35 tigers, 163 leopards, 350 bears, 2080 wolves—total, 2658.

MOUNT Vesuvius has been in a constant state of eruption since the 19th of December, 1855. The quantity of lava thrown out since 1858 has covered all the arable land about it for a square league, and it is the opinion of scientific observers that before a great while the whole cone will tumble in.

MRS. AGNES BAILLIE.—The announcement of a recent death has caused some emotion in society. Mrs. Agnes Baillie, the sister of Joanna and Dr. Baillie, is dead at the age of 100. A letter of Mrs. Barbauld's, dated in 1800, tells of the outburst of Joanna's fame, a year or two after the anonymous publication of her "Plays on the Passions." "A young lady of Hampstead who came to Mrs. Barbauld's meeting with as innocent a face as if she had never written a line." At the time of the treaty of Ghent, Mr. Clay, the American commissioner, was advised to call in Dr. Baillie, as a physician of long-established fame. A quarter of a century since, Joanna and Agnes had settled their affairs precisely alike, and arranged every thing, each for the other, wondering how the survivor could live alone. They lived on together till long past eighty; yet Agnes has been the solitary survivor of her family for so many years, that it was a relief—though still a reluctant one—to hear that she was gone. With those women—simple, sensible, amiable, and gay in temper, and of admirable cultivation, apart from Joanna's genius—a period of our literature seems to close; and we are all weak enough to sigh at times over what is inevitable.—*Once a Week*.

THE LAST OF NELSON'S OFFICERS AT TRAFALGAR.—Lieutenant Roteley, R. M., died at his residence, May Hill, Swansea, on the 21st, aged seventy-six. Lieut. Roteley was the last surviving officer of the Victory, having fought with Nelson at the memorable engagement at Trafalgar. He was allowed to retire on full pay about forty years ago, and from that time he has enjoyed his pension. On his retirement he held the rank of Brevet Major in the Venezuelan service. He was much esteemed, and will be regretted by all who knew him. Out of nine hundred men who were on board the Victory at Trafalgar, five only now remain; and Lieutenant Roteley was the last surviving officer. He was born at the Castle Hotel, Neath, Glamorganshire.—*London Sunday Times*, May 5.

RAILWAY ACROSS THE SWISS ALPS.—The treaty between Switzerland and Italy for carrying a railway over the Luckmanier has been concluded. Switzerland is to contribute forty-eight millions of francs toward the cost of construction. The treaty also stipulates that when twenty-five millions of this amount shall have been guaranteed and five millions actually spent on the construction of the railway, the kingdom of Italy will, within four years, contribute twenty millions of francs, which will not, however, bear interest. It has been further stipulated that the cost of laying the railway over that portion of the Alps between Dissentis and Olivone shall be defrayed by the kingdom of Italy. The canton St. Gallen has already voted five millions of francs toward the expenses.—*Letter from Berne*, April 28.

The Luckmanier is situated between the Bernhardt and the St. Gothard passes. The southern approach will be by Bellinzona; the northern by Coire and Dissentis. We presume that the success of the famous Styrian railway on the route from Trieste to Vienna has suggested this daring project. A late

European journal thus speaks of the other mode of communication:

"In a recent sitting of the Chamber of Deputies at Turin, the Minister of Public Works, M. Peruzzi, gave a satisfactory account of the state of the operations for cutting a tunnel through Mont Cenia. He stated that the machines employed on the Italian side of the mountain cut out in the space of twenty-four hours rather more than eight feet of rock in a width of nearly ten feet. The machines to be employed on the Savoy side have not yet been brought to work, but are soon to commence. When the machines shall be more complete, and the workmen more experienced, it will be possible, he said, to cut through nearly ten feet per day on each side. Hopes are entertained that the tunnel may be complete in six years."

THE DAYS THAT HAVE FLOWN.—"Time flies!" How often does the phrase tremble on our tongues, and yet how seldom do we take counsel from its wisdom! Ever complaining, and seldom doing, we reproach the past, as if that which we ourselves neglected were chargeable with the fault.

WHEN is a sick man a contradiction? When he is an impatient patient.

If we had not within ourselves the principle of bliss we could not become blessed. The germ of heaven lies in the breast, as the germ of the blossom lies in the shut seed.

THE MINERAL WEALTH OF LOWER CANADA.—The utmost activity will prevail this season in the mining districts of this part of the Province. Geologists have been theorizing for years, and d'sputing as to whether there is or is not gold, lead, or copper in particular localities. Last summer was the explorer's year, and an army of practical men, with chisels and hammers and microscopes and specimen-bags, swarmed over the country. This year we shall have the mining era inaugurated. English capital will be invested here, as well as a great deal of American money, timorous, as capital ever is, of the troubles in the Republic. Hundreds of laborers will be set to work. An impetus will be given to colonization and immigration, which will be of the utmost advantage to us. It is difficult to say where the miners most will congregate. There is an *embarras de richesses* before them. The Gaspé lead mines invite them. The Chaudière and River du Loup gold diggings hold out no common inducements. The copper mines, all over the Eastern Townships, can not but attract them. All these are valuable. All will be made to yield their riches to industrious labor.—*Quebec Morning Chronicle*, April 30.

WHEN the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire and her sister, Lady Duncannon, canvassed the electors of Westminster in behalf of Fox, in 1784, it was wittily said: "Never did two such lovely portraits appear on canvass."

SAY nothing respecting yourself, either good, bad, or indifferent: nothing good, for that is vanity; nothing bad, for that is affectation; nothing indifferent, for that is silly.

THE events of to-day have more interest for us than those of yesterday: so men are fast giving up books for newspapers.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—The estimate of the sum required to defray the salaries and expenses of the British Museum, including the amount required for buildings, furniture, fittings, etc., for the year ending 31st March, 1862, is £100,414. The total number of persons admitted to view the general collections, exclusive of readers, was 334,089 in 1855; 361,714 in 1856; 621,034 in 1857; 519,565 in 1858; 517,695 in 1859; and 536,929 in 1860. The visitors to the reading-room have increased from 53,567 in 1855, to 127,763 in 1860. Last year there were 5339 more readers than in 1859. The average last year was 437 readers per day; each reader consulting, on an average, nine volumes per day. The number of volumes added to the library last year amounts to 30,949, including music, maps, and newspapers. The total number of articles received including broadsides, ballads and various miscellaneous pieces, is 78,071, of which 419 were received under the international copy-right treaties. The additions made to the manuscript department in the course of the year are as follows: To the general collection: MSS., 815; original charters and rolls, 90; original seals and impressions, 34. To the Egerton collection: MSS., 32. The departments of antiquities and geology have received numerous and remarkable acquisitions. The total number of additions made to the departments of zoology, geology, and mineralogy, during the past year, is above 45,250.

THE CZAR'S APPROVAL.—The Emperor of all the Russias has sent to Mr. Atkinson a splendid emerald ring, set in diamonds, as a mark of his imperial approbation of the great and picturesque volume on "The Amoor." This gift is honorable to Mr. Atkinson as officially proving the accuracy of his delineation of Amoor scenery and life, and is creditable to the Emperor as proving that Mr. Atkinson's many strictures on the policy of Russia in the remote regions of Asia have been received at St. Petersburg in a liberal and candid spirit.—*Athenæum*.

LETTERS BY ATMOSPHERIC EXPRESS.—The system of conveying letters by means of atmospheric tubes is about to be tried here; two experimental lines are about to be laid down for the service of the telegraph office, one from the latter establishment in the quartier St. Germain to the Tuileries, and the other thence to the Bourse. Air-pumps are to be placed at each end of the tube, so that while one exhausts the other shall compress, and thus produce a powerful current. The speed calculated on is about 350 yards per second; and it is said that, should the experiment succeed, arrangements will be made for the distribution of letters generally to the various quarters of Paris by the same means.—*Letter from Paris*.

The British government is about fortifying the lower banks of the Thames on a large scale.

CONGRESS HALL, SARATOGA.

HATHORN & MCMICHAEL.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, June, 1861.

The Proprietors and Conductors of this immense and favorite establishment announce to the traveling public that its doors and saloons will be opened for the reception of company on the fifteenth of June, and remain open till the first of October.

There is so much of personal comfort, pleasure, and health to sojourners at a summer watering-place depending on the direction and management of a great Hotel like Congress Hall, that the Proprietors deem it due to the public and just to themselves to give ample information of what they have done by lavish expenditure for the reception and accommodation of their old friends and new visitors who may seek a sojourn at Saratoga the present summer. They beg to enumerate some of the comforts, advantages, and attractions of Congress Hall, which invite visitors to Saratoga to seek a home in its spacious and commodious apartments and saloons.

1. Congress Hall is a long-established and favorite resort of visitors to this valley of fountains and mineral springs. Here numerous friends—of high culture and intelligence—meet and sojourn together in social intercourse, much like the members of a large family.

2. The Proprietors feel confident in saying Congress Hall ranks first among watering-place hotels in the world.

3. There is but one Saratoga in the world. And Congress Hall is located directly adjacent to the famous Congress Spring, in a fine old shady grove, cool and delightful.

4. The accommodations of Congress Hall have

been much increased. Large and expensive improvements in the building, in furniture, and in decorations have been made. The parlors are spacious and the dining-saloons ample and convenient. Prompt, faithful, and attentive servants will be in constant attendance, and no neglect of duty or inattention to the comfort of visitors will be allowed by the Proprietors.

5. Congress Hall is provided with an immense promenade piazza, 251 feet long by 20 wide, sheltered from the rain and shaded from the sun by lofty columns, trees, and luxuriant shrubbery. It has in the rear 1000 feet of piazzas. It has two spacious parlors, newly furnished and decorated, 70 feet by 32, and 80 by 32. It has 296 sleeping-rooms, besides private parlors.

6. The tables of Congress Hall, 600 feet long, will be daily spread with viands of ample variety and abundance, and served by attentive waiters.

7. The Proprietors are determined to spare no pains and efforts to render Congress Hall a home of pleasant resort and comfort unsurpassed by any hotel in the country. They only add, that among the aggregate arrivals of FORTY THOUSAND at all the hotels, Congress Hall carried off the palm in numbers. We say this only in the spirit of friendly competition. We shall cordially greet the arrival of our old friends, and we hope to receive many new ones, with our best efforts to please and satisfy all who favor us with their company.

We have erected spacious barns and stables, and carriages and horses can be promptly furnished to order for rides, or horses and carriages of visitors boarded at livery.